

B 7

T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F

*Jack Connor.*  
K

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In Two Volumes.

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Whoever thinks a *faultless Piece* to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
In ev'ry Work regard the Writer's End,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;  
And if the Means be *Just*, the Conduct *True*,  
*Applause*, in Spite of trivial Faults, is due.

POPE.

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D U B L I N :

Printed for ABRAHAM BRADLEY, at the King's  
*Arms and Two Bibles in Dame-street, 1752.*





To the Right Honourable

**HENRY FOX, *Esq;***

His MAJESTY'S Secretary at WAR.

**T**HE Generality of Dedications are drawn like Bills of Exchange for full Value supposed to be given in Compliment and Encomium, but this Address expects no pecuniary Indulgence; neither does it beg a Protection which no Man can give from public Censure; neither does it seek your Favour to the Author, since he is already honoured therewith. The Performance which it introduces, is founded on the Principles of INTEGRITY and HONOUR, and naturally inclines to Him who excels in those Virtues; and did I know a Person who enjoys a larger Portion, you might probably have seen another Name at the Head of these Pages. If they afford Matter of Amusement to you, and Matter of Improvement to those who want it, they will answer every End that the Author proposes, while,

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## DEDICATION.

by the Concealment of his Name, as well from you as from the Publick, he can without Suspicion of Partiality to your Person or Virtues, have the secret Pleasure of declaring himself, with the justest Esteem and Regard,

S I R,

*Your most obliged,*

*Abdurton,*  
1 July, 1711.

*and most obedient*

*humble Servant.*

T O

as we  
he can  
to you  
Pleasure  
Esteem

T O T H E

# R E A D E R.

**T**HE Historian is an absolute Stranger to most of the People of the present Age, therefore can never pretend to the Honour of surprizing any Man, or any Body of Men.

HE has had a Bundle of Papers left him by a deceas'd Friend, who was infinitely more capable of putting them in Form, than he can pretend to, tho' the Recluseness of his Life afforded him abundant Leisure. These Papers contain'd a Variety of Observations, which, he thought, might be useful to Mankind. He has extended these Observations, he has, in some Measure, commented on them, he has dress'd them in the Garb of the Times, he has given them the Air of Romance, and he gives to the Reader, the absolute Power of determining whether he has done RIGHT or WRONG.

**T**HE Historian has this Advantage over most others, and this only, That the Trifle he now presents to the Publick, has a fair Chance

of being impartially dealt with; for, as he is ~~unknown, and will remain so, the critical Eye~~ cannot condemn his Person, whatever it may be of his Work. His Scribbling may be abused, but he has taken Care to secure his Person from such Treatment, tho' he is not conscious that he has ever merited it.

IRONY, well managed, has ever been a successful Way to fix the Attention; and NOVEL and ROMANCE may be conducted to very laudable Purposes, and answer the End of more learned Writings. The Purposes of the following History may correspond with an old physical Aphorism, which I apprehend may be found in the SCHOLA SALERNI, wrote in the Days of WILLIAM the Conqueror.

Qui medicas artes exercet; noscere partes  
Debet ad ægrotum dandi mistum bene  
potum.

Nam varium est herbis genus: hæc impletur  
acerbis

Illa salutaris succis ditescit amaris.

Horum quodque datum per se, vomitum  
atque sreatum

Excitet, ast istis inerit sua gratia mistis.

Expedit ergo cato medico studere palato,  
Ne stomacho turbas det, cum dedit, inscius,  
herbas;

Effectum

Effectum et perdat, dum, sic quod præcipitur, dat.

Expedi et cautè præscribere, fallere lautè; Mollihus hoc verbis, hoc mitibus efficit herbis.

Has monitas tu res et præceptas nisi cures, Non Medici, Vir, te adellem, sed nomine Agyrtae.

*PURE and elegant Latin is not to be expected in Monkish Verses, and a classical Nicety is too unreasonable a Request. Such as they are, they afford me a Conjecture, that the learned DOCTOR MEAD is oblig'd to them, at least, for the Title of his new Book, Monita et Præcepta Medica. Be this as it will, I shall only beg Leave to give, to the English Reader, their Meaning in his own Language. " A skilful Physician will consult the Constitution of his Patient, " and not madly pour down even the " most salutary Medicines. Some Herbs " are fill'd with sour, and some with bitter Juices, too disagreeable to be given " singly. Physick, like good Counsel, " must be administer'd with Caution, or " the Stomach will revolt. The Patient*



“ must be decoy’d into a Cure, and the  
“ unpalatable Drug must be convey’d in  
“ the most innocent Vehicle his Judge-  
“ ment can furnish. He who acts other-  
“ wise, merits not the Title of a Physi-  
“ cian, but of a Quack.”

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T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
*Jack Connor.*

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C H A P. I.

*The Rise, the Progress, of the human Heart,  
The real Honour, the Disguise of Art;  
The Wise, the Good, the Vicious;—all I sing,  
Oh Thou! from whom our ev'ry Actions spring,  
Not the poor Author, but the World inspire,  
If not the Style,—the Moral to admire.  
Learn from the Child, he places in your Sight,  
To act with Justice, and to judge aright.*

ANONIMOUS.

E **T**HE Actions of *Monarchs*, the Intrigues  
of *Ministers*, the History of *Battles* and  
*Slaughter*, and the Revolutions of *King-*  
*doms*, are Subjects that rather surprise  
and astonish the Generality of Readers, than im-  
prove or amend the Heart. A great, wicked, or  
virtuous Man, plung'd into the utmost Distress,  
must raise our Pity and Compassion: A Glorious  
and a Wise Prince, triumphing over *Foreign* or  
Domes-

*Domestick* Enemies, and fixing his Crown in the Affections of his People, must warm the rational Mind, and give Delight and Pleasure; but what have the Bulk of Mankind to do with their Greatness? Their Misfortunes or Successes may make us cry out, '*Tis strange!*—'*Tis wondrous strange!* But how can we make the Application to ourselves? The wide Difference in our Situations, almost renders it impossible, and, if by Chance, something like a Parallel should arise, it must be stript of all pompous Terms;—the Rubbish of State and Parade must be removed; and the Whole levell'd to the Sphere we act in.

PERHAPS, Reflections of this Nature, gave Rise to BIOGRAPHY. The Story of the *Calamities*, or good Fortune of private Persons, must sensibly affect every private Reader, and, as the Incidents are natural, and what every Man is subject to, he with Ease applies the Inferences, and, in some Measure, may be said to read himself.

THE *Papers* and *Memorandums*, committed to my Care, give Rise to the following Account of JOHN CONNOR.—I will not affirm that I have acted impartially, because I will not presume doing what, I am afraid, no Historian ever did. If I assure my Readers I am quite unbiased, yet I hope to be indulg'd, like the rest of my Brethren, when sometimes act otherwise. I cannot avoid saying, I have consulted the Ease of my Reader as much as possible, by not swelling this Work into Twenty Volumes. As a Proof of my Indulgence, I have shortened my Prefatory Discourse and this Introduction, above One Hundred Pages, and shall proceed directly to the History.

JEREMIAH CONNOR, the Father of JOHN, whose Story I now write, had been a well made, athletic Man, and a Soldier in King WILLIAM's Army

## JACK CONNOR. II

in the Army in the War in *Ireland*. When that Matter was settled, he quitted that sort of Life, and passing through sundry Services, at last settled with *Sir Roger Thornton*, a Gentleman of great Honour and Fortune, in the County of *Limerick*, in *Ireland*. He liv'd here in the humble Station of a Footman, and by good Usage and good Victuals, procur'd some *Scars of Credit*, which furnish'd him a large Fund of Conversation. He found the Happiness of being virtuous in the *Cause of Liberty and Common-Sense*. Though he was one of the famous *Enniskilliners* that joyn'd *King William*, yet his Reward, like other great Men, was confin'd to the secret Pleasure of having done *his Duty*.

IN this Family liv'd DOLLY BRIGHT, who perform'd the Function of *Landry-Maid*; she was young and handsome; and Jerry observing, she had a docile and tractable Turn, he encourag'd her in it. Being himself a Man of *Learning*, he took some Pains to inculcate all his Knowledge, and taught her to *Read and Write*. The Fame of her Erudition a little hightened her Vanity, especially when *Sir Roger* examined her himself, and declaring her a very surprising Genius, gave her a Kiss and *two Guineas* to buy a Gown and Linen. — This unfortunate Present, and a few more of the same Nature, at last alarm'd *Lady Thornton*, and brought on some Altercation, in which the Lady seem'd in the Right. All *Sir Roger's* Affirmations were of no Effect; my Lady most violently protested the impudent *Slut* should quit the House, or she would—. *Sir Roger* knew the World, and what's more, he knew himself and his Wife, which determin'd him to make all this easy. He told *Jerry Connor*, that if he would marry *Dolly Bright*, he would give him a Farm at a small Rent, and compleat

compleat his Happiness, who had been so careful of her Education.

LADY THORNTON objected to this, but finding Sir Roger grow warm and somewhat peremptory, she acquiesced.—Though *Jerry Connor* was thirty Years older than *Dolly*, they willingly consented to the Match, and Peace was restor'd to the Family.

THUS *Jack's* Parents were fix'd in a Farm about twenty Miles from *Thornton-Castle*. *Jerry* was Fifty-five and *Dolly* Twenty-four Years of Age. To compleat their Joy, the *Hero of this History* stepp'd forth, and was usher'd into the World the 15th Day of *December* 1720, just seven Months after their Nuptials, a fine healthy Boy, and the very Picture of *Jerry Connor*.

WHETHER it was from the frequent Visits Sir Roger paid them, or from some other Motive, my *Lady Thornton* never rested till she had persuaded him to remove his Family to *England*. This was a mighty Loss, and poor *Connor* felt it more and more every Day. They were much in Arrear, and as the Steward could no longer indulge them, they were put to vast Difficulties. This shagrin'd Mrs. *Connor*, and her Husband was sometimes peevish. Every Misfortune was imputed to one or the other, consequently many bitter Invectives pass'd between them, and sometimes Blows. Mrs. *Connor* generally conquer'd, for an old Wound broke out in his Knee and lam'd him. The good Woman had always great Spirits, which rais'd itself on certain Occasions, to that noble Ardour, which the Vulgar call *Termagant*, in which her Neighbours and Husband, gave her Opportunities to improve.

At last another Wound appear'd in his Head, and oblig'd him to have Recourse to the Surgeon of next Town, though ill able to bear the Expence of,



at least, a *Shilling* a Day. However, the *Surgeon* was a *skillful Man*, and so managed his Patient, that in a Month he brought a Humour into *his Eyes*, and in *six Weeks*, he was quite *Blind*. The *Surgeon* declared his sorrow for the Accident, but believed, that had it not *providentially* happen'd, it must have cost him *his Life*. The Wound at last heal'd, as *Connor* thought, and his *Wife* saw, they were ruin'd; which the Seizing their two remaining *Cows*, and a Barrel of *Potatoes*, completely finish'd; and next Night the good Woman threw *Jack* on her Back, took her *blind Husband* by the Hand, and march'd off, with about *six Shillings*, to seek better Fortune.

## CHAP. II.

*He tells us,*

“When one Sense is suppress’d,

“It but retires into the rest.”

*So Poverty, against the Will,*

*Gives Cunning to assuage the Ill.*

ANONIMOUS.

**S**ULLEN and silent were their Travels all that Night, but when Day appeared, they determin'd, to repose themselves at the first Inn that seem'd proper to entertain such Guests, mutually agreeing to postpone all Talk of Affairs, till their Bodies were a little refresh'd. At length a *Cabin* appear'd, to which they bended their Steps, and, by the Information of a *Linen Rag* over the Door, and a *Pipe* stuck in the *Thatch*, they boldly enter'd and call'd for *Milk* and *Bread*. Before this could be had, the Woman of the House demanded *three Half-pence*, and Mrs. Connor pulling out a Piece of an *old Glove*, which contained all her *Treasure*, paid for the approaching Breakfast.

AT

AT this Repast the good Creature seem'd very tender of *Mrs. Connor*, whose Eyes were swell'd with Crying. She ask'd many Questions, *Where they came from, and whither going*; to which she received a melancholy Account of the past, but not of what they intended to do, being ignorant of it themselves. The poor Woman sympathiz'd with her Guest, who, by a change of Fortune grew *strangely humble*, and was now all *Humility and Meekness*.—*God Almighty help you, said the Landlady*, 'I'm sure you've Troubles enough;—' I pray the *sweet Jesus* to comfort you, and send you safe in your Journey;—but my dear Sowle 'added she, rocking herself, you must not set Grief too much about your Heart, for my poor dear Man in his Grave (God be with his Sowle) left me the Mother of three Children, and one in my Belly, and the Devil a Farthing to bless myself; but three Shillings and Five pence in *Silver and Brass*. To be sure it was the *Holy Virgin* put it into my Head to speak to the *Quality* that travel'd the Road, and by my own Sowle I got Pence enough, and bred my poor little Creturs to get their Bread as well as myself; for *Thady* is a fine Boy, and a poor Scolard, and speaks his Latin, and brings home many a *Happenny*; sweet *Jesus* bless him! and send me once to hear him say Mass! for my dear Child will be nothing but a Priest, and *Father O'Shoughnessy* will send him to *France* on his own Means; God's Blessing on the sweet Man!—Then my dear little *Terence*, drives the Cows out and home for Mr. *Flaberty*, and brings me broken Meat, and a Bottle of good Ale when he finds it after the Servants; for the *Rogue* is as cunning as a Fox.—Pray *Jesus* I could see him a Priest too!—And my Daughter *Noragh*, poor Sowle, is always

' busy



busy enough, and minds the *Hens* and the *Turf*, and digs the *Potatoes*, and serves the *Carriers* very well ever since *Father O'Shoughnessey* got me this good House.'

SHE was going on, but finding Mr. Connor was more inclin'd to Sleep than Hear, she call'd to her daughter *Noragh* to settle the *Straw* in the other room, and advis'd the Travellers to rest for a few hours; assuring them, that the *Cow* and the *Pigs* at one End of it, kept it *pure and warm*. Mrs. Connor conducted her Husband to the Apartment, where, in Spite of every Calamity, *Sleep* attended and diverted every anxious Thought.

'T'WAS about Twelve o'Clock at Noon when they join'd the Landlady. Mrs. Connor was putting her Hand in her Pocket to pay for her *Bed*, but the kind Woman held it fast and prevented her, swearing she would not take a *Farthing*, and order'd *Noragh* to give them a large *Bowl of Milk*; and putting some *boil'd Potatoes* into her Apron, she fix'd the *Child* on her Back, and with a sweet *Jesus be with you*, let them depart.

JERRY greatly prais'd the *Tenderness* of the poor Woman, and a Conversation ensu'd on their present Circumstances. 'To be sure, said his Wife, since *God Almighty* has made you *stone blind*, and given me this *helpless Infant*, you can't *Work*, nor can I go into Service, *God help me*; so, to be sure, *myself* can't find out a better Way than to speak to the *Quality* on the Road, as the *Landlady* did; though to be sure none of my *Kiss* or *Kin* ever did so before; but you know *Ferry*, *God's Will* must be done,'—and then she cry'd heartily.

'DON'T cry, said Connor, for what Good will that do us?—Though we never begg'd yet, 'tis a *Trade* soon learn'd, and *God knows*, our *Poverty* ought

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‘ ought to make us set up very soon.—I formerly  
‘ mimick’d an *old blind Man* for *Sport*, and now  
‘ I must do it for *Profit*.—Take care of the *Child*  
‘ *Dolly*, and don’t leave your poor *Ferry*, and  
‘ warrant we shall *eat* and *drink* well enough,—  
‘ and, *what more can any body do?*”

THE *Transition* from an *Irish Farmer* to a *Beggar*, is very *natural* and common in the Country. The many Examples of that Sort, enabled the *poor Couple* to bear, and in some Measure *lighten* their Afflictions.—They now seriously determin’d to begin this new Occupation on the first proper *Object*, resolving with themselves, not to touch the *Capital Stock*, but at the last Extremity.

THEY had march’d about seven Miles without meeting any Passengers, but what seem’d as poor as themselves; at last she cry’d out, that a Gentleman in *Scarlet* appear’d, with two Servants well-mounted. This put them into some Confusion, but *Ferry*, boldly raising his Spirits, assisted his Voice, and in the most pathetick Manner, begg’d a little *Charity* to a *poor blind, old Soldier*, who once serv’d most faithfully his King and Country.—His *Help-mate* was not *Eloquent* on this Occasion, but the Abundance of her *Tears*, supply’d her want of Speech; and perhaps inclin’d the Gentleman to throw them a few *Half-pence*, which he did in a hasty Manner; and riding snartly on, was followed by a Million of *Blessings*: But how great was her Surprise and Joy, when she pick’d up *Three Half-pence*, and a *Shilling*?—She kiss’d the *Silver* a thousand Times, and in her Transport, as often kiss’d the *Child* and *Ferry*, who were now squatted in the *Ditch*. She talk’d of *Providence* and the *blessed Virgin*; and in Rapture concluded, that please God they cheer their Hearts by a *Pot of Ale*, at the first House.—The poor Man objected to this, and

begg'd of her only to spend the *Brass*, but to the *Shilling* in the *Glove* with the rest.—After much Dispute, and sundry Dissertations on *Extravagance* and *Stinginess*, she consented.—But, who can paint the *Wildness* of her Looks, and the *frantick* Motion of her Limbs, or describe her dreadful *cries* and *Exclamations*, when she neither found *Love* or *Pocket*?—They were fairly cut off.—*Heaven*, and *Hell*, and *Purgatory*, and all *Man-kind*, were in an Instant engaged in her *Quarrel*, and fatigu'd and tir'd with the Violence of her *Passion*, she threw herself on the Ground, and in a torrent of *Tears* assuaged the *Storm* in her swelling breast.

CONNOR bore this Misfortune with great *Patience*, and comforted his Wife out of the *Proverbs*. He gave her many on this Occasion; and concluded, that *Solomon*, who was a wise Man, told us, that *Riches* made themselves *Wings* and flew away.—'Don't tell me *Ferry*, said she, of such Stuff. I say again and again, our poor matter of Money would have been safe enough in my Pocket, if we had not slept at that *curst* Inn; and as for your *Wings*, I'm sure they must have been in the *old B——'s Fingers*.—'Or, said *Ferry*, in her Daughters.—But, hang it, 'tis gone.—*What* can't be cur'd must be endur'd.—*A Pound of Sorrow* never paid an *Ounce of Debt*.—I've heard a wise Man say, that when the worst has happen'd, we ought to be content, because we know the worst.—*Many a cloudy Morning* turns out a *fine Day*.—We are now *Beggars Dolly*, and 'twould be a Sin to be Rich; for, *sufficient to the Day is the Evil thereof*,—and *St. PAUL* says—Hold your foolish Tong, cry'd *Dolly*,—this is fine prating indeed!—Will your *Solomon* provide a *Bed* for us to Night? Or will *St. PAUL* pay for  
OUR

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‘ our Supper?—Not they by my *Sowle*;—They  
‘ talk and make a fine *Story*, but the *Devil* at  
‘ will they give to fill a *hungry Belly*?—Com  
‘ come, *said he*, we have a *Shilling* still left; l  
‘ us keep that and our *Wits*, and my *Life* for  
‘ we shall pick up a *pretty Living*.’—So saying  
*Jack* took his Post on his Mother’s Back, and g  
safe to the next Village. They finish’d the R  
mainder of their *Potatoes*, had their Pint of *Ale*, and  
went to *Rest* pretty much as in the former *Man*  
ner.

C H A P. III.

*Begging is not so vile a Trade*  
*As some imagine—some have made.*  
*Vary the Stile, or change the Dress,*  
*You’ll find ’tis what we all profess;*  
*The Difference lies ’twixt Rich and Poor,*  
*One begs for little—th’ other more.*

HUDIBRASTICK

THE good People continued their daily Tra  
vels, and wander’d through many Countries,  
and greatly improv’d in the *Art* and *Mystery*, tha  
was to furnish them with Bread; and indeed, every  
Day produc’d its Supply. Three Months past in  
this Manner, till the *old Man* complain’d of the  
Fatigue, and most ardently wish’d for a settled Ha  
bitation. They were now in the great Road, and  
within a few Miles of *Clonmel*, on a pretty Emi  
nence that commanded a good Prospect. ’Twas  
agreed to fix here, and lodge about a Quarter of a  
Mile from the Road; where was an *old Hut*,  
which a few Boughs cover’d well enough for the  
present.

THE



THE Venerableness of *Jerry's* Beard, which no  
 zor was suffer'd to visit, had a very good Effect,  
 the tatter'd Condition of *Dolly's* Cloaths; Her  
 hair hanging about her *Eyes*, a dirty Clout on her  
 head, and *Face* and *Hands* almost of the same Co-  
 ur, made her look near as old as her *Husband*,  
 and procur'd the Charity of well-dispos'd *Christians*  
 amply, that they had no Reason to repent of  
 their Situation.—In a short Time, the Hut was bet-  
 ter cover'd; and they provided themselves with  
 two Caddows, a small Pot, two wooden Platters,  
 two Trenchers, one Knife, and two Horn Spoons.  
 However, this Abode being so distant from what  
 they might call their Shop, made it very inconven-  
 ient, and lost them many Customers. This deter-  
 min'd them to double Diligence, and to save as  
 much as would build a Cabin by the Road Side, on  
 the Common. A few Shillings compleated this  
 structure, and their Effects were soon remov'd.

THUS were they fix'd in a more comfortable  
 manner than could be imagined, from the Appear-  
 ance of the *Hovel*. Business went on in a very  
 prosperous Way; and, as Money came in, they  
 increas'd their Conveniencies and Utensils; but  
 every Thing was added externally that gave an Idea  
 of *Misery* and *Wretchedness*.—They often drank  
 Ale, eat Bread, and sometimes Meat, which many  
 Farmers in the Kingdom are utter Strangers to. In  
 short, they lived as happily as the Impetuosity of  
*Dolly's* Temper would admit, which, at some Sea-  
 sons, vented itself on *Jerry*, in old Rogue and old  
 scoundrel, and such affectionate Epithets, which he  
 bore with the Calmness of a *Philosopher*, seldom  
 answering but in *Proverbs*.

SCARCELY had they been settled three Months,  
 before some of their Neighbours smok'd a Pipe with  
*blind Connor* and poor *Doll*. Their great Know-  
 ledge

ledge, surpriz'd them, particularly when they found *She could both Read and Write.* The *Priest* of the Parish who was a young Man, being at last acquainted with this *Prodigy*, determin'd to pay her a Visit. One Morning, when she was *cleaner* dressed than usual, she was *sweetly singing* on the *Di-* Side, and his *Reverence* surpriz'd her in the Act *giving Suck.* As she knew him, she blush'd, and was going to cover her *Neck*, which the *holy* Man prevented with his Hand, saying, '*God speed your Work, my dear Child.—Don't be asham'd at what God has given you. — I'm well enough us'd to such Sights!*—Perhaps he was; but Mrs. Connor has the *Skin* of such an wholesome *Sanguineness*, and Breasts so *prominent and firm*, as puzzled his *Reverence*, and made his *Blood* rise in his Face, and his *Speech* falter.

As Mrs. Connor durst not disoblige the *Priest*, she made all the fine Speeches in her Power, and told him almost as much, as if she had been at *Confession.* His *Reverence* spoke very compassionately on her unhappy Circumstances, and, in a *tender Manner* insinuated the hard Fortune, that *so young and well-spoken a Woman*, should be reduced to *ask a Favour* of any *Man*; when, if she had *her due*, they ought to *ask Favours* of her. — Not, my dear Child, said he, that I would be after finding Fault with your *Industry*, or putting *bad Thoughts* in your Head. No! no! God forbid! But as you are a *sensible Woman*, I may tell you, we ought to know *Good* as well as *Bad*, that we may avoid the *one*, and follow the *other*: But when we make a *Slip*, as we are all *frail Mortals*, it must be great Comfort to a *good Catholick*, to have a *Holy Priest* to pray for, and *absolve us.* — At this, he put on a *Countenance of primitive Piety*, or at least, so

much



of it, as his *Eyes* would permit, which still  
 led, and being fixed on the *beautiful Part*, be-  
 mentioned, spoke a Language *truly Universal*.  
 Jack's Mother was quite confounded at all these  
 Words; and not perfectly understanding *Logi-*  
*distinctions*, was afraid the *Holy Father* was en-  
 couraging to make her Proof against *good or bad*  
*une*, not against *good or bad Morals*. Father  
 soon solv'd her Doubts; for as the *Child* still  
 inu'd at the *Breast*, he prais'd its *Beauty*, pat-  
 ts *Checks*, and uttered every *infantine Expressi-*  
 which Mothers are so naturally fond to hear. —  
 the sweet little Fellow, *said he*, it looks like an  
 angel, I must *kiss it*, were it but for the Sake of  
 the Nurse.' — He kept his Word; but guiding  
 Head a little more on *one Side*, he feasted his  
 s (as if by Accident) on *those Charms* his Eyes  
 been Witness of for half an Hour.  
 His Reverence recover'd himself at last, and —  
 ask your Pardon, good Mrs. Connor, *said he*,  
 or by my *own Conscience* I had no Harm in my  
 Thoughts; but God forgive me! in troth I was  
 going to t'other Side, for fear it would be jealous;  
 tho' if I had, you know, there would be no *Sin*  
 in it, neither; for what is a *Breast* but *Flesh*?  
 and so is your *Hand*; and what *Sin*, my Dear,  
 in touching a *Hand*? — This Reasoning was so  
 strong that Conviction sat on Mrs. Connor's Coun-  
 tenance; which the *good Man* perceiving, he very  
 gently transported his *Kisses* from *one Side* to the  
 other.

SOME Travellers appearing, and Jerry being sum-  
 mon'd to his Post, the charitable *Priest* slip't Six-  
 pence into her Hand, and gave the old Man a Yard  
 of good Tobacco; so wishing them *good Luck*, ad-  
 ded his *Benediction*, and promis'd to call in his  
 next Walks.

It would be endless to point out the Virtues of this good Man. He visited frequently, and always left something behind him. He mentioned to the most charitable Families in the Country; and taught Jerry how to tell the weary Traveller the *Hour of the Day*. He repair'd the *first Hut*, where she always cook'd the Victuals when he honoured them with his Company. He put a Door to it, and sent in good Store of *Whisky and Straw*, with *new Caddows*. This serv'd his Reverence for a Country Retreat; and answered every End of a *Confession*. His Conversation was truly pious, and his Pains were great to convert Jerry to the *Bosom of that Church* out of which there is *no Salvation*. Sometimes, indeed, his Zeal was rather too great; for, when Mr. Connor made strong Objections, he *most charitably* and with a *truly Christian Spirit*, hurry'd poor Jerry's Soul to the Devil and all his Angels; in which Journey, his Wife always added an hearty Amen.

ABOUT the Age of Five Years, JACK remembers his daily sitting on a Ditch with his Father and Mother, industriously employ'd in that *most antient and most noble* Profession of *Begging*. The Situation was well contriv'd, and three Roads terminated just at their Mansion, and, as it were, empty'd themselves into the *great one*. Besides the Beauty of the Prospect, I apprehend his Parents had some *Regard and Love* to Society; for no Traveller could pass, but were attack'd with all the *Oratory* in their Power. Without Vanity, I may say, few People of *their Distinction* enjoy'd that *Talent* to greater Perfection, especially Mrs. Connor. When she was determin'd to *extract* a Penny from a good *Christian*, she mounted the Ditch, and with Eyes rais'd to Heaven, and uplifted Hands, she bespoke his Favour: She saluted him with every *tender, moving* Expression. The *Tear* was ready; and sometimes

times she pleaded a *numerous Family of Orphans*, sometimes an *antient helpless Husband*. — Did her *Heart* pass by *untouch'd*, she follow'd him, her rais'd Voice, invoking every *Saint* to prosper his Journey, and to commiserate her *wretched Situation*. — Many a Time, and oft', has she com- pelled the most *obdurate Lawyer* or *Parson* to *Rein-* and fumble for *Farthings*.

JERRY had his Excellence: He was really ad- vanced in Years; was infirm and *blind*. The Loss of Sight, so dreadful to many, was to them of in- finite Use. From this he drew the *Pity* of the *Good-* and the *Compassion* of most Travellers; but being an *old Soldier*, who had serv'd by Sea and Land, afforded an Addition to his *Revenue*; to which a *red Coat* contributed not a little.

YOUNG as our *Hero* was, his Employment had been of Use; for whilst his dear Parents were solacing themselves in their *Castle*, and enjoying the Com- fort of *Ale*, *Tobacco*, and the Conversation of *Friends*, he was on the Watch for the Approach of *Engers*; when his *Father* or *Mother*, and some- times both, sally'd out, and he always attended to the Cry, and pick up the *Copper* that *Huma-* nity threw them.

JACK now grew a sturdy Fellow, of Six Years

As his Mother had been so good to teach him to read, he was a great Comfort to his *Father*, and retained him out of *The whole Duty of Man*, which he took particular Care of, ever since Mrs. *Connor* had sold his *Bible*. The Child read so fre- quently, that at last he was very *expert*, and began to tell the Subject. One Day, he asked his Father, *where was any more Books in the World, for he would read them all.* 'God bless you, poor Child,' said Jerry, and give you *Grace* to learn, and prac- tise all good Things.'

—Then

— Then, folding him in his Arms, with many Tears, and uplifted Hands, beseech'd the Almighty to succour his helpless Age, and guide his Steps that he might live by *Honesty* and *Labour*. — The *Jack* knew not what he meant, yet his Words made so great an Impression, that he cry'd most heartily — In this Situation the Mother found them, which soon chang'd the Scene :— She storm'd like a Fury, and swore he was sending the Boy to the Devil, as well as himself ; ' But, continued she, with all my Heart, an obstinate Bastard as he is ; but I'll take Care, I warrant, of your damn'd Book.' — She then curs'd herself most bitterly, for teaching *Jack* to read ; and mutter'd something of sending him far enough out of his Reach.

' No, Dolly, said her Husband, you need not do that ; for *Father Kelly* and *You*, will soon send me to my long Home !' — 'Tis too good News to be true, — said she. — ' Well, well, reply'd *Jerry*, I shan't trouble you long ;—you may let me have a little Peace whilst I live.' — Some Passengers interrupted this Conversation ; and the common Occurrences of the Day, gave *Jerry* some Respite to Dinner. — He said *Grace* as usual, but could not eat. At Supper 'twas the same Way ; and in the Night a Fever came on, which open'd his Wounds, and for want of proper Care, a Mortification ensued, and the fourth Day, he slept with his Fathers. — The pious Priest was determin'd to have the better of the Argument at last, and make him a good Catholic, by performing the final Rites of the Church, before the Body was quite cold.

ON this melancholy Occasion, it must be confess'd, the poor Widow behav'd as the most fashionable of her Sex. — She shriek'd and wrung her Hands, and call'd on Death to ease her Misery. — She fainted, and fell into Fits ; and the Neighbour

bours



urs, with great Difficulty brought her to herself. When recover'd, she bore her *Fate* with great *signation*, and gave Directions about the *Funeral* with much Composure of Mind, except when more *tends* dropt in, which renew'd her *Sorrows*; and when the whole Company sympathiz'd in the *most* *useful* *Candences*.

THE Deceas'd being stripp'd and wash'd, was laid out on some *Straw*, cover'd with a Sheet that was formerly white. On his *Breast* was a large *fish* fill'd with Salt, which undoubtedly had its *use*. The good People, three Miles round, flock'd to *blind* *Connor's Wake*, with Loads of *Whisky* and *tobacco*; *Pipers* were in Abundance; and sundry *Gentlemen* amused the Company with the *sweet* *Harmony* of their *Trumps* or *Jews-harps*. — When *Father* *Kelly* had declared that *Jerry Connor* died a *True* *son* of the *Church*, being by him converted almost by a *Miracle*, a *Buzz* of Content ran through the whole Assembly; and he finished a few Prayers for the *Repose* of his *Soul*.

THE common *Irish* are chearful at a *Wedding*; but, at a *Wake*, their *Joy* and *Mirth* is seemingly *extravagant*. *Ill Nature*, and the Want of *Compassion* and *Tenderness*, are not placed amongst their *natural Vices*. If the Moral of this antient Custom be examin'd, and found to proceed from their *Pleasure*, in believing, that their *Friend* or *Companion* has quitted all *human Infirmities*, and now enjoys a *fulfillment* of *Bliss*, we cannot think the Practice *irrational* or *absurd*.

MIRTH in every Shape abounded; but *Jack* seem'd to drop all the romping Sporters. He listen'd with great Attention to a Knot of *Old Ladies*, who entertain'd each other with true *Stories* of *Giants* and *Witches*, and *Spirits*, and *Kings* of *Ireland*. — From these he went to another Cluster, who

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spoke of the Deceased, like the *Egyptian Priests*. They magnify'd his *supposed Virtues*, and gave him *Vices*, to which he was a *Stranger*.—*Scandal* and *Malice*, and *Envy*, were present! Some hinted, that *Dolly* was not his *Wife*; some call'd her his *Niece*, and some his *Daughter*; but all agreed in wondering, what the Devil *Father Kelly* could see, to make him so civil to her.—I much fear many grand Societies are but *humble Imitators* of this *equally polite Assembly*.

AT last the *Funeral* set out, directing the Course to a *ruin'd Monastery*, about Six Miles distant. The March was solemn; and ever and anon a *Sacred Dirge* was rais'd, that shook the *Hills* and echo'd through the *Valley*. The Company still increased from the neighbouring Cabins, whose Inhabitants having walk'd two or three Miles, and rais'd their *Notes* of Condolance with the rest, perhaps would at last find Time to ask, *who is dead?*

THE necessary *Rites* being finish'd, Mr. Kelly with some of the Company, return'd to the *Hall*, where *Jack* soon found he wanted a *Father*, and had not a *Mother*.



## CHAP. IV.

*What by this Name, then, shall be understood?  
 What? but the glorious Lust of doing good?  
 The Heart that finds its Happiness to please,  
 Can feel another's Pain, and taste his Ease.  
 The Cheek that with another's Joy can glow,  
 Turn pale, and sicken, with another's Woe,  
 Free from Contempt and Envy, he who deems  
 Justly of Life's two opposite Extremes.  
 Who to make all, and each Man, truly blest,  
 Does all he can, and wishes all the rest.*

FIELDING on Good Nature.

May with Truth affirm, that Jack's Parent's, tho' Beggars, gave better Education to their son, than most of their Neighbours; witness his reading at so tender an Age, when not one in a thousand knew a single Letter. His Dress was pretty much the same with young Gentlemen of his Years, rather with almost all in the Parish. He had something on that resembled Breeches, and a Remnant of a Rug very artfully hung over his Shoulders, and fastened round his Waist by Pieces of Wood nicely carv'd, of the Bigness of a Packer's Needle.—A Shirt was an idle and uncomfortable Ornament; and Shoes and Stockings made Youth so tender and delicate. This noble and manly Dress most carefully preserved; and scarcely has Novelty and Fashion found an Opportunity of making any Variations.—Tho' the Romans never visited Ireland, yet their Dress certainly did. Were our Virtuosi seriously to consider this, they might save the vast Expence they are at in purchasing a Piece of Leaden, or Marble, or Copper Roman Figure and Drapery; when, by stepping to Ireland, they

may see *Thousands*, even at this Day, in the *Original Habit*, and whole *Groups* in the antient Manner, *eating on the Ground*.

PERHAPS I may be thought too free with great a Name as LOCKE, when I say I imagine borrows Part of his Treatise on *Education* from the People, to whom, I've been told, he was *Stranger*. All the World knew that the common *Romans* wore no *Shoes*; but Mr. Locke could infer from thence, with all his *more than Human Understanding*, that going without *them*, or having the *Feet* constantly *wet*, was conducive to *Health* or *Vigour*, till he saw such numberless Examples. But to return to the Family.

FATHER KELLY's Visits to the *Widow*, were more frequent than usual, as she stood in Need of more frequent *Consolation*. From his pious Intentions, the evil-minded of the Parish drew Conclusions no-way favourable to either, especially Mrs. Connor dropp'd her former *Occupation*, and retir'd to the first *Hut*, where she suffer'd herself to be visited but by a few select Friends; and never publicly seen, but at *Mass*.—How different! How chang'd in her Appearance!—Her *Face* was wash'd;—her fine black Hair was comb'd, and nicely plaited;—her *Kercher* was clean, which pass'd under her Chin, was neatly ty'd at the back of her Neck;—her brown *Jacket* with *red Cuffs*;—her *red Petticoat*, and, above all, her *yellow Stockings* and new *Brogues*, drew the Eyes of the whole Congregation; some to *admire* her real Comeliness, but more to whisper, *They wish'd she came less frequently by them*.

WHATEVER were their *private* Opinions, Father Kelly received many *publick* Marks of the Dis-esteem. The old Ladies, and the young, extremely resented this open and particular Attack

men

, so injurious to their own Beauties and super-  
 Merit. They wrought on their Husbands,  
 Brothers and Sweethearts; and the good and  
 virtuous *Priest* was condemn'd a Sacrifice to  
*Pride and Envy.*

WHETHER the People had just Cause to com-  
 plain to the titular *Archbishop* of *Cashel*, or whether  
*Mr. Kelly* and *Mrs. Connor* were conscious of  
 it; or, whether they found the Current of  
 Humour too strong to stem, I know not; neither  
 I tell the Resolution they took on this Occasion,  
 certain it is, they came to one very speedily.

MRS. CONNOR had converted the old red Coat  
 into a sort of Waistcoat for *Jack*, who having a  
 pocket, never failed carrying his *Book* in it. One  
 morning she call'd him up earlier than usual, and  
 in a more-than common good Humour, wash'd  
 his Face and comb'd his Head, and having put on  
 something like a *Shirt*, she kiss'd him, saying, 'he  
 was a charming pretty Boy.' In Reality he was  
 — 'Come *Jack*, says she, now we'll walk to  
 Town and see your Aunt.' — Poor *Jack* was vastly  
 pleas'd at going to Town, though he knew not  
 where, and followed his *Mother* with great Cheer-  
 fulness. They had not walk'd above a Mile or  
 two, when a Man overtook them, whom *Mrs.*  
*Connor* knew. Some Questions being ask'd, 'I  
 am going, said she, to leave *Jack* at my *Sister's*  
 for a Day or two, and must be back to *Squire*  
*Disney's* to Night..—That's too far, said the Man,  
 you can't walk in one Day; go you to the *Squire's*, and  
 I shall take care of *Jack*.' — The Child cry'd, but his  
 Mother coax'd, and prevailed on him to go with-  
 out Murmuring. She kiss'd, and promising to see  
 him To-morrow; turn'd about, and *Jack* and the  
 Man march'd on.

NOTHING remarkable happened in this Journey but *Jack* complained, that the *Town* was a great ways off.—That he wish'd he was there,—that he was *Hungry* or *Dry*, or *Sleepy*, and some child talk of that Sort, to which the Man gave Answer and relieved all his Wants.—Many Days passed in small Journeys, till the Fellow found he was in the *County of Meath*. He fed the Child as well as he could, and having got a Woman to wash his Rags and clean him, march'd on till he came to a large fine House.—'Now *Jack*, said he, we shall soon see your Aunt; stay here my good Child a little and I'll be with you by and by; but be sure don't go beyond that great Gate,' (pointing to the Gate of the House) the Man walk'd off, and *Jack* never saw him after.

THE poor Child waited a long Time for him with great Patience, till *Hunger* and *Night* coming on, he cry'd till his little Heart was almost broken.—At last he ventur'd to walk to the Gate, and found it open. He went into a large Court-yard and finding a House, which was a deserted Dog-kennel, he boldly enter'd; and, what with his Fatigues, and little Sorrows, he lay down and slept soundly 'till next Morning.—One of the Grooms going by, heard the Cries of the Boy, and reliev'd him from his Prison.—He was ask'd many Questions to which he could give no Answers; except, that the Man was going with him to his Aunt's, and that his Name was *Jack Connor*.—The Groom ask'd him 'if he was hungry? Yes, said *Jack*, and very dry too, and my Feet are very sore.'—The Servant was good natur'd, and taking him into one of the Stables, gave him a Piece of Bread and some small Beer. He wash'd his little Feet with warm Bran and Water, which was ready to be given to a sick Horse, and laid him on some clean Straw.

The



poor Child went to Sleep, but waken'd so re-  
d, and so happy, that, on seeing the Groom,  
smil'd, and utter'd every Expression, that  
shew'd the *Gratitude* of his Heart.

Thus was he fed for a Fortnight, and all En-  
quiry was made by the Servants about him, but in-  
vain.—*Jack* grew quite well, and mightily pleas'd  
with his Situation, for *Providence* had directed him  
to the House of LORD TRUEGOOD, a Nobleman  
more remarkable for his *large Fortune*, than his Hu-  
manity, and extensive *Charity* to all Mankind.

MR. KINDLY, his Lordship's Domestick Stew-  
ard, had heard something of this Story, and deter-  
min'd to see the Child.—He watch'd when the Ser-  
vants were out, and stole privately into the Stable.

*Jack* was mounted in one of the Windows,  
with his *Book* in his Hand, but when he saw the  
Gentleman, he stuff'd it into his Pocket, and got  
on his Feet in an Instant. Mr. *Kindly*, with a

smile of good Nature cry'd out—'Who have we  
got here?—Where did you come from Child?'

'Indeed, Sir, reply'd *Jack*, almost in Tears, I  
don't know.'—'Don't cry my Dear, said the

good Steward, I shall do you no Harm;—Have  
you a Mother, and where is she gone to?—I

don't know indeed, Sir, reply'd *Jack*, but she  
gave me to a Man to see my Aunt, and he bid

me stay at the Gate, and so I did, and so he  
did not come for me.'—'That's my good Boy,

said *Kindly*; come, now tell me all the rest.'—

The poor Child was not at a Loss, but told as  
much of his Affairs as he possibly could know, and

in so innocent a Manner, that greatly pleas'd the  
good Man.—'That's my good Dear, said he;

but what *Book* was it, you put in your Pocket?  
Let me see it my Man.'—*Jack* deliver'd it,

telling him, his Father said it was a good *Book*,  
B 4 and



and would make every Body good.—Mr. Kim look'd at the Title, and was greatly surpriz'd.—  
 ' Your Father, said he, was a good Man, and  
 ' you'll be a very good Boy, when you can read  
 —' Oh dear, said Jack, indeed, Sir, I can read  
 ' it very well.'—' Can you so, reply'd the Steward  
 ' let me see.'—He opened the Book, where lea  
 mark'd, and Jack began, and pretty distinctl  
 read.—" So also for the Calamities and Misery  
 " that befall a Man, be it Want or Sickness  
 " or whatever else, these also come by the Pro  
 " vidence of God, who raiseth up and putteth  
 " down, as seems good to him, and it belongs not  
 " us to judge what are the Motives to him to do  
 " as many do, who, upon any Affliction th  
 " befalls another, are presently concluding, that sur  
 " it was some extraordinary Guilt, which puts th  
 " upon him, though they have no particular to lay to  
 " Charge."—As the Boy read, the Tenderne  
 the good Man mounted to his Eyes.—' That  
 ' enough my Child, said he,—God bless you.'—  
 So quitting him in an Instant, got into the Yard  
 and gave vent to a few Tears.—Good God, cry  
 he, how infinite is thy loving Kindness, who, out  
 the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings, teacheth us ou  
 Duty!

MR. KINDLY walked to the House, and having  
 call'd Mrs. Mathews, an elderly Servant, begg'd he  
 to get him a Leg or Wing of a Fowl, with a Piece  
 of Bread, and some small Beer. ' Lord, dear Sir  
 ' said Mrs. Mathews, may hap your Morning  
 ' Walk has gotten you a Stomach; pray let me  
 ' broil you a Pigeon, and give you a Glas of white  
 ' Wine.'—Thank you heartily good Mrs. Ma  
 thews, reply'd the Steward, you know I seldom eat  
 in a Morning, but I never drink. What I want  
 for a poor Stranger.—' Lord bless you dear Sir  
 ' said

Kindly said Mrs. Matthews, you are so good, all the Servants are bound to *pray for you*.—She did not wait for a Reply, but ran to the Pantry, and soon returned, properly loaded.—‘Thank you my dear friend,’ said Mr. Kindly, now I have a great Favour to beg of you; which is, to carry these to the farthest Stable, where you’ll find a poor little boy. See him eat his Dinner, and take him to John Long’s Wife.’—‘Yes, that I will,’ said she. ‘The Lord preserve your good Heart.—I’m sure you’re always the poor Man’s Friend.—The Lord keep you your Health, for you’re too good for this World.’—‘We must assist one another,’ said Kindly, but pray go and help the Child, and I’ll walk on to John Long’s.

MRS. MATHEWS thought there was some Mystery in this Affair, but resolved to *hear and see*, but say nothing. She determin’d to be as *secret* as could be expected from her Sex and Station; so, wisely, she sent Jenny the House Maid to the Stable, to whom she communicated the Matter, with many notable remarks.—‘You know Jenny,’ said she, Mr. Kindly is a Man as well as another, and though he is a *gentleman or so*, yet, let me tell you, ’tis an *old Rat*, that won’t eat *Cheese*.—He’s a hearty Man Jenny, and a good natur’d Man, and they say lives a *Widower* for the Sake of his Children; now putting *Things and Things* together, who knows what may have happen’d?—But *please God* it shall go no farther for me;—nor for me neither, said Jenny, for I wou’d n’t hurt a Hair of his Head, poor dear Man.

THEY got to the Stable and found Jack, with the Groom.—‘So so,’ said Mrs. Matthews, have I heard you, young Spark.—‘Come, sit down my little fellow, and try how a bit will agree with you.’—What Jenny, said the Groom, are you

' come too ? I'll say that for you, you've as good  
 ' a Nose at finding out a *pretty Boy*, as any Woman  
 ' in the Parish ; I suppose he's some Relation  
 ' yours', *Eh. Jenny ?*—The Fellow's a Fool, *said*  
 ' Mrs. Mathews, tho' may hap he may have  
 ' good Relations as any here.—Come my brother  
 ' Man, eat heartily, and much good may do you  
 ' —So—you say your Name is *Jack*.—' Yes, Ma-  
 ' dam, *said the Child*, my Name is *Jack Connor*.  
 ' Very well, *said the good Woman*, very well ; now  
 ' come my dear, and and take a Walk with me  
 ' we'll not go far, only to *John Long's*.—The  
 ' turning to the Groom, said, with a Wink, ' *Mr*  
 ' *Kindly* bid me fill his little Belly, and, carry him  
 ' to *John's* Wife.

THE Groom was well pleas'd, and the Ladies  
 marched on.—' *Jenny, said Mrs. Mathews*, look  
 ' at the little Fellow, how sturdily he walks, and  
 ' for all the World, like good *Mr. Kindly*. ' Faith  
 ' and troth, *said Jenny*, and so he does, and his  
 ' Name is *Jack* too.'—' Faith, *said Mrs. Mathews*  
 ' I forgot that, and then the little Rogue has the  
 ' very Smile of him.—Now I think on it *Jenny*, I  
 ' be hang'd but I knew the Mother of him. Do  
 ' you remember *Bryan Connor* the Millar, that  
 ' liv'd at the Ford two Miles off.'—' Yes that I  
 ' do, *reply'd Jenny*, and by the same Token, he had  
 ' four Daughters and three Sons.'—Very true, *said*  
 ' Mrs. Mathews, and all the Neighbours believ'd  
 ' *Mr. Kindly* was a great Help to the Family, for  
 ' he went very often there. The old People died  
 ' and the Children went up and down, I don't  
 ' know what became of them all ; but *Molly Connor*  
 ' was a *pritty Hussy* enough, but was no better than  
 ' she *should be*, and about seven or eight years ago,  
 ' she contriv'd to get her *Belly up*, and then went to  
 ' *Dublin*.—' Goodness Sirs, *said Jenny*, how  
 ' strangely

strangely Things come about; so, to be sure this  
her Child.' Ay, ay, *said Mathews*, as sure as  
*I'm in this Spot alive*. Murder will out, you  
know, but that's none of our Business,—we are  
only Servants, and must hold our Tongues; so,  
before *Jenny*, *said she*, do'nt open your Lips about  
it, for it shan't be *computed* to me, for I hate  
standing and proving, and wou'd'nt be brought  
into a *Priminiron* for all I'm worth in the  
World.

THE Steward and Mrs. Long were waiting at  
the Door till *Jack* arriv'd.—There Madam  
*said Mr. Kindly*, There's a Boy for you;  
don't you think him very like me? Heaven  
knows, *reply'd Mrs. Long*, for the poor little  
Face of him is so dirty, 'tis impossible to tell who  
he is like; but please *God*, I'll know more of him  
by To-morrow! Do so, *said Kindly*, and in a little  
Time I hope to see him look as well as my own  
Son.—Then turning to Mrs. *Mathews*, thank'd  
her for her Civilities, and promis'd her a Present  
of some good *Bebea Tea*.

THE Ladies made great haste Home, and by Mr.  
*Kindly's* Words, they were more confirm'd in their  
last Conjectures, and in the Necessity of being very  
secret.—No doubt they were mighty cautious, but  
on Mr. *Kindly's* Return to *Bounty-Hall*, he found  
a strange Alteration in the Countenances of the  
servants.—When he spoke, he was answered with a  
smile or a Grin.—A general Titter and Whisper ran  
through the Family, and on his Enquiry into the  
Cause of so much Mirth, they vanish'd with a loud  
laugh.—Though a little surpriz'd at their Behavi-  
our, he knew there was no Mischief done, so was  
perfectly easy. He always permitted them to be as  
cheerful as they pleas'd, for he thought an *Open-  
ness* and *Freedom* of Manners, was an Indication of  
an



an *honest Heart*; but he ever suspected a Servant  
of a *gloomy or sullen Countenance*.

## C H A P. V.

*There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame :  
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,  
While virtuous Actions are but born and die.*

HARVEY'S JUVENAL

**A** SECRET, like many other Disorders, is *Epidemical* and *Contagious*, but in the whole History of Physick, none is more *Instant*, or whose Quality is more *Diffusive*.—Every Part of human Matter is immediately affected, and the first Symptom, most commonly appears on the *Tongue*. To curious Persons, this Malady would afford an Infinity of Observations.—Where a *Secret* takes its rise from *Charity, Good-nature, Friendship, Benevolence*, or other remarkable *Virtues*, be assur'd the *Disorder* is not of long Continuance. It attacks us, and we must be a little sensible of its Power, but it soon flies off by the Operation of the *Lips*.—Some have been cured by saying,—*I never thought him that sort of Man.—He's a great Cheat, if what you say be true.—That may be, but to be sure, he had his Ends in it.—I find Miracles are not ceas'd.—I've a little of the THOMAS in me*—and so on.—Against this Sort of *Pestilence*, the *Bishop* need never order public *Prayers*, for when it happens, it seldom goes beyond the Neighbourhood, but never marches to the next *Parish*.

ON the other Hand, when the *Plague of Secrecy* has its source from *Scandal, Malice, Envy*, and sometimes, *mere Ignorance*, the Effects are astonishing. Every Breast is inflam'd, and the Fire communicates



communicates itself like *Electricity*. The Heart swells, the *Tongue*, with loud Clamour, utters Millions of *Falsehoods*.—The farther the Contagion spreads, the Disorder encreases its Force, nor does it stop, till it encounters some *new Frenzy* or *Secret*.

THOUGH the learned Dr. *Mead* has been silent on this Article, yet it certainly is of as subtil and poisonous a Nature, as any mentioned in his *History*.—Indeed it seldom carries its baneful Influence to the *Life* of the Person pointed at, but it violently attacks, and often *destroys* the *Reputation*, the *Bread*, the *Peace* and *Happiness* of whole Families. The Doctor may cure th'enraged *Mastiff's Bite*; but who can heal the *Wounds* that *Slanderers Tongues* have made?—Dr. *Monroe*, is a Stranger to this species of *Madness*, nor did I ever hear that Mr. *Card* has attempted to palliate it. If 'tis not in *Power* to relieve this dreadful Malady, what *Prayer* should we not offer up, to avert the *Evil*!

Do thou therefore, *kind Reader*, give up thy Neighbour or thy Friend, who labours under this *Madness*.—Avoid him—his *Breath* is *Infectious*, the *Saliva* of his *Tongue*, will destroy thy *Peace*. Listen not to his Words, neither repeat them.—Firm in *Truth* and the *Pest* may escape thee, and perhaps, in Time, the Name of the *Malady* may be forgotten.

BUT to return.—The mighty Secret was now in the Possession of every Servant, mounting by Degrees, till it arriv'd to Mrs. *Betty Tittle*, Lady *Quegood's* Woman; who, like a good Christian, wou'd not the *Sun* to go down, till she imparted the valuable Discovery to her *Ladyship*.—'Tittle, said her *Ladyship*, I can't imagine what ails the Servants. Surely something must have vastly pleas'd them, they seem so merry!—Tittle put her Handkerchief to her Face, to hide her Blushes.—'Pray, said

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*said my Lady*, What is the Matter?—I suppose  
 ' some *Maid* has got a *Sweetheart*, or stol'n a *Wed-*  
 ' *ding*, or some such Thing.'—' No indeed,  
 ' *Mem*, *said Tittle*, I assure your *Laship*, there's  
 ' thing like a *Wedding* in the Case.'—' I hope,  
 ' *ply'd my Lady*, there is nothing worse, though  
 ' are all too apt to laugh at *Mischief*; but whatever  
 ' it is, I insist *Mrs. Tittle*, you'll instantly tell me  
 ' —*Lord Mem*, *said Tittle*, I don't know how  
 ' speak of *naughty Things*, especially to your *Laship*  
 ' but all the *Servants* *knows* as well as I, for *Mr.*  
 ' *Mathews* and *Jenny* told me of it, and they were  
 ' to see the *Child*.'—' Child! *cry'd my Lady*, great  
 ' *alarm'd*, what Child?—I once more desire, and  
 ' lay my Commands on you, to tell me the whole  
 ' Story this Moment.'—' I hope, *said Tittle*, your  
 ' *Laship* won't be angry with me; but 'tis only to  
 ' please your *Laship*, that *Molly Connor*, the *Mill-*  
 ' *Daughter*, made *Mr. Kindly* a Present of a fine *Boy*  
 ' this Morning. The *Nurse* brought it Home, be-  
 ' cause *Mr. Kindly* would not pay for its Keeping  
 ' this *four or five Years*, so the poor Man was  
 ' forced to take the Child, and send it to *John*  
 ' *Long's*; and indeed, please your *Laship*, that  
 ' all, only they say, that the *Boy* is *seven or eight*  
 ' *Years* old, and as like *Mr. Kindly* as two Pennies  
 ' but they say *Mem*.—' Hold your impertinent  
 ' Tongue, *said my Lady*, is this the Occasion of  
 ' much Gigue?—You are an ungrateful Pack.  
 ' I am sure 'tis false, therefore I charge you all, not  
 ' to appear before me with such *saucy Airs*.'—' In-  
 ' deed *Mem*, *said Tittle*, If I've said any thing  
 ' offend your *Laship*.—Yes *Madam*, *said my Lady*,  
 ' you have very greatly offended me, and so you  
 ' have all; but hold your scandalous Tongue, and  
 ' leave me this Minute.'

poor Mrs. Tittle was not only vastly disappointed but greatly frighten'd, as she had never heard *Ladyship* speak in such a Manner, or seem in a *Passion*.—She inform'd the rest, of the Reason she met with ; and the Faces of the Servants seem'd more compos'd at Supper. They were quite surpriz'd at the *Oddity* of her *Ladyship's* Temper, and quoted many Examples diametrically opposite.—‘ I'm sure, said Mrs. Tittle, had I told as much to *Squire Smart's* Lady, we should have laugh'd together about it, the whole *live long light* !—Ay, ay, said Mrs. Mathews, God bless the good *Lady Malign*. When I waited on her in *Yorkshire*, many a *Gown* and *Petticoat*, and *mock*, have I gotten for telling her half as much ; but to be sure some People think themselves wiser than all the World.’—‘ Hold, hold, said Tom Blunt the Butler ; ‘ Now d'ye see, if so be that how, my *Lady* is wrong, she'll do you *Right*, and if my *Lady* is right, how like *Fools* and *Ninniammers* will you all look ? So d'ye see, take a Fool's Advice, and go and sleep upon't.—Tom went to Bed, and as he left them no more to say, we may suppose they followed his Example.’

My Lord and Lady were now retir'd, when she call'd to him with an air of Concern and Emotion, that Mrs. Tittle had told her, every now and then giving his *Advice* and *Opinion*.—‘ My dear Betty, reply'd my Lord, don't be uneasy ; I've heard of this Affair pretty much in the same Manner. I've privately examin'd into it, and have great Reason to applaud Mr. *Kindly's* Conduct. As you always judge right, I am not surpriz'd at your checking the *Tattling* of Servants, which, if once encourag'd, as ignorant People too frequently do, 'tis impossible to say where it may end : However, continued his *Lordship*, as trifling as this Affair is,

‘ I hope

‘ I hope to make it useful. When I bring it  
 ‘ the *Carpet* ; I must beg your Assistance.’—  
 ‘ dear *Harry*, said my *Lady*, I shall not fail ;  
 ‘ come to *Bed*, and if you think proper, tell me  
 ‘ all the rest.’

THE Curtains were *close* drawn ; and, as  
 thing of the Conversation *transpir’d*, I imagine  
 a Right to *close* this Chapter.

## C H A P. VI.

*Hail wedded Love ! mysterious Law !*  
*Source*

*Of Human Off-spring ! sole Propriety*  
*In Paradise, of all Things common else !*  
*By thee adul’rous Lust was driv’n from Man*  
*Among the Bestial Herds to range : By thee,*  
*Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,*  
*Relations dear, and all the Charities*  
*Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known.*

MILTON

AS the Reader must reside with *Lord* and *Lady*  
*Truegood* for some Time, perhaps they will be  
 pleas’d at being properly acquainted with them.  
 To those who know not their Persons, I can only  
 introduce them to their *Personal Conduct*, and *Fa-*  
*mily Behaviour*. This may be as useful and enter-  
 taining, and rather less tedious, than a Description  
 of their *Features*, their *Stature*, or other visible  
 Marks of *Elegance*, *Beauty*, or *Deformity*.

HIS *Lordship* had about Five Thousand a Year  
 in *Ireland*, and about Two Thousand in *England*  
 all in his own Power. Her *Ladyship* was the  
 Daughter of Sir *William Templeton*, of *Lancaster-*  
*shire*. She was Heiress to Two Thousand Pounds  
 a Year in that County ; and his *Lordship’s* Estate



contiguous to it. Miss *Templeton* was endow'd  
 with all those Charms that *Men of Sense* admire, be-  
 lieve they know they are *lasting*. Her *Wit* and  
 her *Knowledge* had that Sort of sprightly and solid Turn,  
 that enliven'd, at the same Time, it pleas'd and im-  
 prov'd her Hearers. Her many Virtues were more  
 than imitated; and her Person, tho' not a  
*Beauty*, was so genteel and *elegantly neat*, that she  
 had the Desire in every Breast, and commanded more  
 than common Respect. They had been well ac-  
 quainted when Children; and from the Intimacy of  
 the Family, a Friendship, if not something strong-  
 er, insensibly grew up with them. His Collegiate  
 Studies being over, and his Father dead, he was sent  
 to finish the Accomplishments of a Gentleman by  
*Travel*. In this Time he constantly corresponded  
 with Miss *Betty Templeton*, and the most agreeable  
 and entertaining Letters pass'd, greatly to their Sa-  
 tisfaction and mutual Improvement. Mr. *Johnston*,  
 a Clergyman, and his Lordship's Tutor and Com-  
 missioner, vastly encourag'd these good Dispositions in  
 his Pupil, foreseeing the *happy* Consequences that  
 might arise from it.

At Twenty-four Years of Age, his Lordship re-  
 turned from his Travels, a *truly polite*, and *well-bred*  
 Gentleman.—He found Miss *Templeton*, now about Nine-  
 teen Years of Age, with every Qualification he  
 could wish in a *Wife*.—He spoke to her, at some  
 Distance, on that Head, and found her Answers  
 sensible and just, and no-ways against his Views.—  
 His Lordship, then, apply'd to Mrs. *Jordon*, a Wi-  
 dow Lady, and Aunt to Miss, who had bred her  
 from a Child, and supply'd the Loss of a Mother.  
 The good Lady was overjoy'd to put her dear  
 Niece into the Hands of a Nobleman of such For-  
 tune; and whose great Good-nature, and many  
 Virtues



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Virtues, promis'd a Life of real Happiness and Content.

HIS Lordship now paid his Addressees publickly every-one agreeing, they were born for each other.—A Jointure was soon fix'd on ; but the Settling his Estate, was a Matter of some Difficulty, as Notions on that Head were uncommon.—He always thought, that the Undutifulness of Children to their Parents, especially of the *Eldest Son*, proceeded often from a Knowledge of the Fortune they were entitled to, at their Father's Decease.—His Lordship convinced the young Lady of the *Absurdity* of placing Children out of the power of Parents, either to *reward* some for their Goodness, or *chastise* others for their Mis-deeds. At last he persuaded her Guardians, and his Fortune was settled on the Issue of the Marriage, in such Proportion, as his Lord thought proper to make by Will, or any other Deed or Gift, except an Estate of Five Hundred Pounds a Year, which should follow the Male : Two Thousand Pounds a Year, and Ten Thousand Pounds in Money, was settled on *Mr. Templeton* ; and my Lord reserv'd Three Thousand Pounds a Year, as a Settlement on any future Wife.—The young Lady was so weak, that she absolutely insisted, that *Pin*, or *Alimony*, should not be mentioned in any of the Writings.—All these Matters being regularly adjusted, the Day was fix'd, and Mr. *Johnston* joyn'd their Hands, and completed the Happiness of this truly affectionate Pair.

MY Lord and Lady stay'd above Two Years in *England* ; but finding his Presence quite necessary in *Ireland*, to settle his Fortune, which had somewhat suffer'd by the Death of his Father, and his own long Absence, he hasten'd over, and determin'd chiefly to reside there.—He took with him two young Sons, *Henry* and *William*, with my

Aunt Mrs. *Jordon*, and a numerous Retinue of  
 nts.—Mr. *Johnston* had been already there  
 ve Months, and settled in a good Living, which  
 Lord had procured him.

COUNTY-HALL, the Seat of Lord *Truegood*, was  
 ular, well-built House, tho' not altogether in  
*Modern Taste*.—The Company to congratu-  
 ny Lord and Lady on their safe Arrival, was  
 numerous and very gay. They seem'd free,  
 of chearful Dispositions, inviting my Lord and  
 ly to their Houses, in such an hearty, sincere  
 ner, as quite pleas'd and surpriz'd my Lady and

*Jordon*, who were not a little prejudiced a-  
 st the *Irish*.—Mrs. *Jordon* could not avoid tell-  
 my Lord, she lik'd them extreamly, but wish'd  
 d speak with another Tone of Voice.—My Lord  
 h'd, and said, 'I assure you, one of the Ladies  
 k'd me, if all the *English* spoke in so strange a  
 manner as Mrs. *Jordon*? but she added, she be-  
 ev'd you were a very good Lady, for all that.'—

Lady and her Aunt smil'd, and took this tender  
 uke in the proper Manner; acknowledging,  
*Infant Prejudices* were difficult to remove, but  
 ed, Time would get the better of some of them.

MRS. JORDON took great Pains to reform the  
 nunciation of the People. She made such Pro-  
 is in transplanting the *Lancashire* Dialect, that on  
 return to that County, she was heartily laugh'd  
 and by her Friends was constantly called an *Irish*  
*-Trotter*,—a *Brogue-a-ner*,—a *Teague*, and  
 dry other endearing Names.—But I must follow  
 Lord.

His first Care was to get out of the Hands of the  
 wyers, for he had three *Chancery Suits*: Two of  
 m he soon finished in an amicable Manner, but  
 Third was so glaring an Affront on his Under-  
 standing and his Right, that he would hear of no

Compo-

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Composition, least he might be tax'd with *Wan-ness*, and draw on himself *others*.—This determin'd him to prosecute the Suit with the utmost Vigour, and the *Expedition* of the *Law* was such, that the Cause was ripe for an Hearing, just as my Lord became a *Grandfather*.

WHILST his Law Affairs were put in a Channel, he at the same Time settled with his different *Receivers*, two of whom he discharged, as likewise his *Auditor*, taking that Branch into his own Management. He oblig'd his Receivers to return him Monthly Abstracts of their Receipts and Payments by which he was enabled to settle each Tenant's Account, and at *one View*, knew their Arrear, and gave Orders for *Severity* or *Indulgence*, as the Circumstances required.

As my Lord's chief Residence was in the Country, he saw, with real Uneasiness, the *wretched Condition* of the poor Inhabitants. Their *Idleness* and *Sloth*, with the Swarms of *ignorant Priests*, and the Treatment of *some Landlords*, kept them in a constant *miserable* Situation, and even depriv'd them of sufficient Spirits to *wish* a Change of Condition. My Lord clearly saw, that such Dispositions could never improve the Face of the Country. He considered that the People, however *poor* and *miserable*, were by Nature, strong; and when set on by Example and Encouragement, were not the *least Docile* of all Nations. These Sort of Reflections, as a faithful and good Subject, engross'd his whole Thoughts. He knew, that the Strength of the Crown, was in the Number of faithful Inhabitants; and, to reclaim those who were otherwise, was a Duty worthy the Attention of every Man who lov'd the *King* or his *own Happiness*.

AT a Meeting of the Justices of the Peace for the County, his Lordship very pathetically laid before

them, what *Popery* was productive of, in a *Pro-*  
*Government*; That the *Laws* against *Papists*,  
 severe in the Letter, and tho' mostly taken from  
 the *Edicts of France* against *Hugonots*, but greatly  
 evad'd, were connived at, and, in a great Mea-  
 sure, made useless.—That the Condition of the  
 poorer Sort in *Ireland*, was a *Scandal* to a Nation  
 who boasted themselves at being *Polite* and *Humane*,  
 almost compell'd the few *Strangers* who visited  
 the Country, to imagine they were rather with the  
 Natives of the *Cape of Good Hope*, than in a civil-  
 ized Kingdom.—That as natural Justice and Ten-  
 derness oblig'd us to indulge them with a *Priest* in  
 each Parish; yet Justice and tenderness to our-  
 selves, ought to oblige us to prosecute every *Inter-*  
 ferer who attempted to officiate.—He added, that  
 as he was so convinc'd of the Necessity of it, he was  
 determin'd to begin in his own District, and wish'd  
 every one present would concur with him.

MANY Debates arose; but the chief Opposition  
 was from tender Minds, who fear'd such a Conduct  
 would be call'd a *Persecution*. One of the Gentle-  
 men answer'd, he did not doubt, but *Popery* would  
 be check'd with every odious Name.—That what-  
 ever was the Practice of other Nations, he was far  
 from Oppressing or Forcing the *Wills* or *Consciences* of  
 men in religious Matters.—That the present De-  
 bate was not so much levell'd at their Religion, as  
 at preventing the Ignorant being deceived and im-  
 proved by those who pretended to the Name of  
 —as in the Case of *Gypsies* and *Fortune-tellers*, who  
 prey on the Weak, where a Justice of the Peace may,  
 and ought, to send them to the House of Correction,  
 and not to the Plantations.—That the *Maxim* was  
 perfectly true, in Regard to *Ireland*, that Ignorance  
 was the *Mother of Devotion*; and that, were it pos-  
 sible to give the poor Natives a little Learning, they  
 would



would be Honefter, more Induftrious, and in Time find out how grofly they were deceived.

MUCH more was faid on the Occafion, and agreed to do their utmoft for the Relief of the Poor in Refpect to Supernumerary *Priefts*, and in every other Way for the General Good.—A few Examples being made, obliged thefe *Holy Nufances* to leave their Abode, and fly to a County in the *West*, where *One* or *Two Hundred* extraordinary, were little regarded; and where *Fryeries* are common, and *Nunneries* more open, than at *Hammerfmith* near *London*.

THAT the poorer Sort might not want Examples of Induftry to spur them on, my Lord annually fettled two or three poor *Lancashire* Families on his Home Eftate. He built them decent Dwellings, and Lett them proper Farms. The more Children they had, his private Encouragement was the greater.

HIS happy Imagination fugged to him a Scheme productive of more Good, than was at firft thought on.—He gave out, that in Compaffion to the Poor of the Parifh, he would take and maintain *Ten Boys* not older than *Twelve*, or younger than *Seven* Years of Age, and have them taught fome Trade or Buſinefs, that they might earn their Bread in an honeſt Way. The poor People prefs'd their Children on him with fuch Eagernefs, that he might have had an *Hundred*. His Number was fix'd for Boys; but he permitted my Lady to add *Ten Girls* to his Plan. For thefe he built a convenient Houfe; maintain'd them and uniformly cloath'd, and fix'd a Proteſtant Family from the North, to teach them *two Hours* a Day to *Read*, and the Remainder, in fuch Branches of the *Linen Manufacture*, as their Age would admit of.

Lord made Regulations as he saw conveni-

The Progress they made gave him vast Pleasure, and her Ladyship a rational Amusement, as she frequently visited the Children, and heard them recite their *Prayers* and *Catechism*, and encouraged them in their Work. In a little Time they were enabled to join in the *Psalms* on *Sundays*, and their Numbers was a great Addition to the Service in a *Country Church*. Some few Attempts were made to pervert the Children, and make them return to their Parents, and consequently to *Sloth*, *Ignorance*, and *Filth*, but the Actors were soon oblig'd to quit the Country, and they were found to be *Popish School Masters*, who, generally speaking, are *Priests* in Disguise.

FROM this Hint, so self evidently advantageous to the Kingdom, and from the Bounty and infinite Labours of a truly RIGHT REVEREND PRELATE, sprung those Schools of Industry, now known by the Name of the *Incorporated Society, for promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland*. The Application of the first Subscription had so good an Effect, that HIS MAJESTY supported the Scheme by a *Royal Charter*; and encouraged the Spreading these Schools over *Ireland*, by a Grant of *One Thousand Pounds* a Year. This, with the annual Bounties, and casual Legacies from both Kingdoms, have enabled the Trustees to extend their Views, and make the Charity more General. A Charity! where a single Instance of Misapplication can be given. A Charity unparallell'd! and what the next Generation must applaud, as they must feel the happy Consequences.

FOR fuller Particulars of this noble Charity, I must refer my kind Readers to the annual Accounts published in *Ireland*, and by their *Correspondent Society* in *London*. When they examine and seriously consider

consider it, if they have Hearts, they must rejoice.

BUT to return to my Lord. — Though Part of his Time was given to the Publick, his private Affairs were not neglected. He employ'd the Part which is the best Sort of Charity, in draining and making good Land of some Boggs. He plant'd Trees of all Sorts. He mended and shortened Roads; and, in a Word, he contriv'd, and spared no Expence in executing, what he judg'd of Public Utility.

## C H A P. VII.

*Children like tender Oziers, take the Bow,  
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:  
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone  
In Age we are by second Nature prone.*

DRYDEN

**T**HOUGH his Lordship had began and forwarded these *great Works*, he attended the *British Parliament* three Winters, as a Member of the House of Commons. He thought himself us'd at a new Election, and declined engaging so far, lest it might frustrate his future Views. He had some Disgust at the Treatment he had met with, and return'd to *Ireland*.

HIS SON HENRY was now about Five, WILLIAM, Four, and his Daughter HARRIOT, Three Years of Age. These began to demand his particular Attention. Her Ladyship was an uncommon Mother, for she had not only taught them what their Age was capable of; but had most prudently prevented their being taught sundry bad Habits which might never be thoroughly erased. Scarcely were any of her Children able to walk, when she

Opportunities of sending them into the next Room at Night *without a Candle*; and as they grew up, he found Reasons to oblige them to go over the *House* in the same Manner, neither did she permit a *Servant* to stay with them, or a *Candle* to burn in the Room, when they were put to Bed. No *Nurse* or *Domestick*, durst venture to utter a single *Word*, or *idle Story* that could in-  
duce *Fear* into the Minds of the Children, except in the case of immediate Discharge, which happened twice or thrice.—By this Method they had no Notion of *imaginary Dangers*, which saved them many tedious Hours in their Lives, which others feel for want of such a *Management*.

THEIR little Learning was not inculcated by the common Means of *Obligation* and *Duty*. If my Father gave them Halfpence, and they listen'd to the Story of a *poor Person*, and relieved him, he was in great Delight.—When he had mention'd all the Blessings attending a *Charitable* and *Compassionate* Temper; he'd turn to my Lady and say, 'My dear, the Children have been very good, and I desire you will *love* and encourage them, and give them Leave to *learn* as much as they please.'—To this my Lady answer'd, 'Because they have so much Sense as to oblige you, I will take that trouble on myself.'

ON the contrary, was any one of them guilty of Fault, the highest *Correction*, was being depriv'd of their *Book*, refused being taught their Lesson, and not regarded in the usual Manner. On these occasions, the poor Delinquent was oblig'd to make his Peace, and enter into Grace, by *Prayer*, *repentance*, and double Diligence; yet still, this latter was so contriv'd, that no *Jealousy* could arise amongst them. The *Good* were suffered to pity the *Faulty*, and intercede for them; and, after



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the necessary Difficulties, always succeeded. When have they requested, and even supplicated Ladyship to teach them, and she often refus'd, what gave her too much *Pain*, or, having other Matters to mind of *more Consequence*: However she commonly suffer'd herself to be prevail'd on at last.

WHATEVER some may imagine, there is certainly an Activity or Impulse in the Soul, that gives it a Desire and Longing for *those Things* that are attainable but by *Difficulty* and *Labour*; and a Disregard, and sometimes, a Loathing even of our *real Happiness* or *Pleasure*, when, in a Manner, they are forced on us, or too cheaply purchased. Whether this arises from the Obstinacy or Perverseness of our Nature; or, is given to convince us, that the *Love of Freedom* is strongly implanted in our Breasts, or whether for the wise End of employing the Mind, in searching after, and *surmounting* Difficulties, and to raise in us the Spirit of *Emulation* and proper *Ambition*, so absolutely necessary to Mankind, I shall not determine, as it is out of my Province; but I can safely say, that whether the Principle springs from a Defect or Perfection in our Nature; these Parents chang'd the *strong Bias*, the *First*, and cultivated and greatly improv'd it, the *Latter*;—if a *Defect*, their Manner is still more Praise-worthy, as they made it answer all the Ends of a *Perfection*.—The same Scheme, varied in Proportion as Age open'd their Minds, was constantly pursued in their Education, and the *Lessons* and *Customs* that were sown, and had taken Root in their *Childhood*, grew up insensibly into *Habits* within their *Years*, and became *Constitutional*.

PRIDE, another Attendant on our Frame was to be encounter'd and conquer'd by my Lord.—As the little ones were, what is commonly call'd

*Children*, Care was taken to prevent their having too good an Opinion of their *Persons*.—The Servants had particular Instructions on that Head; nor would they, without greatly disobliging my Lord, raise a Child for its beautiful Face, Skin, or the like. Even the *Visitors* were privately requested to withhold any Applause of that Sort; but when some began to extol, my Lord or Lady always drew back the Flattery, by assuring the Person, that all the Merit *Harry* had, was his being a good Boy; did what he was bid, said his *Prayers*, and thank'd God that he had given him all his *Limbs*, and not made him crooked or deformed, like many poor Children. If my Lady caught *Miss* looking too frequently at the Glass, and seemingly admiring her *Features*, she order'd a beautiful *China* Figure to be brought, and desiring her to observe its *Complexion*, its *Eyes*, *Teeth*, &c. would add,—‘ Perhaps this *fine Lady* is as fond of her dear Person as other *Folks*, and indeed I think, with as good Reason; for, do you know my dear *Harriot*, what this pretty Thing is made of?—I assure you, ’tis of dirty *Earth*, just like you or me; so you may well imagine this Lump of Clay has great Reason to value itself, when in an Instant, if I think proper, I can break it into a Thousand Pieces, and make it *Dirt* again.’—Here, said she to a *Servant*, ‘ take this Thing away, it seems too much pleas’d with itself, to please me, or any body else.’—There needed no more to persuade *Miss Harriot* to retire from the Mirror, ashamed of herself and of the Comparison.

WHEN the Business of their Book, which was always a voluntary Duty, or rather a Pleasure, was over; they were indulged in every Amusement, and not kept up in warm Rooms, to weaken their Sinews and enfeeble their Constitutions. The Boys were permitted to ramble in the Fields with a care-

ful Servant or two, and use as much *Exercise* as they pleased, and their being *dirty* or *wet* on Occasions, was never counted a Fault.—Sometimes my Lord and Lady were vastly amus'd, in entering into the *Spirit* of their Plays, and my Lord tumbling about the Room and joyn'd in their Mirth and time. By this Means, the Children were ne happier than when with them. They seem'd *Companions* and *Friends* to each other; and, as they had no Secrets to hide, their Behaviour was *Cheerful* and without *Restraint*. If sometimes, they were timorous, it was the Consequence of *Laziness* and Affection, and Fear of disobliging.

At their Meals my Lord and Lady instructed them without their perceiving their main Design, for they never directly applied to any one, or gave them Directions or Advice to *do this*, or *avoid that*.—Their Counsel was always given *obliquely*, by praising such a Gentleman's Son, 'who was so *exceedingly* good; that, though no more than Five Years Old,—he read exceedingly well, had learnt the *Psalms* by heart, and wanted much to learn to *Write*.' Then my Lord would add, 'I have entreated his Father to *indulge* the Child, and my Lady have prevail'd.—' I told you, *reply'd my Lady*, that, *that Boy* would do well, for I have always found him fond of his *Book*.—Sometimes my Lord much pity'd a Gentleman, who had spent a great deal of Money on his Son's Education. 'That Boy, *said he*, was such a *Fool* he would learn nothing, but was always with the *Servants*; so that now, the poor Man is oblig'd to bind him *Apprentice* to a Captain of a *dirty Ship*.—' I am heartily sorry, *reply'd my Lady*, for the good Man and for his *filly Son*; but since the Boy would not be a *Gentleman*, I think his Father was in the  
' Right

Right to oblige him to live in *Dirt* and *Nastiness*, especially since he lov'd it.' Sometimes a Word of these Sort of Insinuations was in enter into the Children. Their little Thoughts were not to be put to work, and they never failed making the Application. They were very fond of *Gay's Fables*, and always apply'd to my Lord and Lady for the Meaning when in Doubt, and received Answers, not only satisfactory, but pleasant and entertaining. On these and every other Occasion, they were spoken to by their Parents and Tutor in *proper* and *elegant English*, and were set right if their Answers were not in the best Terms.

A severe Reprimand was scarcely ever used, but when they were guilty of some *Act*, that had the Tendency to *Cruelty* or *Ill-nature*.—The *Tormenting a Fly* or a *Sparrow*—a *pert Answer* to a poor *Man* or a *Servant*, was a *Crime*, that brought a *Whore* and a *Lesson* that ended in *Tears*; and an acknowledgment of the Fault; but if they told an *Untruth*, or *prevaricated* on any Examination, no *Rest*, nor all the Promises they could make, were able to prevent a *Chastisement* that made the *Guilt* and *Innocent tremble*. The Maxim of my Lord was, never to punish in a *Passion* and as seldom as possible; but, when really necessary, to do *Effectually*; and not make it a *mere Ceremony*.

With regard to their *Servants*, they were look'd almost in the Light of *Children*, and had a natural Right to *Protection* and *Advice*. As *Servants*, they were obliged to a *Strictness* in their *Duty*, but as *Men*, they were treated with that *Humanity* and *Mercy* every Creature is intitled to. They obey'd their orders with *Alacrity* and *Cheerfulness*, because they were never given with *Haughtiness*, or in an *angry Manner*.



FOR a Nobleman, he had many uncommon and singular Notions. He had *Prayers* every Morning and Night, and all the Family assisted with great Decency. His Lordship thought, that the Duties of *Religion*, were of the utmost Consequence to *Society*, and the only Security for the *Faith* and *Conscience* of Man to Man.—He was surpris'd, how People could, with Justice, complain of the *Theft*, *Drunkenness*, and other Immoralities of their *Servants*, when they not only took no Care to persuade them of the odiousness of such Practices, by ordering them to attend the Service of the *Church*, but too frequently gave Examples of *these Vices* themselves.

THOUGH I have mentioned *Theft* amongst the Vices of Gentlemen, surely those who run in Debt to Tradesmen, and suffer them to waste their Time in vain Enquiries after their *Property*, commit a *Ravbery* of the blackest Kind, and deserve equal Punishment with those wretches, who have openly ventur'd their Lives to maintain their Extravagancies, and sometimes to satisfy their *real* Wants.

THIS Sort of Conduct was unknown in the Family, where, on the Delivery of any Commodity, the *Value* was instantly paid. By this Means he was better served, less imposed on, and bought cheaper than most of his Neighbours. Few Things surpris'd him more, than how a Man can live and pretend to *any Degree* of Comfort or Content, when *indebted* to Numbers, and for large Sums.—He imagined that the many Examples of the *fatal* Consequences of such absurd Management, ought to persuade them into an opposite Behaviour; but the Want of Thought or proper Reflection, plung'd them into Extravagance, then into Mortgages, Law-Suits and Discredit.—If possible, they avail themselves of an infamous and scandalous Practice,

*And fly from Bailiffs into Parliament.*

Still

the Evils accumulate, and often end in a *Goal*,  
the *Ruin* of their Families, and the Families of  
of their *Creditors*.

My Lord was not only punctual and exact in his  
Duties, but every one under him was almost com-  
pelled to the like Conduct, for they knew his being  
a *Gentleman* gave them no *Authority* to commit, nor  
would protect them from the *Punishment* due to an  
ill or unjust Action.

METHOD makes seeming Difficulties quite easy,  
and prudent Conduct brings that Peace and Satis-  
faction of Mind, which we term *Happiness*. His  
Lordship's Felicity was not merely confin'd to the  
Prospect of his own regular Family; for he had the  
Felicity to observe, that many of his Neighbours  
adopted some of his Rules, and that the *poorer Sort*  
began to practise a few.—If my Lord and his whole  
Family were constant at *Church*, the Gentry round,  
used to think it *ungenteel*, and were as constant as  
they.—If my Lord made the *Responses* of the *Ser-*  
*mon*, or sung *Psalms* with an audible Voice, and  
was really intent on the *Duties* of the Place, the rest  
of the Congregation were brought to believe, that  
the Assembling was for other Purposes than shew-  
ing their *Finery*, *Gigling*, *Laughing*, *Bowing*, and  
the like. The Prevalency of Example, ought to  
urge us to a Rectitude of Conduct, for a *bad one*  
makes us, in some Measure, guilty of the Faults of  
others, as a *good one* adds to their Virtues and our  
*Merit*.

As my Lord and Lady were blessed with great  
good-nature and Understanding, so were they hap-  
py in a sincere mutual Affection. The World was  
not convinc'd of this from a *foolish idle Fondness*,  
when in Company; but by their *Cheerfulness*, *good*  
*Humour* and *Complacency* to each other, and all pre-

sent.—My Lord knew of what *Human Nature* compounded, and that, to keep up this *Harmony* so essential to their *Happiness*, a little *Management* was sometimes necessary. He knew that the most precious *Cordials* became *insipid*, if too frequently used, and that nothing contributed more to preserve the true *Relish of Conjugal Felicity*, than a *Decency* even to *Delicacy*.—They rose early in the Morning and instantly retir'd to their own Apartments, and never appear'd to each other; but, if not as *at least as clean*, as when going to *Court*. They were so exact in this Point, that they had *two Beds* in their Chamber, and frequently slept *asunder*. This gave a *Relish* and a *Poignancy* to their most *refined Joys*, and brought with it that Sort of *Pleasure* that attends on *Novelty* without the Assistance of *Variety*.

WERE I to be minute on the whole *Oeconomy* of the Family, this would rather be the *Memoirs of Lord TRUEGOOD*, than the History of *JACOB CONNOR*.—The many Methods he practiced to avoid *Drinking to Excess* himself, and preventing in others;—His sundry Contrivances to convince the *Poor* of the Necessity of *Labour* and *Industry*; His successful Arts to abolish *profane Swearing* in his Family and Neighbourhood, and the many Schemes made use of to persuade the Natives in *Justice* and *Honesty*, would fill a Volume.—What has already been said, are merely *Sketches* and the *Out-lines* of the Picture: The nice finishing of the *Features*, with the *Colouring* and *Drapery*, I must leave to the Management of the *skilful Reader*, whilst I pursue the Account of my little Friend.

## CHAP. IV.

From Thomas Thumb, to Thomas Jones,  
 You'll find some Diamonds and some Stones,  
 And where you will, and all remark,  
 Much will be Light, but more be Dark.  
 Judgement guides not your Intention,  
 The Poet loses his Invention.

ANONIMOUS.

NEXT Morning Mr. Kindly found the Servants in the same merry Mood, and very cheerfully agreed with them, but could by no means guess the *real Cause*. He forgot not however, to send Mrs. Mathews to John Long's, to enquire after little Jack. She return'd in Raptures.—Lord, Mr. Kindly, said she, I never saw so fine a Child in all my born Days; to be sure his Father was a healthy Man, and a good natur'd Man, for the little Fellow is as strong as *Herclus*, and his Complexion is as fine *White* and *Red*, as any King's Son in the Land, and he laughs and smiles, and is as happy as *any Thing*. God bless it!—Although I am a *Virgin* as I may say, yet I think I should not blush if he was my own Son, and I am sure you need not be ashamed of him, for 'tis no Harm for a Man.'—'How, how, said Kindly, to Mrs. Mathews, you would infer that the Child is mine.'—Eh?—'Lord Sir, said she, He's so like;—she would have said more, but the Muscles of her Face took an involuntary Motion, and oblig'd her to run off in a loud Laugh.'—'I believe, said he, I have at last found out the Reason of so much Diversion in the Family. How apt are People to think *amiss* and *invent* Scandal. They are happy when they can indulge the



‘ Thought that their Superiors *do wrong*; because in some Sort, it brings them down to their *Level*, and when we walk in the same Line with them, no wonder if our *Authority* is diminished. —I’m pleas’d however, they think no worse of me, for in this they will soon find their Error. —He was going on with many moral Reflections, and considering how to proceed, when the Butler summoned him to Dinner.

AT Table, my Lady’s Woman was a little merry, and gave such Hints about *old Men* and *young Girls*, that my Lord’s Gentleman could not forbear joining in the Satyr. He declar’d, that if venerable *Nesters* practis’d such Gambols in the Parish, and all the young Fellows would be obliged to run away for Shame.—‘ No, no, Mr. *Sympson*, cry’d Mrs. *Tittle*,’ You ought rather to stay, when you are sure of finding an *old Fellow* to Father your *handy Work*.—Very true indeed Madam, said *Sympson*; but you know they say, an *old Cat* treads sure.’—At this witty Stroke Mrs. *Tittle* laugh’d immoderately, and fix’d her Eyes on Mr. *Kindly*, but the *Butler* look’d grave, and having empty’d his Glass, said ‘ Why lookee Madam, *d’ye see*, when I am in Company, I love to understand what the Company say, so, *d’ye see*, because *as how*, I don’t know what you and that Gentleman laugh at, mayhap it is at me. If so, own with it a God’s Name, for if it be true, I’ll own it, but if it be a *Lye*, as I suspect it is, keep it to yourselves, for I can’t scold with a *Gilfirt*, and I have something else to do, than knock down a *Butterfly*.’—Then clapping his Hand on Madam the Governant’s Shoulder, who had not spoke a Word, cry’d,—What say you Madam to all this? You that know the very *Marrow* and *Quintessence* of good Manners. For my Part, *d’ye see*, I am for letting

ing every *Tub* stand on its own Bottom.—  
 't's my Way, *Mamszell.*'  
 Mon Dieu Monsieur de *Butler*, said *Mademoi-*  
*le Meagre*, 'I protes I am quite confus. Ma-  
 moiselle *Tittel*, 'She talk of *de Men*, and of  
 Girl, and laff so mouch, dat I assure you is ver  
 ach contre de *bien siance*. Monsieur *Kindly* say  
 ing, but Monsieur de *Sympson* he laff at one  
 Monsieur *Nestor* and Monsieur *Oldcock*, but say  
 ing *non plus*, and Monsieur *Butler*, he look se-  
 x, and make a beau Discours on de *Gilfleur*, de  
*Billon* and a *Tub*.—Bon Dieu! I understand  
 one *Syllabe*.—'I protest, *Mademoiselle*, said  
*Kindly*, you are just on a Par with the Rest of  
 good Company; but People of *Wit* and *fine*  
*th*, are apt to shew their Excellences.'—In  
 Probability Mrs. *Tittle* was going to make  
 very smart Answer, when a Servant enter'd,  
 old Mr. *Kindly*, that my Lord desir'd the Fa-  
 of his Company, which broke up the Party  
 his Time.

MR. CASSOCK, a young Clergyman, who was  
 or to the Children, constantly din'd with my  
 , where Mr. *Kindly* was often sent for, as his  
 ship particularly esteem'd him; for he was  
 careful and diligent in his Duty, of just Prin-  
 , and strong and nervous Understanding. Mr.  
 ly found only my Lord, my Lady and the  
 plain at Table. When two or three Glasses  
 some common Chat had gone round, my Lady  
 d him when he heard from his Sons?—'Very  
 tely, Madam, said Mr. *Kindly*, thank God, and  
 his good Family, the Boys are in a Way of ad-  
 vancing themselves; for they know, that their  
 virtue and Industry only, can recommend them  
 to his Lordship's Favour and Protection.'—They  
 shall not want that, reply'd my Lord, my last Let-  
 ters

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' ters mention your Son *Jack*, as the most  
 ' gent Reader in the *Temple*. I was so pleas  
 ' with the Character they gave him, that I  
 ' wrote to my Friend and Relation the  
 ' *Chancellor* in his Favour ; so that, who kn  
 ' but *Counsellor Kindly* may be imported into  
 ' Kingdom with the next *Chancellor* ?'—The  
 ' old Man could not refrain from Tears of  
 ' —' You have not mentioned, *said my Lady*,  
 ' my Favourite *Billy* is ; he was always fond  
 ' going to *Church* and Reading *Prayers*, so  
 ' Course he must be a *Parson*.'—' Yes, *Mada*  
 ' *said Kindly*, he was so inclin'd.—Thank G  
 ' he is in good Health, and minds his Duty  
 ' the *College*, but I fear he reads too much,  
 ' I'm inform'd he intends to set out for the  
 ' *Fellowship*, unknown to his Friends.'—  
 ' *Kindly, said my Lady*, you are very happy  
 ' your Sons, and I assure you, your Daugh  
 ' *Polly* has her Share of Merit. She is a ve  
 ' good Girl, and minds her Work with Mrs.  
 ' *Meagre* extreamly well. In a Year or two  
 ' will be able to manage a *House* ; so, Mr. *Ki*  
 ' *ly*, you must open your *Bags*, and I shall  
 ' and get her a good *Husband*.'—' I humb  
 ' thank your Ladyship, *said Kindly* ; but a Ch  
 ' of Sixteen, bred up so much under your L  
 ' dyship's good Instructions, I hope can't ente  
 ' tain Thoughts of that Sort.'—' Who, *repl*  
 ' *my Lord*, can tell the Thoughts of Girls ? W  
 ' must leave them to Time ; but, Mr. *Kind*  
 ' since your *three Children* are in some Measur  
 ' *provided for*, I should be glad to know, if yo  
 ' have any more, that I could assist you in.'—  
 ' More, my Lord ! *said Kindly*, I protest I don't  
 ' rightly comprehend your Lordship.'—' Why  
 ' Mr. *Kindly, said the Chaplain*, you blush, and  
 ' that

is a sure Sign of your Comprehending ;  
 since your *Memory* is so bad, permit me  
 rub it up, by asking you a single Question.'

'Sir, *reply'd Kindly*, you may ask as many  
 you please ; but, as I am ignorant of any  
 particular *Obligation*, I shall certainly only give  
 such Answers as I think proper.'—'Guilty,  
 my Lord, *cry'd the Parson*, 'tis plain by  
 Evasions.——Come, come, old Gentle-

man, to the Point, answer fairly, Have you not  
*Flesh and Blood* ?——Did not Temptation  
 appear in the Shape of *Molly Connor*, the Miller's  
 daughter ?——And was not the Fruit of your  
 labour a——a Bastard, *said Kindly*, 'Is it not  
 you mean, Sir ?——' Just so indeed, Sir, *re-*  
*said the Chaplain*, 'a fine chopping Boy.'

SINCE, *said Mr. Kindly*, my Lord and Lady  
 are present at the heavy Charge laid on me by this  
 young Gentleman, I think myself bound in  
 duty to answer.—Your Lordship knows me inca-  
 pable of *Falshood*, therefore, I aver, in the most so-  
 lemn Manner, there is not the least Foundation for  
 malicious and scandalous a Report. I am not  
 ignorant of the Cause, and shall fully satisfy my  
 Lord and Lady, but not before this worthy  
 Gentleman, to whom I hope to be permitted to  
 ask a Question or two, in my Turn.'——'Un-

doubtedly, *said my Lady*, 'tis but fair and just.'

'Stand fast, Mr. *Cassock*, *said my Lord*, or  
 Old Kindly will be too many for you.'—'Oh,  
 my Lord, *answer'd Cassock*, I fear no one but  
 an old Woman ; if he will prove himself such  
 I shall run for it immediately.'——'Very well,

Sir, *said Kindly*, very well ; will your Reverence  
 permit me to ask, How would you have be-  
 hav'd to me, had I vented on you the same  
*Wit and Slender* you were just now so good to  
 bestow



' bestow *so liberally* upon me?—I hope, Sir,  
 ' *reply'd Cassock*, the Dignity of my *Function*  
 ' makes a wide Difference between *me*, and *Pe-*  
 ' *ple* in your Sphere.'——' You mean, Sir, *said*  
 ' *Kindly*, that it *ought* to make a *wide Difference*;  
 ' but as you seem to want that Knowledge,  
 ' shall, with my Lord's Permission, tell you  
 ' wherein the *Dignity* consists.——When *we*, the  
 ' poor *Laity*, who *work* for, and *pay* you, are  
 ' *Proud, Tyrannical, Envious*, and the like, your  
 ' *Function* obliges you to *Meekness, Modesty,*  
 ' *Love*, and Universal *Charity* and Good-will, to  
 ' all Mankind, that we may see and *admire* the  
 ' *Charms* of such a Conduct, and be *almost* com-  
 ' pell'd to imitate it; 'tis then, and then only,  
 ' that a *real Dignity* is added to your *Function*;  
 ' but when a *Parson* busies himself only about his  
 ' *Tythes*, is *immoral*, too *low-minded*, or too full  
 ' of *Grandeur* to help or administer Comfort to his  
 ' poor *Parishioners*;——when he notoriously *fol-*  
 ' *lows God* for the *Loaves and the Fishes*;——  
 ' when he performs the *Offices of the Church*, with  
 ' his *Eyes* wandering to every *Object*, and his  
 ' Hand adjusting a new-acquir'd *Tippet*, or dis-  
 ' playing a *Brilliant Ring*;——when he forgets  
 ' the *Fervour of his Duty*, and seems to *Read*  
 ' with a slighting Indifference;——when he takes no  
 ' *Pains* to *reconcile* the Divisions of his Neigh-  
 ' bours, but foment little Animosities, and adds,  
 ' *Slander to Slander*, 'tis then, tho' his *Function*  
 ' remains his *Dignity* is lower'd even *below the*  
 ' *Sexton's*.——Now, Mr. *Cassock*, if you know  
 ' any of your *Brethren* who act in this Manner,  
 ' tho' they *Preach like Angels*, you may assure  
 ' them, the *ignorant Laity*, will hold them and  
 ' *their Dignity* in very great Contempt,——at least  
 ' I promise you *John* *Kindly* will.

WELL,

WELL, said, old Gentleman, *cry'd my Lord*, upon my Word a notable Discourse!—A Discourse! *said my Lady*, I really think it a most admirable Lesson.—Why, Mr. *Cassock*, continued *she*, Mr. *Kindly* has furnish'd you with *texts* enow, for twenty Sermons.'—Ay, ay, *said my Lord*, but I hope Mr. *Cassock's* good sense will rather incline him to apply the Moral which will certainly add to my good Opinion of him.'

Mr. *CASSOCK* blush'd, but answer'd, I am not so vain as to believe myself faultless; but perhaps I may be guilty of some, that I have not properly attended to. To shew your Lordship my Willingness to amend, I am extremely pleas'd at Mr. *Kindly's* plain Dealing, and shall endeavour to take the Hint.'—'And I am, *said my Lord*, as much pleas'd, you take his honest Freedom, in the true Light; for, believe me, 'tis less Criminal to commit a Fault, than impatiently to bear a gentle Admonition.'—Sir, *said Kindly to the Chaplain*, since you are so good to forgive me, I most heartily ask your Pardon, if I have made use of any unguarded Expressions.'—'Why, *said my Lady*, this Matter is settled just as it ought to be;—but about this Boy, for a Boy there certainly is.'—'Madam, *said Kindly*, if you will permit me, I shall mention all I know of this Affair.'—'We can spare you that Trouble *said my Lord*, for my Lady and I know it already; but let us send for the young Stranger, for I long to see him.'—'I was, *said my Lady*, as impatient as you, and have sent for him already.'—She rung the Bell, and having enquir'd of the Servant, was told, *John Long's* Wife had been in the Kitchen this half

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half Hour.—‘ Then, *said my Lady*, pray deliver her, and her little Charge, to come in.—All the Servants had been admiring poor *Jack*, and moun-  
ed with him and *Mrs. Long*, almost into the Parlour. *Mrs. Long* made her profound Honour to my Lady spoke very tenderly to her, and to her Family.—*Mr. Kindly* then presented *Jack Connor*, saying, ‘ My Lord, this is my little Boy who is much improv’d since Yesterday.’

*Mrs. Long* had taken great Care to wash him well, and clean and comb his Head. His fine light-brown Hair hung in natural Curls, and his Complexion was remarkably good. He had clean Linen, and his own red *Waistcoat* and old *Breeches*; but the good Woman had not yet given him a *Coat*, nor *Shoes* nor *Stockings*:

My Lord and Lady seem’d charm’d with his Countenance, tho’ the poor Child was in the most Confusion and Astonishment.—My Lord’s two Sons now came in, and my Lady call’d them to her,—‘ My dear *Harry*, *said she*, here is a poor little Boy that has lost his Father and Mother, and was stripp’d of all his Cloaths. I believe he is a very good Child; so, you know, ’twould be a Sin to let him go quite naked, and starve.’—‘ O dear, *said Harry*, indeed I’ll give him my old Brown Coat and Breeches.’—‘ And indeed, *said Billy*, I’ll give him a Shirt and a Pair of Stockings.’—‘ And I’m sure, *said Harry*, my Shoes will be large enough.’—They saw my Lady’s consenting Looks, and instantly ran to perform their Promise. All were pleas’d at the Tenderness and Good-nature of the Children; and whilst they were absent, *Mr. Kindly* ask’d *Jack* where was his Book? The Boy could just say, ‘ *here, Sir,*’ and gave it him.—‘ This Book, my Lord, *said Kindly*, has greatly prejudiced me, in  
Favour

our of this *poor Child*. I caught him reading it, and I made him turn to another Part, which he distinctly read; and, by Accident, it was this Paragraph.'—Mr. *Kindly* gave the Book to Mr. *Cassock*, who read it, which affected my Lord, but brought Tears into my Lady's

THERE seems to me, *said my Lord*, something remarkable in the Story of this Child; I'll shew him a little.' Then turning to Mrs. *Long*, he desired her to leave the Boy with him. When Mrs. *Long* had retired, he took *Jack* between his Knees, and with great Fondness and Good-humour, ask'd him many Questions, and received short, but very proper Answers. He then shew'd him a *Guinea* and a *Shilling*, but the Child knew not what they were. At last he produc'd an *Halfpenny*, and *Jack* readily told the Name.—'Well, my Dear, *said my Lord*, what will you do with that *Halfpenny*?—'I must, *reply'd Jack*, give it to my Mother, for I always give it to her.'—'and by which Way, *said my Lord*, do you get an *Halfpenny*?—'I run, *said the Child*, after every body in the Road, and they give me a *Hapenny* for the Love of God.'—'That's my good Child, *said my Lord*; and turning to Mr. *Kindly*, added, I can easily discover the Profession of his Parents, or those he was with; but his Reading, and his Accent, I own surprize me. However, since Providence has directed him to take Sanctuary in my House, I am determin'd to take Care of him.—I think, *continued he*, the saving an Innocent from Perdition, and breeding him up in virtuous Principles, is in Fact giving him a new Birth, and encreasing our own Happiness, in the same Degree we give it to others.'—'The Power, *said my Lady*, of doing Good, is certainly the highest



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' highest Gratification a *rational* Mind is capable  
 ' receiving.'—' True indeed, Madam, *said* Kind  
 ' your Power to do Good, is *Great*, but Heaven  
 ' has added another Blessing to you both, in giving  
 ' you *Hearts* and *Minds* ready and willing to ex  
 ' cise that *Power* on every *proper Object*.—In the  
 ' Name of this poor tender Creature, I humbly  
 ' thank your Lordship, and my good Lady; and  
 ' I pray God he may live to shew his *Gratitude*  
 ' such *bountiful Benefactors*.'

THE two Boys, by this Time, had got their  
 Cloaths, and running with them into the Parlour  
 was going immediately to strip *poor Jack*, but my  
 Lord stopp'd them, and kissing *Harry*, told him  
 ' He was so good and *charitable*, he would give  
 ' him the prettiest *little Horse* he could get, and  
 ' Bridle and Saddle.'—' And because, *said* my  
 ' Lady, my dear *Billy* follow'd his Brother's good  
 ' Example, I shall do as much for him.'—The  
 Children were quite happy, and *Harry* ran, as  
 my Lord bid him, for Mrs. *Long*.—' Here, Mrs.  
 ' *Long*, *said* my Lord, take back your little Fel  
 ' low for this Night. Dress him in these Cloaths  
 ' and be so good to come with him To-morrow  
 ' for we all intend to take some Care of *Jack*.—  
 His Lordship then put the *Boy* and *Half a Guinea*  
 into her Hand, and she bless'd their Honours and  
 retir'd.—Before Mrs. *Long* quitted the House, Mr.  
*Kindly* desir'd her to pack up all the *old Rags* be  
 longing to *Jack*, and bring them to him.

## CHAP. IX.

*What can our Judgment or our Prudence do  
Chains of Accidents concur not too?  
The happy Accident, One lucky Hit,  
Out-balance our Wisdom and our Wit.*

ANONIMOUS.

MRS. LONG found the Coat and other Things fitted Jack very well, and had dress'd him with great Neatness. On his Arrival at my Lord's, the whole Family admir'd his *Strength* and his exact *neatness*, but he seem'd more *awkward* than before, and was very uneasy with Shoes. Mr. *Kindly* provided him with some Necessaries, and employ'd him attending my Lord's Sons in their Amusements, in cleaning their Shoes, and Brushing their Clothes. At leisure Times he heard him read in the Bible or his own Book, and my Lord and Lady did the same.

For six Months the Boy was quite chang'd. The kind and happy Disposition indulg'd him by nature, shew'd itself on a thousand Occasions; in such, that he became a general Favourite, and sensible of his Happiness. Mr. *Kindly* from time to time gave him such Lessons of *Duty* and *Gratitude*, as suited his Age, and Mr. *Cassock* taught him his *Prayers*, *Catechism* and other Matters, equal to my Lord's Children.

ONE Day as Mr. *Kindly* was writing in his Office, Jack approach'd him, and blushing, but with a modest Smile, look'd up, and seem'd as if he had a Favour to ask.—'Well Jack, said the good Man, d'ye want another Book.'—'No indeed Sir, regly'd the Child, I don't want a Book.'—'Why you Rogue, said *Kindly*, I hope you are not

' not tir'd of Reading? Yes indeed, Sir, *said Jack*  
 ' O ho, *said the old Man*, very well, since  
 ' will not read, and be a good Boy, I shall  
 ' you a Leather Coat and Cap, and you shall be  
 ' Postillion, and lie with the Horses.'—*Jack*  
 ' Countenance chang'd; his Eyes swell'd, and  
 ' burst into a violent fit of Crying.—Mr. King  
 was a long Time before he could dry his Tears,  
 get him to speak and explain what he wanted.  
 ' Sir, *said Jack at last*, indeed and indeed, I  
 ' not tir'd of Reading, for if you please, I will  
 ' be very good and write as you do, if you'd give  
 ' me Pens and Paper.'—The Tendernefs of the  
 old Gentleman was touch'd at the Child's Request.  
 —' Yes, *said he*, my dear *Jack*, you shall have  
 ' Pens and Paper, and I will get you a little Desk  
 ' in the Office, and teach you to write myself.  
 —*Jack* was quite delighted, and the Novelty  
 the Employment diverted and pleased Mr. King  
 particularly as his Pupil was so apt a Scholar, that  
 in eighteen Months he wrote a very good Hand  
 and perfectly understood the four first Rules  
 Arithmetick.

HE was now about Ten Years of Age, and  
 seem'd to have a Facility in learning whatever  
 undertook. In the Plays of Children he was de-  
 terous, and in the little Occupations of the Family  
 he was Handy and Neat. He had a certain Man-  
 ner of doing Things, that *Nature* alone can give  
 and what some can only imitate, even by Labour  
 and Pains. Another natural Gift began at this  
 Time to be remarkable, for he had a fine Voice  
 and grately diverted the Maids with *Irish Songs*.  
 Some were of Humour, and requir'd a proper  
 Management of Voice and Words to keep up the  
 Drollery. This he was a perfect Master of.

THE Boys were one Morning at Play in the  
 s, and Mr. *Cassock*, who commonly attended  
 was, by Accident at a good Distance. Mas-  
*Harry* and *Jack* had some Words, and *Harry*  
 him a Blow in the Face. *Jack* greatly re-  
 d this, and told him, if he was not my Lord's  
 he'd beat him heartily. *Harry*, fir'd at the  
 ke and Menace, pull'd off his Coat and flew  
 m like a little Tiger. *Jack* defended himself  
 out returning a Stroke, though his Hair was  
 ft torn off his Head. At last he received a vio-  
 Cuff which stunn'd him, and made his Nose  
 d. He then cry'd out most bitterly, and run  
 tly Home. The Tutor heard his Cries, and  
 him running, and joyning the Boys, Master  
 told him the real Truth. As *Jack* was en-  
 ng the House, my Lord saw him from a Win-  
 in his Study, and order'd a Servant to bring  
 up. With some Difficulty he got the Story  
 of him, and Mr. *Cassock* and the two Boys en-  
 ng with my Lady, my Lord was confirm'd in  
 Truth of what he said, and looking very *Seri-*  
 and in great *Concern*, sat down and took up  
 Book.

I AM, *said my Lady*, quite surpriz'd and asto-  
 nish'd, that *Harry* could behave in so brutal a  
 manner to a poor Boy that loves him.'—Come  
 her *Jack*, *said she*,— 'Do you think you could  
 beat *Harry*, if you were to box and fight fairly?  
 Yes indeed please your Ladyship, *said Jack*, for  
 Master *Harry* knows I'm stronger than him!—  
 Very well, *reply'd my Lady*, I believe what you  
 say, and now remember, you have my Lord's  
 leave and mine, to beat him soundly whenever  
 he strikes you again.'—Then turning to a Ser-  
 vant, order'd *Jack* to be taken down and clean'd.  
 Poor *Harry* was in great Tribulation; but when  
 my



my Lady, very gravely, directed him to go to  
 ' Kitchen, and dine with the Servants, he  
 ' most dreadfully.—' Why Sir, said my  
 ' you are fit for no other Company, for wh  
 ' young Gentleman will fight with his Servant,  
 ' he not make him his Equal? But I suppose  
 ' think you may do what you please with  
 ' but to convince you Sir, you are no better  
 ' him, except you behave better, you shall  
 ' his Cloaths, and he yours, and then I be  
 ' every Stranger will take him for Master H  
 ' and you for Jack Connor.'

HARRY begg'd and intreated, and gave  
 Promises of never doing the like again.—' You  
 ' said my Lady, when one does a naughty T  
 ' no body speaks in our Favour. I cannot fo  
 ' you, except my Lord does.'—Then tur  
 ' about. ' Will your Lordship, said she, pa  
 Harry this one Fault, he promises and is penit  
 —' My dear, said my Lord, what can I do  
 ' Affair? If Mr. Harry was a Gentleman,  
 ' had beaten a Servant of mine, I should cert  
 ' resent the Affront, except he begg'd, and  
 ' tain'd my Servant's Pardon.'—' That's tru  
 ' deed, said my Lady, so, my dear Billy ca  
 ' Jack, and I am sure Harry will beg his Pa  
 ' very sincerely.'—Mr. Cassock, who knew  
 Time, began now to intercede for Master H  
 and assur'd my Lord he never knew him  
 Thing of that Sort, or put himself into so viol  
 Passion before; That, as it was the first Fault  
 begg'd my Lord to forgive him, and could al  
 promise it would be the last.

My Lord shak'd his Head, and the two  
 entering, my Lady spoke to Harry, who imm  
 ately went and kiss'd Jack, and very heartily  
 his Pardon. Jack blush'd, but with a Smile bo

kiss'd him again. — *Harry* then went to my  
and on his Knees begg'd his Forgiveness. My  
rais'd him, saying, 'I forgive you my Dear,  
Fault, since you are sorry for committing it,  
I depend on your *Honour*, that you will keep  
your Word, and never vex your Papa again:  
now go and beg my Lady's Pardon, for you have  
greatly offended and fretted her. — My Lady took  
him in her Arms, and the Affair ended much to the  
satisfaction of all Parties.

Two Days after, the three Boys, the Chaplain  
and a Servant with a Gun, went in the Morning to  
as usual. A small Rivulet run by one of the  
Stones, but an Abundance of Rain having fal-  
l it was rais'd above four Feet, and very rapid.  
It stopp'd their Progress; but, as they mounted  
the Brook to find another *Passage*, *Harry* saw a  
cave-dw in a Tree on the opposite Side, and the  
he begg'd the Servant to fire at it, and they  
went the Ditch to see it fall. *Jack* went a lit-  
tle lower to get a convenient Stand, but scarcely had  
been there a Moment, when, the Earth breaking  
under *Harry's* Feet, he fell into the River. — His  
other shriek'd, but *Jack* instantly took hold of a  
branch of a Tree that fell near the Water, and  
reaching out as far as he was able, caught *Harry*  
by the Hair, just as he rose, having been carry'd by  
the Stream about ten Yards, and held him fast. —  
He roar'd and stamp'd, and the poor Parson and  
Servant were frighten'd almost into *Stupidity*, till  
he call'd out *here — here —* They got to him just  
in Time, for his whole Weight resting on his left  
leg, his little Force was almost exhausted. — *Cassock*  
the Servant jump'd in directly and rescu'd *Har-*  
*but*, not immediately attending to the Care of  
the poor Boy could not retire, but fell in be-  
tween

tween them. However, they divided their Labour and brought the Children safely out.

*Jack* had only got a Ducking, but *Harry* some Time before he could speak, but being laid on the Grass he soon recovered. The Tenderneſs the Boys is not to be expreſs'd. They kiſs'd a thouſand Times, and even cry'd with Joy. *Caffock* fearing they might catch cold, walk'd preſently towards the Houſe, near which they met my Lord looking over ſome Improvements. He was greatly ſurpriz'd at the Condition they were all in, but much more ſo, when the Chaplain told him the Accident, and particularly of *Jack's* Recovery. My Lord was much mov'd, and affectionately embracing the Children, carry'd them to my Lady, who waited their coming into Brecknock-ſtreet.—As my Lord told her the Story, *Tenderness, Surprise* and *Fear*, were viſible in her Countenance. Her Heart ſeemed ready to leap from its Habitation, and the whole Mother ruſhing violently on her Spirits, ſhe ſeiz'd *Harry* in her Arms, and would have fall'n with him, had not my Lord and Mr. *Caffock* ſupported her to her Chair, where ſhe did not recover till her Tears were ſuffer'd to come to her Aſſiſtance.

THE Boys were put into warm Beds, and the Chaplain was advis'd to change his Cloaths. My Lord and the Woman ſtay'd with my Lady, and indeed ſhe had great Occaſion for them.—Mr. *Kilgobbin* had been abſent on Buſineſs; but when he returned and heard of the Affair, he trembled exceſſively, but Joy ſucceeding, he ran to my Lord and Lady, then to the two Boys, whom he almoſt ſmothered with Careſſes, then to the Chaplain, and then to my Lord again. In a Word, the poor Man could ſay and ſpeak of nothing elſe, and even of that not diſtinctly.

THE Hurry of the Family ceas'd by Degrees, all Matters were set right by Dinner Time, and he took his Place behind the Boys, whom he always waited on. A Neighbouring Gentleman hear- of the Accident, came to felicitate my Lord on *Harry's* providential Escape. — At Dinner it was the particular Conversation, and Mr. *Cassock* was compell'd to repeat the Morning Adventure and all its Circumstances, which often oblig'd *Jack* to blush, and hold down his Head. — My Lord bid me never to be ashamed at doing good, and the Gentleman was very lavish of his Praises. — My Lord look'd at Master *Harry*, and hinting at the Earl said, — 'We may plainly see, how much it is our Interest to be Good and Friendly to, and avoid giving Offence to the poorest Creature, since every Man, however low or mean, may, if he chooses, be of great Use, or do an irreparable Injury to the Greatest. Let what will be our Situations, we are born to help and assist each other, according to our Power and Abilities, and he, who does it not, destroys the End of his Creation. — This, said she, is a plain Truth, and I hope you and your Brother will remember and practice it as long as you live.'

THUS, out of every Accident, or the most common Occurrences, did these wise Parents inculcate *Gratitude* and *Humanity* in the Minds of their Children, and gave them a moral Certainty of their being hereafter happy in themselves, and of making others so.

IN the Evening the Gentleman took his Leave, calling *Jack*, kiss'd him and put a Crown in his hand, which he immediately deposited with Mr. *Grady*. My Lord gave the Servant who had been with the Children, a Farm worth Ten Pounds a Year.



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Many poor neighbouring Families, felt, on this Occasion, his Goodness and Liberality, and he added ten Children more to the Charity Scheme before mentioned. The Chaplain was not forgot in my Lord's Thoughts, and my Lady order'd *Jack* new Cloaths from Head to Foot.

As the Family was extremely belov'd, no wonder if all the Gentlemen round continued for some Time to visit and congratulate them on their good Fortune. Scarcely one quitted *Bounty-Hall* without a Mark of Regard for *Jack*. These he always consign'd to Mr. *Kindly*, so that his Riches at last amounted to the mighty Sum of *Ten Pounds*.

C H A P

## CHAPTER X.

*The Reason why so few Marriages are happy, is, Because young Ladies spend their Time in making Nets, and not in making Cages.*

SWIFT'S MAXIMS;

PERHAPS my merry Readers are extremely angry at being so long detain'd in Company with Boys, whilst others of a more serious Turn are pleas'd with the opening of the Heart, and the gradual Increase of Knowledge in the Minds of Children; others again, Reading only as a mere Amusement, and to kill Time, are in an actual State of Indifference, and provided the great End is answer'd, are equally charm'd with *Clarissa*, as *Tom Jones*. That these Classes may be gratified, I shall beg Leave to introduce a young Lady, by way of Episode; and, because she is the Daughter of my good Friend Mr. *Kindly*.

MISS BETTY KINDLY, now turn'd of Twenty, was a most agreeable Girl, with good Sense and good Humour. Mr. *Cassock* had a small paternal Fortune, good Allowance from my Lord, and Forty Pounds a Year for Officiating for the Minister of the Parish, who was about Four-score Years of Age. This young Gentleman was not insensible of the Charms of Miss *Betty*, and of her more essential Qualifications; and knowing my Lord's Sons would soon be removed from his Care, determin'd to take the Advantage of the general Joy, and solicit my Lady's Interest. He suffer'd not the Time to elapse, but

took the first Opportunity when my Lady was alone.—She rally'd him a little at first, on his being *in Love*, but assuring him of all her good Offices added, — ‘ I believe a *little* of my Interest will go *a great Way*, for I much doubt if you have not a powerful *Friend* already in the *Garrison*. — Mr *Cassock* blush'd, and, awkwardly thanking her Ladyship, retir'd.—It seems Mademoiselle *Le Meagre* had inform'd her of what pass'd in Miss *Betty* Heart, which she was convinced of by some Observations on her late Conduct.

Mr Lord was extremely pleas'd at this Discovery, and declar'd it was what he had always wish'd. After Dinner he sent for Mr. *Kindly*, and the Chamberlain at last fell on *Jack Connor*. — ‘ I wish my Lord *said* Mr. *Kindly*, you would permit my instructing that poor Boy in the Duty of my Station. He is surprisingly *diligent*, *notable* and *honest*; and, expert at his Pen, that, young as he is, he has often assisted me. — I think I have been a faithful Servant to your Lordship, and your truly noble *Father*, who bred me from a Child; and it would give me the greatest Joy to have almost a Certainty, of leaving as just a one to succeed me. — Age, my Lord, steals on, and should Heaven indulge me with a few more Years of Strength and Abilities, I must then submit to our common Destiny.’ — My Lord wink'd at her Ladyship, and, she at Mr. *Cassock*, who instantly withdrew, and my Lady soon follow'd.

‘ *JACK*, *said* my Lord, has sav'd my Son. If I had no other Motive than that, you may be assur'd he is greatly in my Thoughts; but I love the Boy for many Reasons, having notic'd particularly his Behaviour; but as I am determin'd to send him with

my Sons to Mr. *Johnston's*, where he may learn a little more, we must postpone your Scheme till his Return.—Since you think, *continued my Lord*, so much of my *Jack*, give me leave to think a little of your *Betty*.—The Girl is of Age, and you know young Wenches are *Flesh and Blood*.—In two Words, poor *Cassock* loves her; and, if my Intelligence be right, *Betty* is far from disliking him; therefore, if you approve of the Match, the *Parson* must have some Money to buy a new *Gown*, and a fresh Cargoe of *Sermons*.—Does your Lordship approve of it? *said Kindly*? ‘I do,’ *said my Lord*.—Then, *reply'd the old Man*, I have no Will, but your Lordship's, and To-morrow, Sir, I shall put into your Hands the Value of Three Hundred Pounds, and submit my *dear Child* to your Lordship's Judgment, thinking myself the happiest of Men, by the Favour and Indulgence of the *best of Masters*.

I thank you, *said my Lord*, for your Compliment, and to shew you how much I approve of this Union, and that your Daughter may be under your own Eye, I intend to present Mr. *Cassock* to his Parish, on the Death of the present *Incumbent*. You know 'tis worth two Hundred Pounds a Year, and that Dr. *Canter* is superannuated and cannot last long.—*Kindly*, with uplifted Hands attempting to utter his Gratitude, but my Lord stop'd him, saying, — ‘No more of that Mr. *Kindly*, I am now going to advance this Matter,’ and retiring, left the happy *old Man*, but the Power thanking *Providence*, and admiring the Goodness of my Lord.

In a few Days Mr. *Cassock* was presented in Form Miss *Kindly*. All the Conversation of the Family



ly was on the approaching Wedding, which was fix'd at no longer a Distance than a Week, and some neighbouring Families were invited.

WERE I a *French* Memoire Writer, I should naturally embrace this Opportunity to extol the *Virgin Charms* of the Bride, and describe the Beauty and Propriety of every Part of her Dress without slavish Regard to Truth. I should then have said — “ Scarcely were the Curtains drawn which permitted the Sun’s Appearance, when *Miss* opened those *Eyes*, that alone could eclipse his *Brightness*. She sigh’d, and sometimes wish’d, and sometimes trembled at the Approach of the Time, when she was to be, — *she knew not what*, — she knew *where*. Hope and Fear engrossed her whole Imagination till the Hour arriv’d, when she bid eternal Adieu to that Bed, destin’d never more to embrace her *Virgin Innocence*. Mademoiselle *Meagre* and Mrs. *Tittle* assisted in adjusting her Dress, and her Ladyship deign’d to give her Advice and Help. Her *Tresses* were of the finest Brown, which hanging behind in small natural Ringlets, was nicely order’d to crown her Forehead, and touch her Ears which were ornamented with *Brilliant*s; and, though of the first Water, her *Charms* added a particular *Lustre* and *Refinement* to. Diamonds likewise sparkled round her lovely Neck, and, a little above the heavenly Ornament hung the glittering Cross.

*Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.*

“ Her Stays discover’d a Shape the most exact and delicate, and the Robe that clos’d on it, was of the finest white Silk of *Padua*. A Bunch of Jewels

“ *was*

in, *Hyacinths* and *Roses*, took their Place near her Neck, and seem'd to envy the Vicinity of a *superior* Fragrancy. She descended to the Apartment where the Company, and her desiring Lover, impatiently attended, and where a most magnificent and elegant Dinner was provided. The first Course consisted of" — I hope the courteous Reader will excuse my not proceeding further in *mere Sound*, and permit me to say in plain *English*, that the Wedding Day at last came, and that Miss *Betty* behav'd as Girls naturally do on the occasion. My Lady had made her a Present of *steel plain Cloaths*; and her good Complexion, Shape and Size, made her a very desirable Object. *Mr. Cassock* look'd, and seem'd to think her a Sub-*ject worth handling*. — When the Ceremony, and the usual Compliments were over, my Lord declar'd his Intention of giving the Parish to *Mr. Cassock*, on the Death of *Doctor Canter*. — This was a *Comment* on the *Text*, that *Mr. Cassock* had not known before; and, as it perfectly agreed with his Way of thinking, he look'd on the *Author* as a very *learned* and *wise* Man. — The Truth is, he was so struck with my Lord's Bounty, that neither he or his Bride could return their Thanks but by their humble obeisances.

My Lord had still in Reserve what was to complete the Reward of *Mr. Kindly's* Fidelity. — He first stow'd many Compliments on him before all the company, and then added, — "When my Boys are settled at *Mr. Johnston's* School, my Lady and I purpose staying for some Time in *England*. You will then, *Mr. Kindly*, be so good to audit the Accounts of my Receivers, and take the Charge and Management of my *Charity Children*. You and

' the young Couple must keep this House warm  
 ' my Absence ; and, that the Roof may be alwa  
 ' in good Order, and to defray the Expences  
 ' tending your Increase of Business, I desire  
 ' will charge me with One Hundred Pounds a Y  
 ' extraordinary ; and now, Mr. *Kindly*, give  
 ' Leave to regard you as my *Companion* and  
 ' *Friend*.'

A PROFOUND Silence ensu'd, till the *old M*  
 finding his Tongue, he pour'd out whatever  
 grateful Heart suggested, and ending in most ferv  
 Prayers, retir'd in Haste to give his Tears of  
 full Scope.—At Dinner he was pretty chearful  
 and *Mirth, Good-humour* and *Happiness*, adm  
*Bounty-Hall*, and resided there.

As I am call'd another Way, it cannot be expect  
 ed I should wait on this Company the whole Eve  
 ing, much less pretend to conduct Mr. *Cassock* and  
 his *Bride* to that *Theatre* where we are suffer'd  
 see the *Actors*, but by the Reflection of *Fancy*.  
 Let it suffice to say, that the young Lady was ne  
 or Morning Mrs. *Cassock*.

So much has been said of this *noble Family*, th  
 I fear some will be apt to suspect my Veracity.—  
*Envy* will positively assert, that the Characters a  
*absurd, unnatural*, and without a *Precedent*—Th  
*nature* will discover the *Sarcasm*, in placing in fo  
 View, what the *Nobility* ought *truly to be*, in O  
 position to what they *really* are.—The Thoug  
 of such *scandalous* Insinuations, determines me  
 quit *Bounty-Hall*, and shift the Scene.

'Tis necessary to inform my Readers, that Mr  
*Johnston*, who I am now going to visit, is the *Clar*  
*gymn* that was a Companion to my Lord in his  
 Travels.—During their Stay at *Paris*, Mr. *Johnston*  
 became

He was acquainted with Madam *Bonfoy*, the Widow of a Captain who had been kill'd in the Service. He had solicited for a Pension; but being known to be a *Hugonot*, could never obtain it. As she has Two Thousand Livres a Year on the Town-House of *Paris*, and the Interest of some Money, she kept several Apartments, and liv'd in a very decent Manner with her *Niece*, who was about Four Years

THE Temper of Madam *Bonfoy* was so like Mr. *Johnston's*, an Inclination for each other ensu'd, which ended, or rather *encreased*, in Matrimony.— Mr. Lord got him a good Living in the North of *Ireland* but afterwards advis'd him to exchange for one of less Value near *Portarlington*, in the *King's County*, inhabited mostly by *French Protestants*, and where little of any other Language was spoken. Mr. Lord gave him the Plan of a *School*, which, by Mr. and Mrs. *Johnston's* good Management, could not fail of being extreamly advantageous to them. Mr. *Johnston* had now been in that Situation near Four Years, and met with great Approbation, as he had Talents peculiar to that Profession.

MASTER *Harry* was now Twelve Years of Age, and all Things were preparing for the Journey of the three Boys. Every one in the Family began to dread the Loss of such Children, who, by a thousand little Pranks, were extreamly dear to them. Miss *Harriet* began to pine and cry, that she should lose her Brothers, and her favourite *little* *Jack*. In short, it is impossible to express the great Grief that reign'd in the House.

MR. KINDLY took up whole Days in preaching to *Jack*, and in giving him good Advice.—‘Perhaps, my dear Child, *said he*, I may never see you a-



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gain; if so, mind my Words, and I shall be always present with you, and shield you from those Evils the World is full of. If you *despise* and *neglect* them, depend upon it, *Calamity* and *Misfortune* will attend you. That my Counsel may not be forgotten, I have wrote it down, and put it in your Trunk, that you may read, and get it by Heart. They are the same Instructions I gave to my own Sons when they went from me, and, in general, will answer your Purposes. I have likewise, *continued he*, put up a good Store of Paper and Pens, and I insist on your Writing frequently to me, with a particular Account how the young Gentlemen behave, and how you employ your Time.'—— *Jack* cry'd most heartily, and faithfully promis'd to obey all his Commands, and be a good *Boy*.——The Children took Leave of the Neighbours, but *Jack*, in a very tender and particular Manner, took his of Mrs. L. and the good-natur'd *Groom*.

THE Coach and Servants was prepared, and the young Travellers were to set out next Morning with my Lord and Mr. *Cassock*. Her Ladyship being with Child, prevented her being of the Party.

THE Morning came, and the Horses were ordered to be put too.——Mr. *Kindly* took *Jack* by his Hand to the Office, and, shewing him his little Effects in a small Trunk he had provided, put them in a Purse, saying,——' *Jack*, here is all your Money, with some Interest, amounting to *Forty* *teen* Guineas. I know you will take great Care and keep it, till you really want it. You are no Fool, my Dear, and he must be the greatest Fool that spends his Money idly.'——*Jack* gave him his Word he should find it all when he came back.——Yesterday

— Yesterday, *said Mr. Kindly*, I told you I might never see you more. I have this small Box to give you as my last Legacy. It contains a Book, that in Time you may read; but as I know you *love Truth*, I must have your Promise never to open it, but at the Time I direct.' — He fell on his Knees, and assur'd him, he would never open it, if he order'd— 'Then, *said the old Man*, mind what I say: I lay my Commands on you, never to open this Box, except you be reduced to the greatest Necessity, and almost want Bread.' — So saying, he lock'd it in the Trunk, and gave *Jack* the Key. — 'Now, *said Mr. Kindly*, I have but one Word more to say: — If *God* should prosper you in the World, and your Heart should swell with *Pride* and *Arrogance*, remember that *Drawer*, and correct those *Vices*.'

— Pray, Sir, *said Jack* what is in that Drawer?'

— You shall see,' *said Kindly*, and, producing an old red Waistcoat, tatter'd Shirt and Breeches, — 'This, *Jack*, is your *Original*, so judge if *Pride* and *Haughtiness* will agree with such a Dress.' — The Boy blush'd, and embracing Mr. Kindly's Waist, assur'd him, he would always remember the *Drawer*, and the *Dog-Kennel*.

THEY now joyn'd the Children, whom they found in Tears, having just quitted her Ladyship. *Jack* was sent in by my Lord, and on his Knees, most humbly thank'd her Ladyship for all her Goodness to him. — The parting with her Sons made her scarcely able to speak but she bid him mind his Business, and *serve God*. — She could utter no more, but with a tender Embrace let him depart.

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THE Servants had their Turn, and the Boys were almost hugg'd to Death.—With great Difficulty they quitted this moving Scene, and the Coach driving off, were followed by the Prayers and Blessings of a thousand of the poor Inhabitants.

## C H A P   X I.

*Seek you to train your fav'rite Boy ?  
Each Caution, ev'ry Care employ ;  
And e'er you venture to confide,  
Let his Preceptor's Heart be try'd ;  
Weigh well his Manners, Life and Scope,  
On these depends thy future Hope.*

GAY.

THE Occurrences on the Road are not worth mentioning ; but my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* gave the Lads a good Impression of their new Master, and explain'd the Rules and Customs of the School. Mr. *Johnston* was prepar'd for their Reception, and thank'd my Lord for the Honour he did him. After Supper, my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* went to private Lodgings. The two Brothers had a Chamber to themselves, and *Jack* had a small one near the Back Stairs at the End of the Gallery.

BEFORE Eight next Morning, my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* went to Mr. *Johnston*'s. All the Scholars had not yet made their Appearance ; but the Bell ringing, the rest soon were in the School, where Mr. *Johnston* and the Family attended my Lord. — When all were seated, one of the *Lads* mounted a Desk, and with great Reverence began the *Morning Service*

of the Church; another read the *Lessons* of the Day; Mr. *Lilly*, the Usher, rais'd the *Psalm*, the first Boy finish'd the *Prayers*, except the *Gospel*, which Mr. *Johnston* always pronounced. This over, an Hour was employ'd in examining their Exercises, and giving others for the following Day, and then they retir'd to Breakfast.

My Lord was again conducted to School, when one of the most *ingenious* of the Gentlemen ascended the *Pulpit*, and made a *Latin Oration* on the *Rise of Nobility*. He very artfully insinuated, how happy *Families* were, in always leaving Heirs to their *Names* as well as their *Titles*; and, that he could not but be proud, even in these degenerate Days, a *living Example* of that *Blessing*, were he at Liberty to do so, without being suspected of *Flattery*; and concluded, that tho' many *Patricians* were a Scandal to their *own* and every *other Order*, yet some were always found that added a *Lustre* to the *Dignity*, as their *Lives* were an *Ornament* to Human Nature, and their *Actions* the *Glory* of their *Fellow Citizens*. WHEN this Gentleman had finish'd, another was called up, and made a short Speech in *English*, on the *Happiness of a good Education*, which he compared to a *tender Plant*, under the Management of a skilful *Gardiner*, who not only made it bear *exquisite Fruit*, but gave the Branches such an *elegant Form*, as added a *Beauty* to the Place, and a *Delight* to the Eye.

My Lordship was extreamly pleas'd with this Entertainment, but particularly with the distinct, emphatical and graceful Manner with which they pronounced their Words. He was not wanting in returning his Thanks to the young Gentlemen, and, giving the Usher *Ten Guineas*, begg'd he would be so



so good to buy a dozen *Bows and Arrows*, and erect two *Butts* in the next Field, which would only agreeably entertain them, but be a most healthful Exercise.

HIS Lordship then gave some private Direction to Mr. *Johnston*, and recommending the Boys to the Care of his Wife, took a most tender Leave and return'd to *Bounty-Hall*.

I MUST continue at *Portarlington School* about Three Years. If my Reader pleases, I shall indulge his residing with me, and making all the marks and Applications his Understanding may suggest. Imagination must furnish him with the most *Pranks and Tricks* School-Boys are wont to play as I am not at Leisure, at present, to entertain in that Manner. I shall confine myself to the narrow Compass of hinting at the Conduct of the School, as there is somewhat *peculiar* in it, what I could wish every other had a *Part* of, if not the *Whole*.

MR. JOHNSTON was a Gentleman of very extensive Knowledge, great Application and Temperance, cheerful and easy in Conversation, and, above all, knew *Mankind* and the *World* perfectly well. He had Talents peculiar for *Instruction*, and delighted in it, so his *Virtue* and Understanding convinced him, that rearing up *good and useful* Members of Society, was the *most honourable* Employment of a Man.

HIS House could hold but Twenty-five Young Men, and each paid *Thirty Pounds* a Year. When the Conduct was known, it is not to be imagined what *Interest* was made by Gentlemen, to have their Sons admitted, on a Vacancy.

HIS first Care was the inculcating into his Pupils

principles of *True Religion*, as the surest Foundation on which to build the *Moral Virtues*. His was the inspiring into them, a certain Proportion of *Ambition* and *Temporal Happiness*, and demonstrating, that *Learning*, *Honour* and *Integrity* were the most probable, if not the *only Way*, to attain them. For these Purposes, they constantly attended *Divine Service* at Church and at Home: He made them read the *Prayers* alternately, and, on occasions requir'd, gave Historical Accounts to explain or illustrate some Passages in the *Old* or *New Testament*.—He always treated them, not as children, but as *Gentlemen*, which made them endeavour to act as such. If some were negligent of their Duty, he seem'd concern'd at it, and pity'd the unhappy Youth, that forgot himself so much as to undo, by a voluntary Neglect, all that his ancestors had acquir'd by *Knowledge* and *Industry*.

He took great Pains to give them an early Habit of *Civility* and *Good Manners*; and, by his own Example, convinc'd them how agreeable such a Conduct was to every Man. He always spoke with a *Bow*, and Marks of Respect, and encouraged them to act in the like Manner to each other. He shew'd them, by sundry *serious* and *comic* Examples, the Use and Beauty of *Politeness*, and the Furdity and bad Consequences of a *clownish* and *rough* Behaviour.

THE Mornings were given to School Learning, which, by his Skillfulness and Assiduity, they made great Progress. As to fix'd *Holidays*, they were the Strangers; but when all the Lads were present in their different Lessons, Mr. *Johnston* always turn'd them Thanks, and then added,—‘ This is very clever.—I find, Gentlemen, you have  
‘ taken

‘ taken more than ordinary Pains ; but I am so  
 ‘ from desiring too much *Study*, that, please G  
 ‘ if To-morrow be a fine Day, we will take  
 ‘ Diversion of *Hunting* or *Fishing*,—just, Gent  
 ‘ men, as you please.’—Thus they could alwa  
 command a Day of Amusement; but that L  
 pass’d his Time very *disagreeably*, who, by his *La*  
*ness*, had stopp’d the Pleasure of the rest.

THE Evenings, in some Degree, were th  
 own, either to study in their Chambers, or din  
 themselves in the large Yard or Field. If  
 Weather did not permit the latter, Mr. *John*  
 us’d to say,——‘ Well Gentlemen, how shall  
 ‘ pass our Time? I have a great Notion M  
 ‘ *Moore* can pronounce one of *Cicero*’s Orations  
 ‘ well as Mr. *Stevenson*.’——Sometimes  
 pitch’d on one of *Atterbury*’s or *Tillotson*’s S  
 mons; sometimes on Speeches in *Tacitus* or *L*  
 sometimes on *Parliamentary Debates*, and som  
 times on *Milton*, or on occasional Pieces of Po  
 of Beauty and Elegance.—The Reader alwa  
 mounted the Pulpit; but if he err’d from the r  
 Pronunciation and *true* Meaning of the Author  
 lessen’d the Sense by *false Action* or *too langu*  
 Delivery, Mr. *Johnston* begg’d his Pardon, and  
 fir’d to be permitted to shew, wherein *he* thought  
 might be utter’d more to the Satisfaction of the A  
 dience,——He then took his Place, and displa  
 the Orator.—His *determin’d* and *resolute* Vo  
 stirr’d their young Blood; but when he *syste*  
 into *Pity* at some Distress, it caught the Lads,  
 their Countenances shew’d it.

He thought it absolutely necessary that a you  
 Man should be acquainted with the *History* of  
 own Country, at least as soon as that of *Egy*  
*Greece*, or *Rome*. This was a fix’d Entertain

twice a Week; and his Comments, Observations and Reflections on the different Parts, were read to those he made them to, and had always what that shew'd the Value of *Liberty*, and the Danger in not putting *proper Bounds* to it.——the Effects of *Tyranny* and *Oppression*;——the Nature of *Laws* and *Government*; ——the Obligations of a *King* to his *Subjects*, and his *Subjects* to ——the Happiness of a *good Monarch*, with the Infamy and Punishment due to those, who wou'd attempt to disturb the Peace of the *Crown*, the Peace of the *People*.

On a chearful Evening Mr. *Johnston* has proposed the Repetition of a good *Comedy*; but, as he did not conceive that acting a Play was of Use to them, he placed them in their Seats, and assign'd them their different Parts, which they read from recent Copies. The *Comedies* he generally chose were *Steel's*, *Farquhar's*, and some of *Cibber's*, as they not only had Wit and Humour, but a certain *Moral* in them, not to be found in *Greene*, *Wycherly*, *Dryden*, or *Vanbrugh*, but leading through *Obscenity*.—If the Gentlemen chose a *Tragedy*, he made them carefully observe the Difference between a *passionate Utterance*, and *Softness*, and between the *soft* and *tender Manner* of Expression, and the *Whining*, and gave them Examples himself.

But the most favourite Manner he had of entertaining them, because he had a Scheme in it, was giving short and pleasing Accounts of the Lives of great Men of all Nations.—The *Conqueror* and *Captive*.—The *Tyrant*, and the *Favourite* of his People.—The *Law giver* and the *Inventor*.—The *Patriot*, and the *Pretenders to Patriotism*.—The *Orator* and the *Declaimer*.—The *Divine*.



*vine.*—*The Lawyer.*—*The Moral and Experimental Philosopher.*—*The Botanist.*—*Physician,* and *Merchant.*—The many Professions that spring from these *Fountains*, were at different Times set in a proper and clear Lights.—Their *Virtues* and *Abuses* of Power and Knowledge were touch'd, so as not to descend too deeply into the *Sciences*, but to fix the Attention of the Reader, and give him an Opportunity of discovering the *Bent* of their Inclinations and Geniuses.

SUCH a Conduct, he thought as necessary Part of the *Duty* of a Master, as teaching *Latin* or *Greek*, and he never fail'd communicating his Discoveries to their Parents.

HAPPY had it been for many Gentlemen, if their Genius had been properly attended to in Youth!—The many Absurdities in the World would be avoided, and each have the Rank which *Law of Nature* had assign'd them.—The *Mercenary Spirit* would not be compell'd to expose himself at a Pulpit:—The tender and meek Mind would not be drove to the Field of Bustle and Slaughtering.—The Physician would not prescribe at the Bar, the Lawyer administer Physick by Act of Parliament.—Each would be in their just Point of View, and each have a fair Opportunity of improving themselves.

As Nature gives not equal Talents to all, a good Master made proper Allowances: He never displeas'd at one Gentleman's being less apt to learn than another, provided he found him equally diligent: On the contrary, he encouraged and indulg'd him, and frequently stole into his Room at Night, and gave him half an Hour of private Instruction for the Business of next Day, but insisted on its being kept secret from the rest.

DOM was their Book an Occasion of  
 fement, but they never were excused for  
 icious Act. When he found a Lad of an  
 ate sullen Temper, who despis'd Learning,  
 Advice, or Correction, he sent him Home to  
 friends.—On such Oceaſions, he always made  
 etick Speech to the School; and placed the  
 py Boy ſeparate from the reſt.—When he  
 o depart, Mr. *Johnſton* walk'd with him to  
 Gate, and all the Gentlemen follow'd with  
 and Silence. Here he embrac'd him and  
 his Leave, praying God that this gentle Ad-  
 ion might make him reflect in Time, and  
 e his Conduct, ſo as to be an Honour, and  
 a Diſcredit to Society.—Then, in a cere-  
 ous Manner, all the reſt took a melancholy  
 el.

AMONGST the many Advantages of this Semi-  
 Mrs. *Johnſton*, and her Neice *Nannett* con-  
 ed in improving the Boys in *French*; and, as  
 e Inhabitants commonly ſpoke it, they ac-  
 that Language with great Facility.—Some  
 ings, when Mr. *Johnſton* could not attend, his  
 has extreemly diverted and amused them by  
 r's Comedies, *Gil-Blas*, *Scaron*, and other  
 s of that Tendency.

HUS did this good Family look on themſelves  
 arents to the Children; and the Children re-  
 ed them as ſuch.—Inſtruction and profit-  
 Entertainment were ſo agreeably and nicely  
 ed, that the one was never ſuffer'd to become  
 us and irkſome, nor the other to cloy or fill  
 Mind too much.

## C H A P. XII.

*Perswasive Folly has strong Charms,  
 T' allure the Feeble to her Arms.  
 Weakness and Vice go Hand in Hand,  
 And seem united by one Band.  
 Let Reason but assume her Seat,  
 Folly and Vice will soon retreat.*

ANONIMO

**A**S *Jack Connor* was not intended for a per Scholar, Mr. *Johnston's* Care on that count was not so exact as to other Lads ; but regarded the Moral and Social Duties, he rec in common with them. In the three Year this School, he had acquir'd a good Share of and some *Greek*, but his chief Pleasure was Reading and making Extracts of useful and containing Passages from History, Voyages, Po and the like, of which Mr. *Johnston* had a Collection always open to the Gentlemen. improved him in Writing, made strong Impress on his Mind, and gave him a Facility and a gen and easy Turn of Language, that much be Scholars are Strangers to. He spoke *French* great Fluency, for Mademoiselle *Nannett*, some Pains to perfect him in it, and as he charming Voice, she taught him many agree *French* Songs.

He was now in the Spring of Life, tall and made. Health, Beauty and Sprightliness were ways present with him, and Mirth and Joy da in his Eyes. These and his little Accomplishments made him caress'd by all, and were so markable, that even Madam *Johnston* has been

' que

heard to say ' Ma foy, c'est une beau-  
 son! —Voila de quoi faire un Joli Hom-  
 —If Nannett was silent, she looked,  
 perhaps thought the more. —The Dial spoke  
 at it made shrewd Signs.

The Juice of the Grape is insipid, nor can  
 a Spirit till *fermented*. In this State, the  
 must be pierc'd, and a Vent given to the  
 Particles, or it will burst its Tenement. —  
 and of Experience knows when to stop this  
 —to fine it down, and give it the proper  
 to acquire a Mellowness and Flavour that  
 is the Heart of Man, and adds Chearfulness  
 and Humour to every rational Company. —  
 Prudence interferes in the Management, the  
 will become sour, and of little or no Value.  
 there not somewhat of a fermenting Quality  
 in Man Nature? Or rather, is it not certain  
 there is? —Without this Fermentation,  
 the Passions only can give, Man would be  
 a moving Statue. 'Tis the *Passions* that open  
 Understanding — They lay the Plan of all his  
 Actions. — They conduct him first to Objects  
 of Desire, and then branch out his Imagination  
 to every — Honour — Riches. They polish  
 and raise a Desire of loving, and of being lo-  
 — In a Word, they alone, when justly gui-  
 can make him a rational Creature. — If un-  
 derstand, and suffer'd to take an unnatural bent,  
 Fame nor Honour can result from them,  
 the Man becomes the Pest of Society instead  
 of Pleasure.

A little Hero was not form'd without these  
 Passions. If, from Inexperience, they sometimes  
 led him into imprudent Acts, and brought him  
 into dangerous Situations, he was the first to cen-  
 sure

sure his own Conduct, and recur instantly to Principles inbib'd in his Youth.—Of what these Passions and these Principles were to him too much a Part of this History, to be omitted in their proper Place.

THE Time was now come when Jack was to be tempted, and unwarily to yield. When he became Criminal, he became Unhappy.—On he took a particular Pleasure in *Nannet's* Company, and she, in Return, treated him with Freedom, and with somewhat more than Complaisance. His Years prevented his seeing secret Motives of her Kindness. He was happy because she was fond of him; but her Fondness arose from a different Principle.—She loved him.

How far this Passion will extend itself, few are unacquainted, and poor *Nannet* practis'd the Female Wile to gain a Heart invincible to her Charms, only from Ignorance. Often has she told him, he ought, at his Age, to avoid blushing when he spoke to her, and be more a Man than to tremble at touching her Hand.—There were many other forcible Expressions she has reiterated, and sometimes even kiss'd him, but they serv'd to give him a secret uneasy Pleasure, a constant Desire of her Presence, without a Knowledge of the Meaning.—She remark'd his suspicious Behaviour, and found, she must either renounce all Shame by speaking in direct Terms, or absolutely avoid him.—The Delicacy of the Sex as much forbid the one, as her violent Passion did the other.

HER Invention was on the Rack, but she remember'd a certain *French Book*, which a Lady is placed exactly in her Situation. To this dear Volume she turn'd, and determin'd to try the

Experiment



ment. She found Opportunities to oblige, and read most part of it to her, but when the Acting Scene drew near, she put off the Lecture till the Remainder till the first Day Mr. Johnson and the Lads went a Hunting. That Time came, and the Evening before she whisper'd to avoid being of the Party, and they would tell that charming Story. He with Eagerness listening, she told him how inconvenient it would be to read in his little Room, 'but, said she, as they are all gone, if you will promise to be very Secret, and make no Noise, you may come to my Chamber, and we can read at our ease.'—He promis'd, and this Conversation

was now June, and being fine Weather all ready for the Sport of the Field at Four in the Morning. Jack excus'd himself to Master Nannett on Account of a Book he was to finish, a Letter to write to Mr. Kindly, and, sily going up into his Room, remain'd there till he saw them all at some Distance. With cautious steps he quietly mounted the Back-Stairs, and knock'd at Nannett's Chamber Door on a Jarr ready to start him. His treading was not so light, but her quick Ear heard him, and putting the Curtain up in a low Voice she cry'd—'Lord bless Jack! Who would have expected you so early?—I thought to have been up and dress'd, now you surprise a-body in Bed. Indeed I am quite asham'd of myself,—but—shut the Door, and sit down softly.'—She then pulled the Curtain a little more, and Jack sat at some Distance. A Silence ensu'd for some Minutes till at last he ventur'd to say something of the kind.—'Well, said Nannett, look for it up—'  
'der

'der my Pillow, and I'll read'.——*Jack* fear for some Time, but in vain ; and, she calling an aukward Fellow, rose carelessly and soon left it.——Undoubtedly she had no Intention of posing to his View her lovely Neck ; for, no sooner had she caught his Eyes fix'd on that Part, than she saw the Tumult it occasion'd in him, than she by great Precipitation she cover'd it.——Her Head was once more laid on her Pillow, and she took her Hand.——' If, said she, you keep so far from me, you can't hear me, and you had better come and sit on the Bed-side.'——The poor Fellow was willing to oblige, carefully mov'd, but found his right Arm negligently thrown out. This Impediment he gently remov'd, but not before he had frequently kiss'd it. She call'd him a Fool, but her good Nature did not forbid this Sort of Folly.

*JACK's* Spirits were up in Arms, so musty and fume he was going to sit down improperly, otherwise she certainly would not have said——' Come to me!——Why sure you an't so mad as to sit on the Bed?——But——if you are afraid of your Shoes will make a Noise, and will absolutely prevent it, can't you pull them off?'——His Shoes were snatch'd in an Instant, and he placed himself where before, he had no Intention.——They were now Face to Face.——His left Arm slipp'd under her Head, but his right, was useless.——As she was to adjust herself, 'twas impossible he could resist a Kiss, and so charm'd was he at this Condescension, that, had she so will'd, he would have desired no other Bliss.

' Come come, said *Nannett*, let me make the End of the Story, but if you attempt to serve me as *Amyntor* does his *Phillis*, positively I shall

sure you,—but—here's one Kiss more to keep  
 a quiet.'——She then fix'd on the Page  
 began.——“ Thus situated were this hap-  
 Pair. Silence and Secrecy reign'd, and no  
 es to witness their Joys, but those of laugh-  
 Cupids, who hover'd round the enchanting  
 wer. *Amyntor* was all Desire and Love, but  
 invincible Modesty, oblig'd the equally ena-  
 bour'd *Phillis*, to supply by Management what  
 Tongue could not utter. She insensibly  
 nducted him to the Beginning of Charms to  
 which the Youth was an absolute Stranger.”——  
*Nannett* continued to read, and with great Judg-  
 laid the proper Emphasis on every Word ;  
 at every tender or delicate Period, as many  
 there were, *Jack* became an exact Imitator,  
 frequently interrupted the Narration. She  
 wonder'd at his Assurance, and declar'd her  
 er, but her Countenance did not seem to im-  
 that Passion, and at last she was permitted to  
 nue.—“ Too pressing *Amyntor*, too yielding  
*Phillis* ! — The Time, the Place, and every  
 Opportunity conspir'd with their mutual Inclina-  
 tions.—— A thousand Dalliances interven'd,  
 ill Prudence,—— Virtue, ——and *Phillis*  
 was lost.”

*NANNETT* would have proceeded, but *Jack*,  
 faithful to his Copy, prevented it by acting  
*myntor*.—I hope the Reader will not insist on too  
 a Description of this Scene, for I am permit-  
 but to add, that at last, as Reading was be-  
 ne useless, she clos'd the Book, and——I must  
 e this Chapter,

*Oh thoughtless Mortals ! ever blind to Fate !  
Too soon dejected and too soon elate !  
Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,  
And curs'd for ever this victorious Day.*

DRYDEN'S V

**T**HE Clock struck Seven, which rous'd them from their Dream of Happiness, to think of their Safety. *Nannett* was unwilling to part; *Jack* now more prudent, took an hasty Kiss and got to his Room unperceiv'd. He now began to reflect on his Conduct, and he judg'd himself greatly criminal. He now remembered *Kindly's* Precepts, which had for some Time neglected, and call'd to Mind his last Words of *Lamity* and *Misfortunes*, if he departed from *Vir*. These Thoughts gave him extreme Uneasiness, he found himself greatly reliev'd by resolving to be guilty no more, and to shun the Object. An usual Gravity attended him the whole Day, which greatly disturb'd *Nannett*, as he gave her no opportunity of enquiring into the Reason.

HE was extremely pleas'd with this Change over himself, but alas ! he little knew his Heart ; and, as he was a Stranger to the Ways of *Men*, how could he possibly know that of *Women* — *Nannett*, impatient to learn what passed in her Soul, waited in her Chamber till Two in the Morning, not doubting but *Jack* would find his Way there. The Disappointment extremely mortify'd her Pride ; however she determin'd at all adventures to have her Doubts satisfied, and resolv'd to venture down and got to his Bed-side. She prevented a Noise on his wakening, by telling

Nan

and as she was undress'd, without more delay slipp'd in, and took him in her Arms.

WERE now were all his mighty Resolutions?

WERE were all Mr. *Kindly's* moral Lessons?—

—Lost in the Obscurity of the Night, and

Arms of Youth and Beauty!—She made him

tender Reproaches, but her Love forgave all.

Reflections that Day, were quite of another

section to the former, and he even thought

himself a Fool for being more timorous than a Girl.

—He argu'd the Impossibility of Danger, or

discover'd; and, that if it was a Crime, he,

at least, was answerable but for *Half*; but the

best Reason for continuing this Affair was,

he believed every Man would do the same, had

the same Opportunity.—Thus, his Understand-

ing quite defeated by, what he thought, good

Reason.—How many are there, who, by such fa-

lse Arguments, persuade, or endeavour to per-

suade themselves into Evil, even contrary to their

opinion? And, how many are there, who

are too successful in their Attempts to deceive

themselves?

Amour went charmingly on, for about six

months, nor could there be, in his Imagination, an

other Mortal.—He insensibly dropt all boyish

vanities, and was much less punctual and exact

in school, than formerly. His Visage began to

change, and the Roses in his Cheeks to fade; in-

deed, that *Madam Johnston* really thought him

out of Order, and very innocently directed *Nannett*

to take some Care of the poor Boy, and give him

some warm, when he was in Bed. *Nannett*

punctually obey'd her Commands, but *Jack*

was cooler notwithstanding.



100 *The HISTORY of*

MR. JOHNSTON, at last observ'd an Alteration in *Jack*, and, for some Time, was of his Opinion; but, as nothing could escape his Penetration, he took Notice that the Boy's Eyes sparkled, and his Face had an uncommon Glow, when *Nannett* enter'd the Room. He likewise remark'd a peculiar Pleasure in their Countenances, when they spoke to each other, and even when their Eyes chanc'd to meet, which they frequently did. 'Tis a Question would puzzle *Monsieur de Mire*, Whether most Intrigues were began, or discover'd by the Eyes? Certain it is, they are apt to betray as seduce. If these faithless Countenances have a Language to persuade us into Deeds, they have another to divulge it.—Pity it is, they are placed in so conspicuous a Situation.

MR. JOHNSTON in his Youth was a Master of this Language, and read in their Hearts, what they would not confess to him extream Pain. He was tortured with finding the worst, and reason'd himself into the Conclusion he was to observe, should his Suspicion be well grounded.—He knew should his Reputation vent itself in Words, the Reputation of his Niece was lost, and the Character of his Mother would suffer a severe Wound.—To chastise the Boy, would Answer but the same End.—To join them in Marriage was ridiculous, and, to suffer them to live peaceably in Iniquity was impossible.—For two Days was he thus agitated, till he could fix on a Scheme to save all Appearance, but particularly those that could affect his own Family.—When he had revolved his Plan, he took a Resolution, his next Step was to satisfy his eager Doubts.

THE third Morning about Three o'Clock, he quietly stepp'd into *Jack's* Room. He ex-

ed, which he found unruffled and cold, and immediately concluded *Jack* was in a warmer

He paus'd for a few Minutes to stifle his passion, and let the Hurry of his Spirits subside, then, as quietly mounted to his *Niece's* Apartment.

He gently open'd the Curtain, and found a happy criminal Pair lock'd in each other's bidding Defiance to all worldly Cares, for they were fast asleep.——For some Time he gazed in Astonishment, and scarcely credited the Evidence of his Eyes.——At last he stirr'd *Nannett*, waken'd with a tender Expression to *Jack*; when she perceiv'd her *Uncle*, she was just going to scream out, when he put his Hand on her mouth, and conjur'd her to make no Noise, but to be still.——*Jack*, now open'd his Eyes, but the instant he beheld the *old Gentleman*, he hid himself under the Cloaths.

*Mrs. Nannett* put on a most supplicating Countenance, which her ready Tears greatly assisted. *Johnston*, with as much Coolness as he could, at first desir'd her to pin her *Tucker*; and, then, said he, Child, though you have been very foolish, yet I promise you, if you will keep your own Counsel, I shall do the same, and it shall never be a Secret, even from your Aunt.'——Much Goodness gave her new Life, and she promised never more to transgress, and be all Obedient.——'Dry your Eyes, my Dear, said he, you see I am not angry with you or *Jack*, so bid him get up, and meet me in the Garden immediately; where we will consult how to manage this silly Pair.'——When he was gone, *Jack* ventur'd to step out, and was quite overjoy'd to find *Mr. Johnston* in such good Humour, and much wonder'd

They were both extreamly pleas'd, and

imagin'd they even had his Consent to continue their agreeable Amusement.——*Jack* soon dismissed himself, and taking a tender Leave of his dear *Nett*, promis'd to meet earlier the following Night; but alas! that Meeting never happen'd.

*JACK* got to the Garden as directed, but troubled at Mr. *Johnston's* Approach, who, assuming a Smile, gave the Boy not a little Courage.——

'Sir, said his Master, it seems you have lately pass'd your Time very chearfully, and turn'd over old Leaves besides Latin and Greek; however, I am not now here to upbraid you with Ingratitude or with the Breach of all Laws, Human or Divine; neither shall I now correct you, nor send you to Prison and have you hang'd, as the Laws direct; but, as I shall always have it in my Power, so I shall certainly put it in Practice, except you will give me your most sacred Promise to do whatever I shall order.'——'Sir, said *Jack* with great Confusion, I really don't know how to appear before God or you, after my Transgressions; but I hope my sincere Repentance, with my most solemn Vow to obey your Directions, will atone for my Crimes. I know, reply'd Mr. *Johnston*, you abhor a Lie; therefore I will trust you. The last Letters I received from my Lord, particularly mention'd about a Project I had of sending you to London of which he has approved. Now, *Jack*, if you will set out this Day, in the Manner I shall direct, I will pardon all, and put you in a Way of making your Fortune.'——'Sir, reply'd *Jack*, (who was fired at going to London) I have already given you my Oath to obey, and, to convince you of my Readiness, I am willing to set out this Minute.'

in the first Place, said Mr. *Johnston*, I must insist on your not speaking a Syllable to *Nannett* on any Account whatever, nor to any Person in the Family about what has happened. In the next Place, I desire you will press me this Morning for me to visit Mr. *Wilson's* Family, who have so kindly invited you.—Go that Road about a Mile, and then turn back through the Fields, which you know will, in about an Hour, lead you into the great Road to DUBLIN. On this Side of the Windmill you will find my Man *John* in a Carr, who will have particular Orders to take Care of you, and you will follow his Direction. As I know you will believe me, I give you my Word and Honour that I intend only my own Good; but it is absolutely necessary for your Peace and mine that you promise punctually to obey my Orders, and that on no Account you will ever write yourself, or cause any other Person to write to my Lord, Mr. *Kindly*, &c. These are the Conditions on which my Promise is founded: If you transgress, be assur'd that my utmost Resentment will follow.'

Jack threw himself on his Knees, and most solemnly vow'd, in the Presence of God, religiously to obey all his Directions, and rising, ask'd him what he intended to do with his Shirts, &c. and his other little Effects? But being assur'd he should find them all safe in *Dublin*, was very easy on that Account.—Now, said Mr. *Johnston*, I am satisfy'd, and I hope you will have Reason to be content. Lest you may want Money on the Road, here is a Guinea, and more will be given you in Town.'

As they walk'd towards the House, Mr. *Johnston* gave him many good Lessons for his future Conduct.



Conduct.---He very earnestly recommended a modest, sober, and religious Life, as what only could give him true Joy and real Happiness.---He told him that God sometimes permitted Good to come out of Evil, and pray'd it might be so in the present Case; but, that no Man ought to depend on such a Grace would at all Times be bestowed on him---that, as the Mercy of God was great, so was his Jealousy; equally capable of forgiving you rash Sinners, as of punishing obstinate and unrepenting Offenders.

MUCH more was said on this Subject, and in a tender a Manner, as greatly to affect the Boy, and to make a strong Impression on his Mind. *Johnston* concluded, with saying, ' You have much of the common *Irish* Manner of speaking; let me advise you to forget the little you have, and endeavour to speak like the People you live with; which will prevent your being often laugh'd at and ridicul'd by the Ignorant and Vulgar. Your Name is quite *Irish*, but I shall call you JOHN CONYERS in my Letters, and henceforward let that be your Name. And now, Mr. *Conyers*, I think we have fully settled this Matter; therefore go in, and have as usual; but remember your Promise.'

THEY got to the House before any of the Servants were up, so their Meeting was a Secret.---When *Jack* was alone, he began very seriously to reflect on his Situation. He was conscious of deserving very severe Punishment, and thank'd God that Mr. *Johnston* had treated him so well.---On the other Hand, he regretted parting with his dear *Nannett*, especially in the Manner he had promised, and had a violent Inclination to take one tearful Farewel, but his Vow prevented him. The Obligations laid on him, he thought very extraordinary; but the Dread of Punishment and Shame,



Anger of my Lord and Mr. *Kindly*, made him  
 beseech with Patience to these hard Terms.  
 As, as he really had an entire Confidence in,  
 a Love for Mr. *Johnston*, he doubted not but  
 had good Reasons for what he ordered.

Tho' his Effects were to meet him in *Dublin*,  
 had the wise Precaution of putting on two Shirts,  
 taking his Purse, which now contain'd but ele-  
 Guineas. He likewise put in his Coat Pocket  
 little Box and Instructions given him by Mr.  
*ly*, and all the little Manuscripts he had. Thus  
 d and fix'd in his Resolutions, he waited on  
*Johnston*. and begg'd his Leave to visit Mr.  
*son*, who liv'd about Four Miles to the West. →  
*Johnston* hesitated for some Time; but his  
 e interceding, she obtain'd Permission, provided  
 promis'd to go half a Mile round, and not cross  
 Ford, which was sometimes dangerous.

It seems Mr. *Johnston* had given Orders to *John*  
 to that Morning with a Carr to *Dublin* for an  
 ahead of Wine; and as he was an old faithful  
 want, was the only Person he trusted with the  
 ret. He gave him his Instructions, and a Let-  
 to his Brother, who was a Merchant of that Ci-  
 — *John* had set out about Eight o'Clock, and  
 took a different Road about Nine. — He went  
 with tolerable Spirits; but when he came to the  
 pointed Turn, his Heart swell'd, and the Thoughts  
 parting with *Nannett*, Master *Harry*, *Billy*, and  
 his dear Friends for ever, almost made him dis-  
 tressed, and oblig'd him to sit down and give Way  
 a Torrent of Tears. — At last, by viewing  
 things in another Light, he found Strength to pro-  
 ceed, and joyn'd old *John* about Eleven o' Clock.  
 — The Man was prepar'd for him, and, under  
 Pretence of keeping him from the Sun, seated

him on a Bundle of Straw on the Carr, and cover'd him with a Sort of Awning, so close, that no Passengers could see him, and then march'd on to *Dublin*, where he was well received by a Merchant.

PERHAPS the good-natur'd Reader may be desirous of knowing what pass'd at *Portarlington* when *Jack* was miss'd, and how *Nannett* and the Family behav'd on this melancholy Occasion; and forasmuch as it is not in my Power to gratify so reasonable a Curiosity. He may, if he pleases, supply me, that they sent next Day to Mr. *Willis*, and that their Surprize was great, when informed they had not seen or heard of him. No doubt many were their Conjectures; some, I imagine, thought he had run away; but I apprehend the most probable and general Surmise was, that he had cross'd the Ford and was drown'd.

BE this as it will, I must, tho' with some Reluctance leave this good Family, and follow my Friend *Jack*. CONVERS through Scenes of a much different Nature.—The calm, tranquil Life he has hitherto led, must give Place to the Hurry and Bustle of the World.—Deceit, Craft, Flattery and *Vice*, must succeed to Lessons of Honour, Probity and *Vir-*

CH A P. XIV.

*Take sound Advice proceeding from the Heart,  
Sincerely your's and free from fraudulent Art.*

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

HAPPY that *Being*, who sometimes permits himself to think seriously; who suffers his Imagination deliberately to reflect on external Objects, and internally apply those Lessons of Morality and Instruction that may be drawn from every Condition of Man!—Vice trails with it those Marks, which shews us its Odiousness, as some poisonous Animals carry their Antidote.—Affluence and Plenty are not generally productive of such Thoughts; in that Situation, we are apt to look no farther than ourselves, nor conceive the Possibility of being reached and unhappy, till we have experienced some of its Bitters.—There is a pleasing and a useful Sensation in the Soul, at viewing and commiserating the Distresses of the Unfortunate. The more we have pitied and raised our Tenderness and Charity to others, the happier we find ourselves, should Poverty and Penury visit us in its Rounds.—Independent of the Christian Duty of Compassion, this Consideration alone, makes it good to have been in Trouble.

JACK, tho' tenderly treated by the Merchant, now in a large City where Variety of unaccustomed Objects presented themselves to his View, yet melancholy Ideas fill'd his Mind. To abandon and  
be

be abandoned by those Friends he so sincerely lov'd  
 — To live amongst Strangers in a distant Country, and to begin to labour and work for the Bread he was to eat, were to him most dreadful Vicissitudes of Fortune; and, what he imagined, were peculiar to himself. In these gloomy Reflections, he acknowledged his manifold Offences, and in his fervent Prayers, which had lately been neglected, he heartily begg'd Forgiveness. He read Mr. Kimble's Instructions to his Son, over and over, and made the properest Observations on them in his Power.

As I have now some spare Time, it cannot be better employ'd, than laying before my Reader the Instructions so often mention'd. — Should he be wise enough not to stand in Need of these Precepts, I beg he will pass them over, and skip on to the mere Narration.

To my Son John Kind'y.

Bounty.

“ My dear Child,

“ **W**HEN you reflect on the Relation I bear to you, and on my Tenderness and Affection for you, you must be convinc'd that all my Care and Pains is to endeavour to make, and perhaps to secure you an happy and a worthy Man. — You are now to begin a new Scene of Life, which is instead of the Guardianship of a fond Father,

Must be guided and directed by so dangerous a  
 Tutor as yourself.—Tho' you must be far re-  
 mov'd from my Presence, yet, I conjure you by  
 every sacred Tye, to think on your Father, and  
 the Advice he now gives you.

Be careful in observing every Duty of Religi-

You will find it the surest, and perhaps  
 the only Way to keep Peace and Content in your  
 Heart, and a Serenity and Chearfulness in your  
 Countenance. — By being a Man, be not  
 sham'd of being a Christian.

CANDOUR, Integrity and Gratitude, are some  
 of the strongest Links that bind Men to each  
 other. When these are absent, Suspicion, Fraud  
 and Deceit, will fill each Breast, and make us  
 other Companions for the wild Inhabitants of  
 the Forest, than Associates to Animals, who  
 want superior Reason.

You are to live in the World.—You are to  
 study the large Volume of Mankind.—Whilst  
 thus employ'd, forget not that Mankind are stu-  
 dying you.—Besides Virtue, Truth and Jus-  
 tice, which I trust you will preserve, there are  
 Duties of Society that give Beauty and Harmo-  
 ny, and therefore must not be neglected.

A TENDERNESS for our Fellow-Creatures, a  
 compassionate Turn for their Misfortunes, and  
 Pity for their Weaknesses, are what we owe our-  
 selves and them. — By not paying this Debt,  
 we renounce our Claim to Humanity.

POLITE Behaviour and Complacency of Man-  
 ners places every Action in the most advantage-  
 ous Light, and adds irresistible Grace to every  
 Word and every Motion. — Be sincere in such  
 Conduct, and suffer not your Lips to give the  
 “ Lye



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“ Lye to your Heart.——There is a Medium  
“ follow’d even to Persons we have an ill Opin  
“ of.

“ As a general good Behaviour is necessary  
“ and requir’d by all, you cannot fail of being  
“ markably so to some Particulars ; but  
“ making Friendships, till by Time you are  
“ vinced they deserve your’s.——When you  
“ found a Friend, detest the old and false Ma  
“ of living with him as tho’ he may become an  
“ my.

“ Go not into the Way of Temptation, for  
“ lieve me, it will but too often fall in your’s.  
“ solution is strong ; but the strongest is lodg’d  
“ frail Body, therefore depend not too much  
“ it, but, rather owe your safety to a timely Fl

“ In your Dress, avoid as much as possible  
“ Gaudy and Fluttering, but in the Neat  
“ Clean, endeavour to be remarkable. A Care  
“ ness in properly setting off the Person, is co  
“ mendable and useful. It argues a Desire  
“ pleasing, and gratifies the Eye of every Behol  
“ A Propriety in Dress, and a certain Sobriety  
“ Deportment, free from Affectation and Form  
“ lity, will always add Weight to your Convers  
“ on, and make it sought after.

“ COMPANY and Chearfulness are necess  
“ and of infinite Use ; but a constant Jollity  
“ Mirth betrays such a Levity in the Mind,  
“ your Presence will never be desir’d but me  
“ to divert others, whose Regard ceases the  
“ stant the Laughter is over.——Should your  
“ offend, be assur’d of an Enemy for ever.

“ As your Inclinations lead you to the Study  
“ the Laws, you will soon perceive the Strength of

“ Foundation

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Foundation on which the *British* Constitution  
quilt.—You will soon observe the Happiness of  
this Kingdom, where the different Ranks of  
Men have their different Operations, all coin-  
ciding and centering in the Preservation of the  
whole.—Let your Heart and your Hand be  
always ready to support this Structure.—It has  
often been in Danger, and suffer'd mighty Re-  
volutions; but, as it is now fully repair'd by a  
PROTESTANT ARCHITECT, be it your Care,  
as much as in you lies, to defend it from every  
foreign Political, and from every Domestick  
Attack.

AMBITION and Pride are Crimes of the  
most dangerous Tendency, yet, like Opiates, a  
small Quantity is sometimes necessary, as a  
large one gives the Patient up to Frenzy and  
Madness, and, in the End, destroys him.—  
We have these in a just Degree, will raise a  
desire of excelling, and prevent a Meanness of  
conduct.

A POET says, 'There is a Pleasure in being  
loved, which none but Madmen know.'——  
Do not desire it so, but desire not to experience it.  
Rather try what Pleasure *Common Sense* will  
afford.—She will instruct you in Oeconomy,  
and in that proper Management of your Fortune,  
that will bid Defiance to a Goal, and make your  
Poverty truly a Blessing.—She will teach you the  
right Use of Learning, and shew the Folly of  
being impertinent with it.—She will hold a  
Mirror to your Person, and point out the Absur-  
dity of being vain of it.—She will advise,  
direct, and shew you the World in its true and  
quintessential Colours, and give you that Taste, which  
“ Ignorance,

“ Ignorance, Pride and Folly, will ever be Strangers to.

“ LEARN, if possible, to be content with the Station Heaven has allotted you, and endeavour to attain that Sort of Philosophy which consists in Patience and Resignation in all Sorts of Calamities.——The happiest of Beings not only are subject to them, but almost daily feel the Effects of different Shapes.——To be a Master of the truly noble Science, believe me, the Heart must be unconscious of Guilt, and a Rectitude of Thought must dwell in it.——In a Word, your Intentions and your Schemes of Life must always be founded in Virtue and Honour ; whilst human and prudential Means are pursued.——submit the Issue, with all Humility, unto BEING, who is incapable of Error or Fallibility, and into whose Hands I cheerfully resign you.

“ JOHN KINDEL

As often as *Jack* read over these Lessons, he found his Cares to lighten, and received Strength to support himself, as made him determine to pursue them as exactly as he could.—He had now been in *Dublin* about a Month, and had received all the Effects he left in *Portarlington*. The Merchant having prepared all Things for the Expedition, and equipp'd him tolerably well with Cloaths, gave him Five Guineas, and a Letter to his Correspondent Mr. *Jeshua Strong*, of *Theobalds-street*, and embark'd him on board the *bernina*, bound for *London*.

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HOPE it will not be expected I should furnish  
Readers with the Adventures of this Voyage  
Days, as there happen'd but the common  
References on such Occasions ; but I am strongly  
induced to present them, according to the Practice  
of our wise Authors, with a most extraordinary  
surprising Dream *Jack* had the first Night.—  
I am'd—But I beg Pardon, for I find myself  
Instant so drowsy, that I must request my  
Reader will follow my Example, and by  
taking a Nap, dream the Remainder of this  
Story.

**CHAP.**

*When Pleasure stumbles in our Way,  
Our best Resolves too oft decay.  
Frail Nature prompts, and giddy Youth,  
Falls into Crimes, in spite of Truth.*

ANONIM

**M**R. STRONG had by Post received a full count of *Jack*, and what he was destin'd so that when he appear'd with his Letter, he received with a Sort of Civility that gave him Uneasiness. *Mr. Strong* was at Dinner, and being asked him a few trifling Questions, desir'd to go to the Kitchen and get some Victuals. He bore this Indignity tolerably well, for his Appetite did not permit his quarrelling with Punishment. In the Evening some more Questions were put to him, and was told he should be taken next Morning where he was to live. It seems *Mr. Strong* had had Time to prepare Matters.

THIS was not the pleasantest Night *Jack* pass'd in his Life, but the Morning at last came which was to solve some Doubts. *Mr. Strong* took his Hat and Cane, and desir'd *Jack* to follow him. As they walk'd he told him they were going to see *Mr. Champignon's* the Weaver in *Spittle-Field* with whom he had agreed to bind him Apprenticed. 'You may, said *Mr. Strong*, stay here for eight Months on Trial; but I dare say you will like your Situation so well, that you will have Reason to thank your Friends.'—*Jack*, though not quite pleas'd, was glad to find Matters no worse, and with more Chearfulness continued his March to the Weaver's.

*MR. STRONG* entring, cry'd, 'Well, Monsieur here is the Boy I spoke to you about; take him



be sure don't keep him idle.—— Ha hah, *Champignon*, Parbleu he be a ver pritty con, and I sure you muste worke ver well, be gar si he no Travail he fall avè de ver Soupe-maigre!—— That's right, said Mr. ng, no Work, no Meat; but I hope he'll be a good Boy, so, Monsieur, your Servant, I call on you as I go by.—— Serviteur, Monsieur de *Strang*, cry'd *Champignon*, ou plesè call en passant.—— Jack eye'd his Master, and could scarcely forbear laughing at the Oddity of his Figure. He was about Sixty or Seventy Years of Age, tall and very swarthy. His swarthy Skin did not seem to belong to it cover'd, and his Cheek-Bones, in particular, discover'd a violent Inclination to escape. He had on an old greasy Stuff Gown, a double mill'd Cap, that perhaps was formerly Scarlet. In short, Jack thought he was an Apprentice to a Skeleton, but a certain natur'd Smile, and an agreeable Vivacity in the old Man, gave him some Prospect of better than he imagin'd.

*Monsieur Champignon*, was one of those Men, for whom *England*, and many other Countries, are so much oblig'd to *Laws* the Merchant, as they brought with them many useful Arts and Manufactures. He was a Man of great Application and Industry, which, with great Saving, in the Course of Years, made him worth about Forty Thousand Pounds. He had a Gaiety in his Temper, and such a Fund of natural good Understanding, that his Company was extremely agreeable to many eminent Merchants. His Wife was an old Sort of old Woman; but his only Child, *Moiselle Tonton*, was a most lively and pretty

pretty Girl of Twenty-four Years of Age. Her Com-  
 plexion was not of the brightest, but sparkling Eyes, and her good Shape, made her a very desirable Object. Her Father, from the Stinginess of his Temper, had disappointed her of two very good Matches, and the scandalous Chronicle of the Neighbourhood said, she had taken a proper Revenge.

CHAMPIGNON was so whimsical, that he scarcely ever spoke *French*, and his *English* was full of Medley, as to occasion frequent Laughter. When he was ask'd, Why he spoke not better *English*, he always answer'd, — 'De par tout les Diables' — 'How you avè me speak so better *English*?' — 'Sacre Chien ! I avè live dans Londres now as Forty Year, but avec de Time, me salve de Conversation, Pliss — Paff — so well as I can, —' — 'Sieur me lor Merè.'

JACK was employ'd in the usual Business of a junior Apprentice, and in weaving Ribbons, where he did tolerably well; but found he had no natural Call to be ty'd to a Loom. One Saturday, the Family being very busy, Dinner was forgot till about Twelve o'Clock, but Mother and *Champignon* at last remember'd, and call'd — '— Jean Conyer ! — Dare be a demi Gallon of you mustè curre to de Marchè and buy two-three Leg Mouton for de Dinnè —' — 'run you Rascal.' — *Jack* obey'd, and in half an Hour return'd with Three Legs of Mutton. Mother laugh'd immoderately, her Mother could not stop smiling, but *Champignon*, for some Time star'd at the Mutton, and then at *Jack*. At last he cry'd — 'Sacre Chien ! vat is all dis ?' — 'Sir, —' — 'Jack, they are the Legs of Mutton you

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and me to buy.'——' Ha hah, said *Champignon*;  
 I techè you de betre Trick, you *Irland*  
*ma-biche*.——He had certainly knock'd  
 down, if the good Woman and Miss had  
 indly interposed, and endeavour'd to mode-  
 is Passion.——He was in a violent one,  
 he could not get to *Jack*, he vented it  
 words.——' My Dear Femme——Madam  
*mpignon*,——Lettè me go——a Jack-a-  
 ——a Jean Foutre!——Sacrebleu! I  
 è de Rascal etè de Mouton tout cru——  
 tre!'——' Lord, dear Papa, said Miss, how  
 you be so angry?——Poor *Jack* quite  
 took your Orders.'——' Ha hah, said her  
 her, de son-ma-biche, no ver well.——My  
 ar, I say——*Jean*, go by de Leg Mou-  
 de Patte, or de Mouton Toes.'——' I  
 ose, said Miss, my dear Pappa meant Sheep's  
 otters.'——' Oul Oul, said he, de Sheep-  
 ter, and de Rascal he by a Mouton Intière  
 Parbleu!——' Well well, said his Wife,  
 Mistake may happen, you must forgive him  
 Time.'——' I muste forgive!——I muste  
 don tout! said *Champignon*; Begar de nexè  
 me, I fall be angry quand Monsieur *Jean*  
 Me be in one Chambre ensemble.'

Thus this mighty Quarrel was made up, but  
 the Servants knew the Cause, the Neighbours  
 not long ignorant of it, which afforded much  
 mirth.

He had now liv'd with Mr. *Champignon* above  
 twelve Months, and was pritty well reconciled  
 the Family, whose Love he had got by Songs,  
 a thousand *Irish* Stories. Miss, in particular,  
 greatly diverted with his agreeable Chat, and  
 overheard her one Morning, tell her Maid:  
 That considering *Conyers* was *Irish*, he was the  
 ' prittiest

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' prittiest young Fellow she ever saw in her  
 — Though his Manner of speaking was  
 improv'd, yet there remain'd enough of his C  
 try to be severely banter'd by Miss Tonton.  
 often insisted on his making Bulls and Blun  
 She laugh'd at the Words, Unwell — Big  
 — E're Yesterday, and the like. — Jack,  
 was now become pritty free, ask'd her, if  
 understood him when he spoke. — ' Yes,  
 ' she, I comprehend your Meaning well eno  
 ' but you have such unaccountable Phrases,  
 ' had need of an *Irish* Expofitor.' — ' I'm  
 ' Madam, said Jack, you are pleas'd to all  
 ' speak, so as to be comprehended, but a  
 ' tleman, the other Day, in our Warehouse  
 ' out.' " Did no body see any body tak  
 " never a Hat." — " I beg Madam, you  
 ' be so good to explain this *English* Phrase;  
 ' upon my Sow! I cannot.' — " Upon  
 ' Sow! said she, and laugh'd violently a  
 ' Tone, without answering his Question'.

SUCH Sort of Conversation happen'd frequ  
 and was equally amusing, but as he arfully fin  
 her to have the Superiority in every Argum  
 and even ask'd her Advice and Instruction, she  
 ceived a vast Opinion of his uncultivated Ge  
 and his natural good Parts. — These Sort of  
 ginnings, generally lead to, and are but the  
 runners of Thoughts, not so proper to be pla  
 set down. — These impertinent Thoughts but  
 often occur'd, — Jack had them not, — C  
 who then?

Miss TONTON was one Morning at her T  
 very judiciously adjusting her Head-dress before  
 fix'd her Stays. Young Conyer's, passing her Ch  
 ber, was perceiv'd by the Reflection of her G  
 and calling him in a great Hurry, begg'd he'd



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her back for a Flea that teaz'd her immoderately.

*Jack*, very innocently, examin'd the Part, but declar'd he saw nothing.——' Lord, said *Tonton*,

you're such an unhandy Bouby, you'll let the Creature escape, but look sharp *Jack* I beg of you.'——*Jack* look'd, but Imagination being

provoked by the Touch, his Understanding became sharper.——' Now, cry'd he, I see it.——'

He then cry'd it hops, faith 'tis a Swinger.'——He then

fly pursu'd the flying Animal, which, traversing

the whole Plain of her Back, took its

station to the Eminencies in Front, where it affords

a most delightful Chase. It skip'd from

Hill, practis'd all the Craft of the Hare,

*Jack* was so keen a Sportsman, that he rested

not till he had fairly caught it.

As SOCIATES in Amusements become Intimates,

they frequently form Friendships. 'Twas so in the

Case. *Tonton* began to be extremely fond of

*Jack*'s Company, and found so many Opportunities

to hunt, that one would imagine she had

kill'd all the Fleas in the Parish, to afford him

amusement. Her Maid *Bersheba*, who was old and

prevented many an Evening's Sport, so she

was oblig'd to make Use of her as a Whipper in,

and Groom to hold the Horses. By this notable

advance, *Jack* was frequently introduc'd when

they were in Bed, and stay'd till they were

asleep, when he quietly retir'd through the old

Room, whose Hey-day of the Blood was

over, but sometimes mutiny'd in the Matron's

chamber.——It seems poor *Bersheba* was likewise sub-

jected to Fleas, and the Hunting them became not a

troublesome to *Jack*. It chagreen'd him

and made *Tonton* very uneasy.——At last

he gain'd a long Respite, but not in the Manner

he desired, for he was taken extremely ill, and a

violent



violent Fever ensu'd. No doubt he wanted proper Care, and in Six Weeks he began to recover to his Senses, and a little to recover.

THE first Use he made of his Reason, was to confess the Justice of the Punishment for his repeated Crimes.—*Bounty-Hall, — Portarlington* his Friends, and all their good Advice, now rushing into his Thoughts with such Force, that he relaps'd, and had like never to have given him an Opportunity of writing his History. His weak and good Constitution at length prevail'd, and the Danger was over, except what might proceed from his extream Weakness, or falling into a Consumption. He recover'd so slowly, that the Doctors like his Brethren, when they know not what to do, advis'd a Change of Air for a Month or two. *Champignon* was one of the few Friends of Substance, who had not a Country House, so to take Lodgings and maintain *Jack*, would be attended with an Expence he by no Means was bringing himself to think of.

MR. VILLENEUF, a very eminent Member in *Black-Fryers*, was an intimate Friend, and frequently diverted himself with *Jack*, by his pertinent Answers and good Understanding, making him a Sort of Favourite.—*Champignon* one Day, 'Why don't you send poor *Jack* to the Country?—The Lad will die here, and his Funeral will cost you more than a Month's Lodging.'—'Ha, Hah, said *Champignon*, no such a-ting.—*Parbleu* I send *Jean Conyer* to Monsieur *de Strong*.—Diable! tillman he never come say, *Champignon*, *Jean Conyer* do?—Monsieur *de Strong* is doing nothing, do noting.—Poor *Champignon*, do tout.—*Ventrebleu*! Je crois que le Monde tink me diablement riche!—

lê you *Monsieur Villeneuve*, poor *Champignon* ye, alors you will see, you will regardé all my pauvre *Richesse*.'——A d'autres, *said Vil-*  
f, I know you better. Besides, if Mr. *Strong*  
Brute, I hope my Friend *Champignon* is not ?  
But I shall make this Matter easy, and ho-  
Conyers shall not be lost.——Send him To-  
row to my House at *Greenwich*, where he  
be a Companion for my *sober melancholy Son*,  
perhaps do each other good.'——*Champignon*  
not averse to this Proposal, and *Jack*, with  
Trunk, were put into a Coach, and sent off  
Day.

R. VILLENEUF, the Son, was a Gentleman  
twenty-four Years of Age. He passionately  
*Reading and Retirement*, was extreamly good  
ed and *charitable*; but had a *Gloominess* in his  
per, that made him averse to much Company  
Mirth. His Father, who had no other Child,  
oblig'd to indulge him in his Humour, and sup-  
him liberally with *Money* to gratify his *generous*  
y. His large Fortune could very well afford  
Expence.

Jack was as happy as his disturb'd Thoughts  
d permit, which were ever reflecting on his  
Conduct, and upbraiding him with Actions of  
n he dreaded the Consequence.——*Repentance*,  
ought, might avert a further Punishment, and  
himself seriously to think of it.——He knew,  
truly to *repent*, he must lead a *new Life*, and  
d his *former*, and *all other Crimes*.——But how  
ult ! what Struggles had he to forget *Nannett*  
*Tonton* ! he could not avoid remembering the  
Thing he wanted to be *blotted* from his *Me-*  
y; then, how could he say *he would forget*  
?——No, but as he could not prevent the  
usion of *Thought*, he was determin'd to refrain

from *actual Evil*. As this was the utmost he could bring himself to, he rested satisfy'd that this *Resolution* would hold firm.

THE first Week at *Greenwich* was not extremely pleasant, as young Mr. *Villeneuve* seldom spoke or seem'd to regard him, but as the Apprentice a Weaver, for whom his Father had some Value, *Jack* perceiv'd the Reason of this Coolness, and some Degrees stole in a *Latin Sentence*; and some curious Observations, but in such Language and Accent (for he had quite lost the *Irish Tone*) that surpris'd the young Gentleman, and made him desirous of a more intimate Acquaintance. This was easily accomplish'd, and as *Jack's* Health and Spirits encreas'd, he made great Progress in the Applications of Mr. *Villeneuve*.

THE old Gentleman had determin'd to send his Son to *Paris* for a Year or two, that by Travel and a different Climate and Company, he might be brought insensibly to act like other Men. He found his Son was much pleas'd with *Jack*, and propos'd his going with him as a kind of Service, of whom he might at Times make a Companion. The young Gentleman express'd his Satisfaction, and *Conyers* was vastly delighted at seeing a Son more of the World, and not be oblig'd to return to the perpetual Motion of the Shuttle.

I MUST leave the Management of *Montpelier* and *Champignon* to the old Gentleman, and bid adieu to *Spittle-Fields*, *Tonton*, and *Bersheba*, for in the next Months Mr. *Villeneuve* and *Conyers* found themselves in the Capital of *France*.

C H A P. XVI.

*Learned, full of inward Pride,  
Fops of outward Show deride ;  
Fop, with Learning at Defiance,  
Laughs at the Pedant, and the Science :  
Don, a formal, solemn Strutter,  
Spies Monsieur's Airs and Flutter ;  
While Monsieur mocks the formal Fool  
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by Rule.  
Britain, a Medley of the Twain,  
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,  
Fancy wiser than the Rest,  
Laughs at them both,——*

GAY.

JACK was now in his Nineteenth Year, of a good Stature, good Complexion, and, when he was a very genteel and handsome Fellow. His Eyes were black and sprightly ; he had a most agreeable Smile, and something so easy in his Manner, that he prepossess'd every one in his Favour at first Sight. When he spoke, it was with great Modesty, but his Learning and good Sense made him heard with Pleasure. He had found out the great Secret of Conversation, which was to speak to the Point, but to the Purpose, and he had likewise learn'd to get the better in an Argument, by sometimes giving it up.

His fix'd Allowance from Mr. Villeneuf was but small, but he equipp'd him with decent Cloaths, new Shirts, and from Time to Time with Money sufficient to dine at a good Ordinary, and he always clean and neat. Mr. Villeneuf generally went out about Ten in the Morning, and return'd to his Lodgings about Five in the Evening, except he



went to the Comedy, but never expected *Conyers* till about Eight or Nine o'Clock. *Jack* always attended when he was dressing, but was of little Use, as a *French* Footman perform'd all that Operation.

MR. VILLENEUF had a *Fencing* and a *Dancing* Master, rather because it was the *Fashion*, and than his Father insisted on it, than for any Use they might be of to him. The Gentlemen constantly attended, but *Conyers* principally received the Benefit of the Instructions. This was of infinite Advantage, as it strengthen'd his Limbs, and gave him a Carriage that still added to the Gracefulness of his Person. When his Curiosity was pretty much gratify'd, he apply'd closely to the best *French* Authors, making their *History* and *Language* familiar to him. He examin'd and enquir'd, as far as he was able, into their *Laws*, their *Customs* and *Manners*; and made such Observations, that more learned Travellers need not have been ashamed of.

His young Master, or rather his Friend, had Books enough, and in Conversation gave him many Hints which he improv'd. One Night at Supper *Villeneuf* told him, he wonder'd at his staying so much in the House; and that he ought to go more into the *World*! 'You are always, said he, poring over Books, and advising me against what you practise yourself.'—'I confess Sir, said *Conyers*, it is but too true. I am necessitated to act like the *Gascoin*; for, not having it in my Power to read the *Great*, I must content myself with the *small World*, as I find it in Books.'—'Pray, said Mr. *Villeneuf*, how did the *Gascoin* manage?'—'Why Sir, reply'd *Conyers*, the *Gascoin* was just as poor a Fellow as I am, but he took it into his Head to be *Industrious*, and amuse himself with selling Water in *Paris*. An old Friend met him



his Pitchers, and was vastly surpriz'd that a Gentleman of his *Noble Blood*, could so demean himself as to follow *so low* an Occupation. Lord! *My* d the *Gascoin*, you quite mistake the Matter, I am a Man of *great Importance*, and such a favourite at Court, that the *King* has granted me the *Waters of the Sein*, but as I have not found a *Chap* to buy the *Whole* at once, I see I am oblig'd to *retail it*.'—'So, said Villenuf, the Moral of the Story is, that your Poverty prevents your following my Advice; but henceforward, that shall be no Obstacle. My appointment is more than I possibly know how to depend, and must desire your Assistance in the Management of Part of it. To begin, take these *five Pieces*, and command more when they are needed.'—'Sir, said Conyers, I own I meant to beg a little Money, but could never imagine your Generosity and Goodness, extensive and great as they are, could lead you into such an Act, that my poor Services can never repay.'

CONYERS, like *Numps* in the Comedy, was another Creature with *Money* in his Pocket, and was so elate, that he could not avoid imparting his good Fortune to *Madam Comode*, the Milliner, where they lodg'd. She rejoic'd exceedingly, and all'd Mr. Villenuf's Generosity to the Skies, but insinuated, that the *Bounty was vastly lessen'd, and the Worth and Value of the Receiver was condemn'd*.—Many were the Compliments and Encomiums bestow'd on him by the good Woman and her fair Daughter *Mademoiselle MADELAIN*. This young Lady was bless'd with peculiar *Eloquence*, and such a Fluency of Speech, that Conyers press'd his Acceptance of a Couple of *Lewis d'Ors*, which some accidental Words, he found she stood in need of. With great Difficulty she consented, but

assur'd him, *it was owing to his irresistible Passions.*—He imagin'd sometimes, she was troubled with Fleas, but he found those of *Paris* more troublesome than those he had before hunted; for, though he often attempted, yet he never could catch one of *Madelain's*.

HE din'd most commonly at a neighbouring *tel* frequented by very good Company, where he had the Honour of hearing the *English* pretty severely handled, particularly by *Monsieur MAQUEREAU*, and the *Chevalier FANFARON*.—

'I can't conceive, said *Maquereau*, how *London* maintains itself, for most of the Inhabitants to report themselves to *Paris*.'—'True, cry'd *Fanfaron*, those *English* of some Understanding, but they can never improve but by our Company.'—'I can't blame them, reply'd the other, for it is but some Glimmering of a good Taste. The *English* continued he, have that plodding Turn, and a Sort of blunt Stupidity, that enables them to squander Money, and as foolishly to throw it away. Would it not for their *Guineas*, their Company would be insupportable.'—It must be confess'd, said the *Chevalier*, that their Purse is the best part about them. They are awkward and clumsy, and have not the least Spark of French Politeness.—'I'm sure, said *Maquereau* (raising his Shoulders,) we take great Pains to make them reasonable Animals, by sending such a constant vision of *Cooks, Milliners, Taylors, Footmen, Silks, Embroideries*, and a Million of other Ingredients in the Composition of a fine Gentleman or Lady; and so ungrateful are the Creatures that they send us nothing in return.'—'For cry'd the *Chevalier*! what the Devil have they sent us? So they come in Person to return our Thanks.'—Many more vain and impertinent

pass'd between them; and the *Chevalier* ended by saying, 'It must be allowed, France is the Nation in the World where People see good Manners and true Politeness.'

CONYERS was very uneasy at this Conversation; *Monsieur DE PENSE*, an elderly Gentleman, with a Glass of Wine, and said to him, 'Mr. Englishman, I have the Honour to drink your Health in the *English Fashion*, and I love it the better. I have great Obligations to the *English*, and regard them as a *brave* and *generous People*. As for *Politeness*, I swear they have more than what I have seen this Day at Table.'——'Sir, said Conyers, I am very glad to find so much in one Gentleman, and am disappointed at not discovering the same in all.'——'How, Sir! cry'd the *Chevalier*, in an half Angry Tone.——'Sir, reply'd Conyers, very briskly, you'll be so good to indulge me two Words, before your Warmth encreases. Gentlemen, continued he, I am in *Paris* by Command; therefore, am not one of those who come hither to learn *Fashions*. All Nations have *Fools* in Abundance.——*English Fools* go Abroad, because they have Money, and perhaps the *Fools* of this Country stay at Home because they have none. I frequently meet them, and sometimes dine with them, and, if you will take their Words, they are Men of *Taste* and *Politeness*; but, to convince you of it, they will tell you that the *English* are *stupid* and *barbarous*. They'll use the rudest Expressions with the most respectful Air, and call it *Good Manners*. I own, Gentlemen, my Ignorance cannot comprehend the *Politeness* of such a Conduct, but my little Experience has taught me not to judge of a whole Nation, by a few recent *bad Samples*.——*Fanfa-*  
*re* and *Maqueriau* swell'd with Choler, but

*Pensè*, in a Sort of peremptory Manner, desir'd  
 ' them to be easy, and added,—‘ I am asham'd of  
 ' all this. Every one here knew this young Gentleman  
 ' was *English*, and every one of us ought to  
 ' strive who could most oblige him. If Gentlemen  
 ' will strike the *Ball*, they must expect it will re-  
 ' bound, and I doubt not but the young *Englishman*  
 ' is as capable of handling a *Racket* as either of you;  
 ' but by G— he that offends him by Design, de-  
 ' ends me.'---I offend the Gentleman? cry'd the  
 ' *Chevalier*, I hope I have more good Manners.—  
 ' I am truly sorry, said *Maquerau*, any Pleasantry of  
 ' mine should offend a Stranger, much more one  
 ' of so respectable a Nation as *England*, and I hope  
 ' the Gentleman will be so good to grant me his  
 ' Pardon.'—Sir, said the *Chevalier* to *Jack*, I assure  
 ' the same with the utmost Sincerity, and flatter  
 ' myself the *Good nature*, so peculiar to the *English*  
 ' Nation, will demonstrate itself on this unhappy  
 ' Occasion; for be assur'd, Sir, we had not the least  
 ' Intention of affronting you, or our dear Friend  
 ' *Monsieur de Pensè*.' — Mutual Compliments  
 having pass'd, the Affair was finally adjusted, but  
 Mr. *Pensè* begg'd a further Acquaintance with  
*Conyers*, for he was vastly satisfied with his Con-  
 duct.

AT Supper, *Jack* acquainted Mr. *Villeneuve* with  
 his Adventure, who seem'd extreamly pleas'd he  
 had come off so well.--- ‘ That idle Partiality to  
 ' our Country, and the despising all others, said Mr.  
 ' *Villeneuve*, gives Rise to a thousand Quarrels. Do  
 ' not our vulgar Countrymen most heartily abuse  
 ' the *French*, and all other Nations? And I believe  
 ' many of our Great-ones do the same.'—‘ In this  
 ' Sir, said *Jack*, you may very justly say,

*The Great Vulgar, and the Small,  
 Differ in little, —if at all.*



‘The *highest* and *lowest* Class only vary in their Vices by the Manner of committing them. They have their *Amours*, and are equally gratify’d.—One may drink *Champaign* or *Burgundy* to Excess, and the other be as happily drunk with *Beer* or *Gin*.—One may *game* for a Thousand Pounds, and the other be as eager, and *cheat* as much in a Play for Two-pence.’—But, said Mr. Villeneuf, in *Swearing* and *Cursing*, as their Capacities are *equal*, they are equal in every Part.’—In abusing the *French*, said Conyers, they may have a Shadow of Reason, because they are always *publick* or *private* Enemies; but what can be said, Sir, when they *abuse* and *insult* a whole Kingdom, govern’d by the *same Monarch*, the *same Laws*, and *inhabited* by the *same People* as themselves?—I suppose, said Villeneuf, you mean the People of IRELAND, for I know you have a warm Side to it.’—Sir, said Conyers, I shall not deny it, neither do I think it a *criminal Warmth*; for he who wishes well to a *Part* of his Majesty’s faithful Subjects, ought to do so to the *Remainder*.’—‘Not only so, reply’d Villeneuf, but is bound in *Duty* to wish well, that is, to endeavour to convert the *bad ones*. Your Observation on the *Insults* offer’d the *Irish*, is, I think, rather too general, and holds true, but with Regard to what you term the *great* and *small* *Vulgar*. Gentlemen of a *certain Education*, think differently, and are not Slaves to *old popular Errors* and *Prejudices*. However, I believe you will confess, that the *infamous Practices* of some of the *Irish*, don’t much contribute to remove the *Partiality*.’—‘Tis too true, Sir, said Conyers, and many pay for their Pranks with their Lives, and die suddenly in *Tyburn Road*. If a poor Wretch has, or takes on himself a Name, some



' thing like the *common Irish*, every *News-Paper*  
 ' charges him to the Account of *Ireland*, wh  
 ' perhaps some other Part was entitled to the P  
 ' *nour*. This has often made me wish, that  
 ' *Hibernians* had a *Gallows* erected for their o  
 ' proper Use, as they have here for the *Norman*  
 ' and, who knows, but a *certain Shame* m  
 ' operate more forcibly than the *Severity* of Law  
 ' WELL, well, *cry'd Villeneuf*, I am for  
 ' *Cord*, let it fit whom it will. As for the A  
 ' and *Banter* bestow'd in general on the *Irish*  
 ' think it falls only on *those* who give it ; but as  
 ' seem to interest yourself about *them*, and I be  
 ' know little of the *Conduct* of *England*, with  
 ' gard to that *Kingdom*, I shall give you, f  
 ' Time or another, a short *Tract* on that Subj  
 ' which I have chiefly collected from the *Obser*  
 ' tions of my *Father*.——*Conyers* return'd him  
 ' ny Thanks, and *Mr. Villeneuf* desiring him  
 ' keep up his Acquaintance with *Monsieur Pe*  
 ' retir'd to his Chamber.

## C H A P. XVII.

Of all the Follies we can boast,  
 None, sure, can be so strong,  
 As pay a Fool to rule the Roast,  
 And guide our Children wrong.  
 What Man, who plows the fertile Soil  
 Will summon all the Crows  
 To reap the Fruits of all his Toil,  
 And leave him all the Woes.

ANONIMO

NEXT Morning *Conyers* paid a Visit to  
*sieur Pensé*, and was genteely received.  
 usual Compliments being over, ' I doubt not,

said he, but you were greatly shock'd, Yesterday, at the Impertinencies of the two Scoundrels; but, as you very justly said, that you would not brand a whole Nation for the Faults of a few, I believe I can strengthen your good Sense, by informing you who those Men are.'—'I am sure, Sir, said Conyers, they are Persons of low Minds, which made my Resentment fall the lighter; but I must own my Obligations to you, for extricating me from an Affair that might have been as troublesome as necessary.—I promise you, said Pensé, you owe me nothing, and you will be convinc'd of it, when I have the Pleasure of being better known to you. At present, permit me to give you a short Account of those Gentlemen who gave themselves so many *Airs*.

'FANFARON was very early dubb'd a Knight of the famous and antient Order of INDUSTRY. It is impossible to inform you of his many Exploits in France, Italy, and in England, where I had the Honour of meeting him and Maquereau at a Gaming-Mable, and detected them of using loaded Dice. Fanfaron fell to my Share, and Maquereau to a Friend. The Discipline of the Cane and Kicking lasted a full half Hour, and was so entertaining, that they have ever since done me the Honour of being extreamly complaisant.

'THE Chevalier got acquainted in London with Mrs. Smith, the Wife of an Italian Merchant. She was a most charming Woman, and her Husband was extreamly fond. His Business calling him to Leghorn, he prudently settled his Affairs, and made his dear Wife sole Executrix, and divided his Fortune between her and a Child. Poor Mr. Smith went off, and his tender Consort would have been inconsolable, had not the good-natur'd Fanfaron comforted her in her Afflictions.

AT

‘ At last the *Chevalier* persuaded her into a Scheme, to make their Joys more complete and not so liable to be interrupted by the Curiosity of a *Husband*. He very dexterously forg’d a Letter from the Correspondent at *Leghorn* to Mr. *Smith*, full of kind Expressions and Friendships, and the great Difficulty he was under, by being oblig’d to mention the Loss of so worthy and good a Man as Mr. *Smith*, who took a Fever, and in Spite of all Assistance, and the Skill of Physicians, died in his Arms the Ninth Day, confirming his *Testament* made in England.

MRS. SMITH was now a *Widow*, and acted her Part to such Perfection, that her Relations thought she could not long survive. — ‘ Good Heavens!’ cry’d *Conyers*, I shudder at the Consequences. — ‘ Well, Sir, said *Pense*, notwithstanding his mighty Grief, her *Weeds* and *Administ’ring* to her Will were not forgotten. In fine, she call’d in the Debts, sold off the Stock in Trade, the House, and every Thing belonging to it, and finding herself in Possession of Six Thousand Pounds in Cash, very fairly bid *Adieu* to her *Husband*, her *Children*, her *Father*, and all her Relations, and flew with her beloved *Fanfaron* to this famous City.

‘ POOR Mr. *Smith* return’d soon after to England. If his Pleasure was great at the Thought of meeting his dearest Wife, what were the Torments he endur’d, when he found he had not only lost her, but was reduced to Beggary? Words cannot express his melancholy Situation, and the Manner of it afflicted him more than had he been depriv’d of all, by any other Accident. His Friends did all in their Power to assuage his Woes; and as he had an extream good Character, and was really an honest Man, the Merchants of London acting like themselves, supported his Credit

‘ abroad

abroad, advanc'd him Money, and set him so fairly in the World, that I left him greatly recover'd in his Spirits and Fortune.

'DEAR Sir, said Conyers, you give me great Joy, but I am curious to know, if possible, what became of Mrs. Smith.—Her Fate, reply'd Pensé, was dreadful enough. *Fanfaron*, for some Time, liv'd a gay and splendid Life. *Constancy* and *Humanity* were not amongst his Virtues or Vices; so that in about Twelve Months, Madam was sent to Graze on the Common, till at last, having run through every Scene of Misery, attended by a guilty Conscience, she finish'd her Days in the Hospital of *La Charité*.'

TEARS stood in Conyers's Eyes; but when he a little recover'd, 'poor Wretch, said he, 'As the Hand of Providence is so visible, I shall not pretend to arraign its Justice or Mercy.—I presume, continued he, Monsieur *Fanfaron* enjoys the Remainder of her Fortune with vast Comfort and Satisfaction, and doubt not, but he will some Day or other, have the Honour of entertaining a Crowd at the *Grevé*;—and very likely, added Pensé, attended by his Friend *Maquereau*.—This other fine Gentleman, continued he, was a Footman in *Paris*, and went to *London* with an English Lord. Had he had common Honesty, he might have made a Fortune, for he don't want Sense. He pass'd through many Services, and was remarkably dextrous in the nice Conduct of an Affair, which in *Italy* is managed by a *Secretario de Amore*, and what in *England* is term'd *Pimping*. The Money he got by this Branch of Business, was all laid out at the *Gaming-Table*. However, I found him in *Paris* a few Years ago, withan *Equipage*; but by some Circumstances that then happen'd, I have Reason to believe his last

' Master



‘ Master was not the richer for him.—But let  
 ‘ drop these Fellows, for they are not worth  
 ‘ Thoughts, tho’ we are compell’d sometimes  
 ‘ dine with, and be civil to them.

‘ I ORSERV’D, said Conyers, an Englishman  
 ‘ Table Yesterday with a young Lad, and what  
 ‘ priz’d me was, they never open’d their Mouth  
 ‘ but to eat and drink.’—O, reply’d Pensè with  
 ‘ Laugh, the Gentleman you mention, is a BEAR-  
 ‘ LEADER.’—‘ A BEAR-LEADER, cry’d Conyers  
 ‘ In the Name of Wonder, what Profession is that  
 ‘ Why, Sir, answer’d Pensè, A Bear-leader is  
 ‘ Man who understands Latin and Greek, and  
 ‘ well paid by a rich Father to take his Child  
 ‘ expose him through every great Town in Europe  
 ‘ —I suppose, said Conyers, you mean a Governour  
 ‘ to a young Gentleman in his Travels.’—‘ Yes  
 ‘ may give it, reply’d the other, what Name  
 ‘ please in England, but I am sure they here  
 ‘ it the proper Appellation; for the Boys that  
 ‘ nerally follow these Leaders, may very justly  
 ‘ be call’d Cubs.’—Conyers smil’d, and the Con-  
 ‘ sation continued on various Subjects, till they  
 ‘ drew to Dinner.

IN the Evening, Jack gave Mr. Villeneuve  
 Account of his Visit, and did not forget the De-  
 scription of a Bear-leader.—‘ Certain it is, said  
 ‘ Villeneuve, nothing improves the Mind of a young  
 ‘ Man like prudent Travel. We are sensible  
 ‘ this in England, but few know how to conduct  
 ‘ it.—We generally take a Lad from the University  
 ‘ where, tho’ he has acquir’d some Learning,  
 ‘ he is as ignorant of the World as his Bed-maid  
 ‘ and at once case him up in fine Cloaths, and  
 ‘ him run a Winter or two in London. He is  
 ‘ taken up; and saddled with a Governour,



travels him round *Europe*, and in two or three Years he returns to his *dear Parents* loaded with the *Baubles* and *Vices* of each Country.'—'And is this, Sir, *said Conyers*, the mighty Uses of Travelling?—'Tis but too frequently so, *reply'd Villeneuf*; but when a Youth of Education, improv'd by good Company, travels with a Gentleman of *Sense* for his Companion, his Friends may expect the *Harvest* of a thorough Accomplishment. This Youth will remark on the *Strength* and *Weakness* of different Countries; on the *Usefulness* of different *Manufactures*, and endeavour to *transplant* those Sciences that may advantage his Country, and improve it. This I call travelling, and not *riding Post*; but to send a Boy of Sixteen or Seventeen Years of Age, who knows nothing of his own Country, with a *Pedant* as ignorant as himself, is truly, what your Friend calls, *exposing both* to the *Ridicule* and *Imposition* of Foreigners, and brings a Contempt on our Country.—One will improve by the good *Customs* and *Manners*, and the other as certainly catch the *Follies* and *Impertinencies* of every Nation they travel through; and every Nation have some of one, and too much of the other.'

'SIR, *said Conyers*, tho' I do not pretend to be a Traveller, yet I cannot help observing, that the *Courtesy* of this Country is not of the *right Breed*. Their *Civilities*, or, as they call it, their *Politeness*, seem to me rather an *Habit*, and *Jingle of Words*, than to carry a Meaning significant of what they express.'—'Sometimes, *said Villeneuf*, it is so; yet, when I find myself deceived, their Manner of doing it, prevents my finding Fault, and even pleases. 'Tis *this Sort of Manner* that makes a Stranger pass his Time more agreeably

' agreeably in *France*, than in most other Countries  
 ' and what I wish our People had a little more of  
 ' —I believe, Sir, *answer'd Conyers*, if our  
 ' *English* want that *Manner*, they make it fully up  
 ' their *Sincerity*. —So we say, *reply'd Villeneuf*  
 ' but suppose it Fact, What have I to do with  
 ' *Sincerity* of a People with whom I mean to pass  
 ' but a short Time; to contract no particular  
 ' *Friendships*; and to keep myself in that neutral  
 ' *civil Stile* which every Stranger has a Title to  
 ' Believe me, *Conyers*, Men of Fortune will be nat-  
 ' urally drawn to *that Place* where they can pur-  
 ' chase most *Pleasure*, and receive most *Honour*.  
 ' You may, if you please, call it *Flattery*; but since  
 ' we choose to *swallow*, they are in the Right to  
 ' administer *the Dose*. —' I wonder, *said Conyers*,  
 ' that so much of it don't turn the Stomach.  
 ' Just the contrary, *reply'd Villeneuf*, for the Stomach  
 ' is so accusom'd to it, that it becomes  
 ' *real Nutriment*, and such a Nutriment, that many  
 ' *Courts* in *Europe* are so fond of, that they will  
 ' purchase it, tho' their *Liberties* may be the Price.  
 ' —I have often heard, *said Conyers*, that the French  
 ' have always aim'd at *Universal Monarchy*, but I  
 ' should imagine, that the Fate of the *Romans*  
 ' who fell by their own Weight, would deter them  
 ' from such a Project; but *Ambition* and *Glory* have  
 ' no Bounds. —' If, *said Villeneuf*, they have such  
 ' Notions, they may manage in another Manner.  
 ' By the Conversation I have frequently had with  
 ' some Gentlemen of Understanding, I have laid  
 ' down a Plan of *French Politicks* by Way of *Hypo-*  
 ' *thesis*, and not as *Truth*, which is very difficult  
 ' to come at. If my Conjectures are right, the  
 ' System is short, and far from *impracticable*. —  
 ' But it is now late, so take it, and examine it at  
 ' your Leisure.'

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 137

WHEN both were retir'd, *Conyers* read, and copied, as he always did, the Observations of Mr. *Villeneuf*. He now began, from the Study of *Books*, to examine the *Truth* from the Study of *Man*, and compare them together. The Reflections of Mr. *Villeneuf*, and the Additions made by *Conyers*, according to the Time he had occasion to mention them, must be left to that *Time* to discover; for he is now going to Bed, and so am I.

C H A P. XVIII.

'Tis an Old Maxim in the Schools,  
That Flatt'ry is the Food of Fools;  
Yet now and then your Men of Wit  
Will condescend to take a Bit.

SWIFT.

CONYERS constantly visited Monsieur *Pensé*, and was much improv'd by his Company. *Villeneuf* was so extreamly pleas'd, that he supply'd him very liberally with Money; but whatever good Sense *Jack* possess'd, he by no Means understood the Uses of that Commodity. His Landlady and the fair *Madelain* were determin'd to enjoy an equal Share of it, at the small Expence of a little Flattery, and the nice tickling the String of Vanity and Self-Opinion, so common in Youth, and that Age and Experience are not always Proof against.

THESE Ladies had engaged the Esteem of *Conyers*, by a thousand winning Ways; but now, his Person and his vast Accomplishments were the Theme of every Hour. When they spoke of him to Strangers, it was with Rapture, but they took care that he was within hearing. This Sort of Conduct, not only produc'd frequent Plays, Operas

*Operas* and Parties of Pleasure; but often extracted half a dozen Pieces for some pretended Emergency, which were repaid by *Madelain* in *Careless* and by every Freedom except the last.

THEY often wish'd that *Conyers* had a Fortune agreeable to his Merit, and insinuated, that perhaps they might be of Service to him. — 'It is not, *Madame Commode*, a New or Uncommon Thing for *Ladies* of Fortune, to make themselves happy with a young Gentleman of your Figure and Understanding.' — 'And I know, said *Madelain*, the most beautiful Lady with half a Million of Livres that, I believe sees Monsieur *Conyer* oftener than he imagines.' — 'In a Word, cry'd *Madame*, since my Girl has blabb'd out so much, I must tell you a little more. The Daughter of a rich Banker of *Paris*, has seen you, and is actually in Love. Her Companion sups with me this Evening, and you must be of the Party.' — 'Lord, *Madame*, cry'd *Madelain*, what a charming Company they will be! How delightfully will they live! What a superbe Equipage, and magnificent Household! Good God! What cannot Youth, Beauty and Riches do together.' — 'Hold hold, said her Companion, not so fast if you please. Fair and soft! — This must be a Work of some Time, and I am nag'd with great Address, or we shall stumble at many Difficulties.' — *Conyers* blush'd, and gave many Thanks for the good Opinion she was pleas'd to entertain of him — that he would study to deserve her Favour, and would be entirely guided by her. — 'Leave it to me, reply'd *Madame*, and I will engage to make something of it. — I need not fire you to be cheerful and free with the Ladies to Night, but don't think of making her any more sents till you become a little more intimate, which I hope will be about the third Visit. — Pray



must be made, but let them be *genteel* and *frequent*.—*They pave the Way, and Oyl the Hinges.*—*You understand me.*—‘Extreamly well, *reply’d* Conyers, and as I know they are absolutely necessary, they shall not be wanting.’

CONYERS provided some excellent *Burgundy* and *campaign*, and in the Evening was presented, with great Form and Encomiums, to the *amiable* Com-  
munion of the Fair *unknown*. At Supper he was  
cheerfully Gay and Polite, and, at her Request,  
sang several new Songs in an elegant Taste.—*Ma-*  
*moiselle FARDE* was highly delighted with his  
agreeable Company, and gave many Proofs of it.  
—*Madame Commode* and *Madelain* were very  
warm in their Praises, and the Night concluded with  
equal Marks of Esteem and Respect.

A SECOND and a Third Evening past pretty  
much like the First, except that *Madamoiselle Fardé*  
Conyers were very intimate and free. *Madame*  
*Commode*, by Accident shewing some fine new  
fashion’d Caps and Ruffles, Conyers embrac’d the  
very Opportunity of presenting *Madamoiselle Fardé*  
with what she seem’d to like most. The Gift was  
a Ruffle of about *Twelve Lewis d’ Or’s*; and, with  
that Entreaty, was accepted. That Night the  
*Lady* of the House brought on the proper Sub-  
ject, and with some Hesitation, *Madamoiselle Fardé*  
acknowledg’d that *Monsieur Conyer* was not indiffe-  
rent to the *Lady* she had the Honour to live with.—  
Conyers bow’d, and assur’d her he was in Love with  
the Description of that beautiful Angel, and with  
many Apologies, begg’d she would convey a small  
Token to her fair Hands. *Madamoiselle Fardé* ob-  
jected to such a Procedure, and would have abso-  
lutely refused it, had not *Madame Commode* and *Ma-*  
*delain* most artfully pleaded his Cause.—He had a

*Letter*

Letter prepar'd, which he most respectfully gave her.——She was equally ready, and, with a whisper, slipp'd a Note into his Hand.

WHEN all were retir'd, he read his Billet which contain'd these Words, “*I have my Reason for what I do. Let me see you To-morrow Evening at Six o’Clock in the Tuilleries. Keep this a profound Secret. Adieu.*”——Conyers was punctual, and Fanny was exact.——She told him, ’twas impossible to meet so often at *Madame Commode’s* without being observ’d, and to take him to the *Lady’s* House was impossible; that to be of Service to both, she had taken a *private* Lodging, where they could discuss their Matters, and where the *Lady* would certainly not find him, were it in her Power. She then added, “*We may be observ’d even here, let us retire.*” Conyers attended, and was conducted to a *back Lane*, and a very *indifferent* Chamber of which she had the Key.——Here she inform’d him of many Particulars with regard to the young *Lady*, and gave him Hopes of bringing Matters to a happy Issue, and promis’d her utmost Assistance.——So much Goodness naturally claim’d a *grateful* Return, and at last she was prevail’d on to accept *Ten Pounds*. His *Generosity* charm’d her, nor could she forbear answering his tender *Embraces*, which by Degrees became more *Fervent*, so that—you will permit me to *continue* this History.

HE had now compleatly fix’d *Mademoiselle Fanny* on his Side, yet they met at his Lodgings as usual, but more frequently in this.——The young *Lady* answer’d his Billets in a proper and polite Manner, and permitted him to *Hope*. He reply’d as politely, and the Correspondence went on in the most agreeable Manner, though he sometimes thought that the *Postage* was rather too expensive; however

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 141

was sure of the Lady's Affections, he judg'd it bestow'd, and waited for the Issue with great patience for above Four Months.

ONE Morning as he was going out, he found a letter to *Madame Commode*, which had been dropt by accident, and he read,

Dear *Commode*,

YOU have afforded me infinite Pleasure by the Company of the *English Man*. Were he my dearer, our Profit would be greater; however, I shall do my Part to ease the poor Devil of what he don't know the Value of. I send you back your embroidered Petticoat, which the Fool gave me last Night, so give the Bearer *Six Lewis d'Ors*. I shall call on you To-morrow, and think I have contriv'd a scheme to keep the silly Fellow's Hopes alive, at least three Months longer. Adieu.

' FARDE.

London Citizen look'd so much Aghast,  
At the dread Shock of first or second Earthquake;  
At Broughton, famous Brulser! felt such Pangs  
When Slack, the Pupil of his Iron Hands,  
Struck his tough Fists, and with a mighty Stroke  
Cry'd those Eyes that saw to aim so well;  
He look'd and felt, the Poor, the bubbled Conyers.

He read and read, but at last cry'd out, ' I am an *English Man*——I am a poor Devil, a Fool, and a silly Fellow, but——*Art to Art*, '——and then he found the Letter just where he found it.

He recover'd his usual Sprightliness, and went to Mr. *Penfè*, to whom he communicated the particulars of this Affair in a very serious Manner; he had no sooner heard *Madame Commode* than he bid him, *have a Care*.——' I am

' surpriz'd,

‘ surpriz’d, *said he*, that a young Fellow of  
 ‘ Understanding, has not found out that *that*  
 ‘ is but of the middling order of *Bauds*.—  
 ‘ are her *Dupe*, her *Cully*, and give me but  
 ‘ mission, and I shall demonstrate it to you.  
 ‘ Permit me, *said Conyers*, to thank and save  
 ‘ the Trouble, for I know it perfectly well,  
 ‘ my Knowledge is not Three Hours old.’  
 then told him the Remainder of the Story,  
 begg’d his Advice, which *Pensé* gave, with an  
 dition of good Instructions.

CONYERS found Means to persuade *Ville*  
 to change Lodgings, and on various Pretences  
 borrow a few *Louis* from *Madame Commode*,  
 even from *Mademoiselle Fardé*. — At last  
 contriv’d a Letter as from London to a Merchant  
 in *Paris*, wherein, amongst many Particulars,  
 express’d his Surprise, that *Mr. Conyers* would  
 to live in the Manner he did with *Mr. Villen*  
 when a large Estate waited his Orders, by the De  
 of his Father. A Gentleman deliver’d to  
*Commode* this Letter open, with Directions wh  
 he liv’d, but that he would have the Honour of  
 ing on *Mr. Conyers* in a few Days.

’Tis not easy to conceive the Impression  
 Letter made on the Mother and Daughter. T  
 gave it to *Conyers* with prodigious Respect,  
 form’d Projects infinitely more extensive than  
 first.—He told them he knew of this before, th  
 fore was not elate on any Advancement of Fort  
 but he likewise found a Time to persuade *Mad*  
 to accompany him to *England*, and share it w  
 him.—As she consented to his generous Propo  
 it is not surprising that they seal’d the Agreement  
 the most solemn Manner.

HE was now out of the House of *Madame C*  
*mode*, and constantly visited *Mademoiselle F*



good Creature, was much more liberal of her  
 than he expected; but *Jack* being of a free  
 communicative Temper, *Miss Madelain* shared in  
 his *Fortune*.—He soon was sensible of his Situation,  
 apply'd to his Friend *Pensé*, who, with a Smile,

'This Affair has ended with strict poetical  
 Justice, and let it there remain. Drop these fine  
 studies, and make your Court to a Surgeon.'

For *Conyers* was greatly mortify'd.—The Re-  
 sults of his *Mind* were not lighten'd by the Pains  
 of his *Body*. He found he had not only acted im-  
 prudently, but wickedly; and, once more, began  
 to repent, that is, to dread a sharper Punishment;  
 he had that Sort of uneasy Foreboding in the  
 Breast that many feel, but what none can describe or  
 account for.

His Intimacy with *Pensé* for almost two Years,  
 was grown into a strict Friendship.—To this sensi-  
 ble Man, he discover'd his present Situation, and  
 spent his whole Life, and received such Consola-  
 tion and Comfort, that greatly alleviated his Sor-  
 row.—They were now in the *Tulleries*, and the  
 rise of *Conyers* was extream, when Mr. *Pensé*  
 began to Speak in very good English.—'Tis but  
 just, my dear *Conyers* said he, to repay your Con-  
 fidence in me, by giving you some Account of  
 myself, which I shall fairly do, and in few  
 words.'

I WAS born, continued he, in London, of  
 French Protestant Parents, and my real Name  
 is *Villars*. My Father was a *Mercer*, and bred  
 me to the Business; but it seems, my idle In-  
 clinations led me more to Plays, Gaming Houses,  
 and Horse Races.—My Father thought that a  
 prudent Wife would take off my Wildness, and  
 provided me with as good a one, as ever Man  
 was bless'd with.—We commenc'd in Trade,  
 ' and

and had tollerable Business ; but *Diversion*,  
 what they call, *innocent Recreation*, was  
 in my weak Head. I was often at the  
*Houses*, and a constant Member of two or three  
*notable Clubs*.—I sometimes try'd my Fortune  
 a *Masquerade*, where my Disguise sav'd my  
 reputation, but not my *Purse*.—I kept a  
 of good Geldings, and frequently ventur'd  
 or an Hundred Pieces at *Epsom*, *Tunbridge*  
 other *Races*.—My poor dear Girl, with  
 Words and Tears in her Eyes, has remonstred  
 the *Injury* I did my *Credit* ;—That I lost  
 only my Money to *Sharps*, but my Youth  
 Time, which never could be recall'd.—I laugh'd  
 at her sober Follies, but she never reply'd, but  
 “ Well well, I hope my dear Tom will think  
 “ fore it is too late.”

NOTWITHSTANDING my idle Extravagance  
 my dear Wife managed the Shop so well,  
 my Circumstances rather increas'd than diminish'd  
 —The Folly of appearing rich in the Eyes  
 the World, is a sure Way of being poor in Re-  
 lity.—This Folly I had, and without consider-  
 my Force, I took a House and Garden at  
 wich, kept my Chair and more Servants ;  
 according to Custom, went there on Saturdays  
 and return'd on Mondays ; but to my Shame  
 speak it, I did worse, much worse, for I kept  
 Where.—Oh, Mr. *Conyers* ! could my Example  
 could the Compunction of Mind I now feel  
 be a Warning to Mankind, I should have  
 Pleasure in being a *Sacrifice* for their Use-  
 Well Sir, these Matters took their natural Course  
 I began to think People ask'd fort heir Money  
 more frequently than they were wont.—I was  
 pester'd with *Duns*.—I practis'd all the low  
 and Contrivances to silence their Importunities

my Plate and Silks often visited the *Pawn-brokers*, and sometimes I was privately *arrested*.—My mind was on the *Rack*. I suffered the Torment of the *damn'd*; and all this, for *Follies* and *Imprudencies*, that in the highest Enjoyment, afforded but an *insipid Pleasure*.—Good God! what exquisite *Misery*!—Though my Temper was *ur'd*, my *dearest Girl* bore my *Peevishness* with peculiar Sweetness of Manners.—So far from reproaching my Conduct, she had laid down a *rationnal Plan* for retrieving all.—No doubt her trouble was *great*, but it was *internal* and her delicate, tender Nature, *sunk* under the Weight, and she—*died in my Arms*!—Oh *Conyers*!—*Pen's* could utter no more, for his Heart *ur'd*, and the round Drops *chac'd* one another down his *manly Cheek*.—*Conyers* was much in the same situation, but at last he said from *Shakespeare*.

*Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep:  
Passion I see is catching; for my Eyes,  
Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,  
Begin to water.'*

They took two or three silent Turns in the streets, and in about a Quarter of an Hour *Pen's* was so much recover'd as to be able to proceed.

To the Loss of my *Wife* was added the *Infirmity* of Servants, which my Carelessness made an easy Matter.—Finding the Impossibility of re-establishing my Credit, I secreted to the value of *Five Hundred Pounds*, and leaving my *Effects* to the Mercy of my *Creditors*, took shelter in *Paris*.—I had but one Comfort in all my Misfortunes, for I had no *Child* to share the Afflictions of a *guilty Father*.

In this City I have chiefly resided for Fifteen years, and get a seeming Livelihood by lending Money

‘ Money on Pledges, but the *British Minister*  
 ‘ my principal Support. He has employ’d me  
 ‘ many Occasions, and to give him Intelligence  
 ‘ every Occurrence these Ten Years past. For  
 ‘ Years ago I went to *London* on his Affairs, where  
 ‘ I met those two worthy Gentlemen, *Fanfan*  
 ‘ and *Maquereau*.—The *French* look on me  
 ‘ one of themselves.—I live quietly, and as a  
 ‘ Gentleman, and believe I am not suspected.  
 ‘ *Conyers* return’d him many Thanks for his ca-  
 ‘ Relation, and assur’d him of his inviolable Secre-

THEY were now talking of indifferent Matters  
 when *Penfè* turn’d suddenly and said, ‘ Pray  
 ‘ is the Motto to the *Order of the Bath*?—*Conyers*  
 ‘ though surpriz’d at the Question, answer’d, ‘ *T*  
 ‘ *JUNCTA IN UNO*.’—Then, reply’d *Penfè*  
 ‘ observe those three Gentlemen by yonder Table  
 ‘ in such earnest Conversation, and then you  
 ‘ see the Motto in Reality.—One, continued he,  
 ‘ an *English Non-Juring Parson*; the other is  
 ‘ an *Irish Man* of the *Society of Jesus*, and the third  
 ‘ is a *Scotch Man* of the *Episcopal Church*.—The  
 ‘ three, and many others of the same Stamp, have  
 ‘ Pensions here, and at different Times reside  
 ‘ in *London*, and divert themselves, and frigate  
 ‘ the credulous People by numberless Pamphlets  
 ‘ and Paragraphs in *News Papers* full of the *Dangers*  
 ‘ of Trade.—The Weakness and Wickedness of the  
 ‘ Ministry, be they whom it will.—The Danger  
 ‘ of our Liberties by Bribery and Corruption.—The  
 ‘ dreadful Consequences of a Standing Army, and  
 ‘ many other popular Subjects.—The *Scotch Man*  
 ‘ is a Master of his Trade, and keeps up the Credit  
 ‘ of his Books by, very ingeniously, answering  
 ‘ them himself, which gives him an Opportunity  
 ‘ of replying to himself.—They really are Men  
 ‘ of Learning and strong Parts, and meet with great

great Encouragement from the *Enemies of England*.

I SHALL not, said *Conyers*, interrupt their *pious Meditations*, for I am call'd to Mr. *Villeneuve*, who I fear waits, for my Appetite informs me it is near Dinner-time.—Few Ceremonies suffices amongst Friends, and they parted, but promis'd to meet soon again.

C H A P. XIX.

*Of Dame Partiality but holds the Glass  
Full sure, in ev'ry Virtue we surpass,  
Change but the Mirror, and let Prudence speak,  
We'll Blush at Error and our fond Mistake.*

ANONIMOUS.

FOR some Time past, Mr. *Villeneuve* had frequently made *Conyers* of his Party, and was disgrac'd by his Behaviour. This Day a select Company din'd at an eminent Citizen's.—Chearfulness and good Humour added the true Relish to Entertainment; but when the Servants were withdrawn, the Conversation fell on particular Subjects.—'as no Man, said *Monsieur St. Martin*, can judge so impartially of his own Country as a stranger of Understanding, I should be glad Mr. *Villeneuve* would give us his Opinion of *France*, with Freedom, and his accustom'd Sincerity.'—By Apologies we remade, and Compliments red, till at last Mr. *Villeneuve* consented, proposed the Question was fairly stated.—'I cannot suppose, said he, you mean to have my Opinion on what regards State Affairs.'—'No no, replied the other, we only beg your Thoughts of the people, their *Politeness*, their *Manners*, their *Address*, and their *Happiness* or otherwise.—'Tis



‘ a difficult Task you have assigned me, said Villeneuf, and will require your Patience: But great and little—long and short—strong and weak are made such, only by Comparison, I hope you will permit an alternate Account of England, under the several Articles.’—The Company approved of his Method, and he began.

‘ Few People on Earth are blest’d with such a Fund of Spirits and natural gaiety of Temper as the French; and yet, few Nations are more cramp’t in the natural Exercise of it. They laugh, they sing, they dance, and seem content. The Publick are constantly supply’d with Amusements, and Policy has so contriv’d, as to make Glory and War be thought a rational Recreation. All are disregarded but those who serve the King. The Name of Majesty is rever’d, and to fix the Impression the Deeper, a King is always the Head of the most childish Games, and at Cards the Best, is honour’d with that Title.—Such Principles are propagated with great Art, and the Religion of the Country admitting Auricular Confession and Absolution, an absolute Monarch can with Ease, direct the Current of Opinion.—Men of Learning and Judgment must go with the Stream, for it falls from too high a Fountain to be resisted, whatever their private Sentiments may be. Besides, Two or Three Hundred Thousand Orators well arm’d, will always carry Demonstration and Conviction. In England, where the Constitution admits the full Enjoyment of Property, and where Property is proportionably divided amongst all the Inhabitants, one would imagine they should be more chearful than the French, but the Fact is otherwise; for this very Property, and the Liberty of employing it, has the contrary Effect. They have the Blessing

but a *Jealousy*, and the perpetual Dread of losing it, throws *Thorns* on their *Pillows*, and, like the Miser, they *starve* in the midst of *Plenty*. They employ *Watchmen* for their *Security*, yet are in constant Fear of being *plunder'd* by them. --- This is the Rise of all the Clamour against an *bandful* of *Troops*. --- The Religion of *England*, teaches *Duty* and *Submission* to the *King*, and those in Authority under him, but some imagine, that the *Liberty* of *England* gives the People a Right to *abuse* all; not considering, that by *lessening* and *ridiculing* the just Power and Authority of their *Governors*, they *lessen* their own *Weight* and *Consequence* in the World.

FRANCE has propagated the Notion of *Military Honour* to such a Degree, that they are become a Nation of *JANISSARIES*, and perhaps must be treated as such. --- *Commerce* and *Traffick* flourishes in Peace. --- *Riches* and *Plenty*, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, are the Consequences, as well as *Pride* and *Luxury*. Men naturally become fond of these *Sweets*, and will not quietly forego them. They will find out their own *Strength* and *Power*. They will expect a *Freedom* of *Action* as well as *Thought*, and *absolute Monarchy* will fall before them. --- RICHELIEU knew this. --- He broke and divided the Power of the *Nobility*, not like *Henry* the Seventh of *England*, amongst the People, but added *all* to the Dignity and Power of the *Crown*. --- The *King* of *GREAT BRITAIN* is the *Fountain* of *Honour*; but the Monarch of this Kingdom is not only the *Fountain* of *real*, but the *Creator* of *imaginary Honours*. A trivial *Cross* dangling at a *Button-hole*, gives a *French Gentleman* such a Spirit of *Honour*, as to intreat a *General* to permit him to mount a *Breach*. In *England*, it must be a

‘ *valuable Consideration* that can persuade most Men even to do their Duty.

‘ *THE Fashions* of the two Nations are on different Footings. Here, in whatever Manner the King, or those about him are pleas’d to wear their *Swords*, or dress their *Hair*, it instantly becomes the Practice of all *Paris*. Every Man from the *Duke* to the *Porter* has his *Hat* cock’d and his *Coat* cut neatly in the same Manner. *La mode* affords more Variety.—There every Man dresses according to his *Fancy*. Some have *Coats* below the *Knees*, and *Breeches* down to the Middle of the Leg. Others mount their *Breeches* to the *Thighs*, and raise their *Skirts* to their *Waists*. Some Shop-keepers dress like *Princes*, *Counsellors*, and some of *high Rank* may be mistaken for *Coach-men*.—I am ignorant who has the Honour of inventing *Weepers* when in Mourning, but I think I may venture to affirm our Manner of wearing them answers the End of Ornament, and keeps the Shirt from being blacken’d by the *Coat*. To wear them on the Top of the Sleeve, can answer no End.

‘ *THE English Ladies* rely on their Native Charms, nor want the Assistance of *Paint* to heighten their Complexions. Whether the French Ladies really stand in Need of Art, I know not, but their Conduct seems to imply it.

‘ *IN France*, *Politeness* is not always good Manners, neither is the *Bluntness* of an *Englishman* always a Mark of *Sincerity*. The *Lye* is more frequently given in *France* than is generally imagin’d, but the *Pardon* that is begg’d, and the *Excuse* that is demanded, softens the *Negative*, which, with the Addition of sundry significant *Gestures*, Custom has made that genteel, which frequently is the Reverse.—In *England*, the

‘ Custom

Customs are accounted superfluous, and they deny  
contradict in plain Terms, even without the  
assistance of the *rude Monosyllable*.

I HAVE been often told, "*I must own*." (Il  
l'avouer) 'I confess I do not understand the  
phrase.---If *I must believe*, I am depriv'd of the  
liberty of thinking for myself, and my Arguments  
must cease, when I am pinn'd down to the Rea-  
sons of my Antagonist. In *England*, the Free-  
dom of judging is held more sacred.

THE *English* are full loose in their Morals, but  
really think, *Libertinism* reigns here in a much  
higher Degree. The *French* have a Way of var-  
ying their *Vices*, and making them more dan-  
gerous and catching than our aukward Manner  
can arrive at.---When an *Englishman* swears by  
his *Maker* it is shocking, but when the *French*,  
with Eyes and Hands lifted up, cry out, *Sacred*  
*God!* (*Sacré Dieu!*) it is little regarded, as it is  
the common Expression of every Ten Minutes,  
The *French* have another *Phrase*, which is but  
too commonly us'd, even before *Ladies*, and  
what some *Ladies* are as familiar with. This  
*Phrase* serves to shew *Pleasure* or *Anger*, accord-  
ing to the Tone or Manner of speaking.---How  
often are the Words, *Fou--re*, *Fou--u*, *Bou--re*  
*Bou--sse*, pronounc'd in the *Politest Assemblies*, and  
pass'd over as if no *Idea* was annex'd to them?---  
I am ignorant of any Rules of *good Manners* that  
establishes such Indecencies, except the strong  
Law of a *bad Custom*. I am much pleas'd that  
*Monsieur de Voltaire*, and *l'Abbé de Blanc*, could  
not mark *these* amongst our other *Follies*; but  
they totally forget them when they mention their  
*own*. The *Abbé* very justly censures the *Loose-*  
*ness* and *Ribbaldry* of some of our Comedies, but  
he omits to inform us, that no Nation excels



France in the Multitude of abominable and  
Books.

INFORMERS against the Breach of the Law  
are absolutely necessary in every civiliz'd Govern-  
ment. The Informer, when his Motive springs  
from Conscience and the Good of his Country,  
a most valuable Subject, and merits the Respect  
of Mankind. But to be inform'd against,  
hurried to the Bastile, or banish'd in an Instant  
by a *Letter de Gachet*, without knowing the Accu-  
sation or the Crime, may, for ought I know, be a  
good Policy, but I am sure it is not Justice.—  
In England, let the Motives of Information be  
what they will, the Informer is, not only, not  
screen'd and shelter'd from his Enemies, but  
given up to the Reproach and Invektives of the  
enrag'd Populace. Laws are made and Punish-  
ments assign'd for Transgressors, but our Voracious  
Magistrates decree a severer Treatment to the Dis-  
cussor, and saps the very Foundation of Laws.

WITH regard to the Happiness of the French  
or English, no Mortal can judge. It must be left  
to their own Decision; that is, each will give  
Preference to himself, for each have that natural  
Prejudice and Partiality to their own Country,  
which persuades them into an Opinion of their peculiar  
Felicity.—Did not Mankind deceive themselves  
by imagining an ideal Happiness, they would  
be miserable in Reality.—Deform'd Persons have  
generally a large Share of Vanity and Self-Opinion.  
They are infinitely happy when their Mirror  
discovers Beauty and Charms which the World  
will not find out. Such a Conduct is justify'd by the  
wise Scheme of Providence, as it gives Ease and  
Comfort to their Lives, which otherwise would  
be almost insupportable.—Perhaps the same Ar-  
gument may be apply'd to Kingdoms.



Thus Gentlemen I have given short *Hints* of my private Opinion, taking Things in a *general* sight, but I know there are many Exceptions.-- The *Wise*, the *Good*, the *Honest* of both Nations, have equal Sentiments, and speak one *common* Language.---Both Nations have their *peculiar* Virtues as well as Vices.---In a Word, if the people of *one* were less a Dupe to *Glory* and *arbitrary Power*, and the *other* less a Prey to *extragant Liberty*, I apprehend, *both* would have more Content.---But to be *perfectly happy*, is not given to *Human Nature*.

THE Company express'd much Satisfaction at Villeneuf's Discourse, particularly at the manner he conducted it.---At last one of the Gentlemen said, 'I know *England* and some of their Laws. I know the Nature of their *Parliament*, and the Power of the *Crown*. I know the vast Benefit of their *Juries*, and the good Effects of their *Habeas Corpus Act*. My Knowledge but encreases my Astonishment, that a People, enjoying a *Liberty* and *Freedom* unknown to other Nations on *Earth*, should repine at their Situation, and take Pains to imbitter the *flowing Waters* of *Peace* and *Plenty*. Since all things, as you say, *rise* or *fall* by Comparison, what Happiness would the *English* enjoy did they turn their Eyes on the *Miseries* of other Kingdoms?'---'As *Frenchmen*, reply'd another, ought not to be angry at their Conduct; for are they *truly* sensible of their Happiness, and *all* directed to their *real Interest*, what Power could stand before them? No doubt our *Ministry* know too well to neglect any Opportunities of *directing* them, nor is it a difficult Task, for the Liberty of the Country, and the unbounded Liberty of the *Press*, easily furnishes *Tools* to work

‘with.’—‘I am afraid, Sir, *said Villeneuf*, your Con-  
 ‘jecture is but too well founded, yet I must hope,  
 ‘*Time* will open our Eyes, not by suppressing the  
 ‘*Press*, but by despising the *Invectives*, the *Slander*,  
 ‘and the *vile Insinuations* it too frequently throw  
 ‘out.’

THE Conversation insensibly became more ge-  
 neral, and their different Opinions were given with  
 Freedom and good Humour. *Conyers* had his  
 Share, and made himself very agreeable by sprightly  
 and chearful Turns---‘Come, come, *said Monsieur*  
 ‘*St. Martin*, talk as you will, I think it is  
 ‘given up that we live with *Gaiety* and *Mirth* and  
 ‘*Chearfulness*, and that is living. The Want of  
 ‘this, I believe is the Reason, that *SUICIDE* and  
 ‘*MADNESS* is much more common in *England*  
 ‘than in *France*.’---‘Pray, Sir, *said Conyers*, let  
 ‘me be permitted to take off a little of the Impre-  
 ‘tation, and account for the *seeming Difference* from  
 ‘other Reasons, than what *Monsieur le Blanc*, and  
 ‘other *French Authors* have given.’

‘*MANKIND*, continued *Conyers*, are prettily  
 ‘much the same in every Clime. Our *frantic*  
 ‘*Disorders* are conspicuous to the World.—  
 ‘*France* be equally liable to them, the Nature of  
 ‘their Government casts a *Veil* over the Misfor-  
 ‘tune.—With us, if a poor Wretch hangs  
 ‘drowns himself, the *News-writers* immediately  
 ‘give the Circumstances and his *Name* to the whole  
 ‘Kingdom.—Such an Affair in *Paris* is seldom  
 ‘known beyond the District he liv’d in.—As to  
 ‘*Madness*, we cannot insist on a Parity in Number  
 ‘—We have *publick* and *private* Mad-houses  
 ‘Abundance, and many unhappy Creatures  
 ‘expos’d to *publick* View.—Perhaps *France* has  
 ‘less Need of these *Edifices*, when ’tis consider’d  
 ‘they have two or three Hundred Thousand of be-  
 ‘sides.’

# JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 155

Sexes in *Monasteries* and *Convents*.—As these *Semenaries* take in the several *Degrees* from the most *Austere* to a *Life of easy Inaction*, may we not naturally suppose, that *Numbers* of the *Inhabitants* take Shelter into those *ORDERS*, that have the *nearest Affinity* to the *Degree of Enthusiasm* or *Madness* with which they are possess'd?—If we meet *Numbers* in different *Habits* walking the *Streets*, and *seemingly* exercising the *Functions* of *right Reason* and *Understanding*, who can count those confined to their *Cells*, or to the *Limits* of their *Garden*?—I am not singular in my *Conjecture*, for the famous *Monsieur D' Aubigny*, about the Year 1600 writes this *Epigram*.

HUGUENOTS, fâcheux & Austeres,  
Qui blamez tant les *Monasteres*,  
A la Pareille, dites nous  
Où l'en pourroit loger les *Fous*?

Ill-natur'd CALVINISTS, who scold  
At MONASTERIES, and what they hold;  
Without their Aid, pray tell us plain,  
Where could we all the MAD maintain?

THE *Epigram* furnish'd the *Company* with a good deal of laughing Chat, though they did not deny but there was some *Truth* in the *Question*.—Time puts an *End* to all *Things*, as it did to this *conversation*.—The usual *Compliments* and *Bows* being made on all *Sides*, each separated to their *places of Repose*, which affords me and my *Reader*, an *Opportunity* of doing the like.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XX.

*What God, alas ! will Caution be  
For living Man's Security,  
Or will insure his Vessel in this faithless Sea ?  
Where Fortune's Favours, and her Spight,  
Roll with alternate Waves, like Day and Night.*

COWLEY.

**N**EXT Morning, Mr. Villeneuf found himself much out of Order, yet he could not avoid mentioning what, with Design, he had omitted in the Conversation of Yesterday.—‘ God for-  
‘ bid, *said he*, that a persecuting Spirit should ever  
‘ prevail in *England*, yet I should imagine, Self  
‘ preservation ought at least to keep us upon our  
‘ Guard against the Encroachments of POPERY  
‘ for, though *we* are not their *Enemies* because they  
‘ are *Papists*, yet *they* are certainly *our’s* because  
‘ we are *Protestants*.’---‘ We suffer them in *Eng-*  
‘ land to purchase *Estates* ; and the Influence Pro-  
‘ perty carries with it, is sometimes too visible---  
‘ They are likewise permitted to sell their *Estates*  
‘ but the *Huguenots* in *France* may purchase, but  
‘ cannot sell.---We allow our Subjects to attend the  
‘ *Romish Chapels* of Foreign Ministers, but what  
‘ *Frenchman* dare visit our Ambassador’s Chappel at  
‘ *Paris* ? -- Without forcing the Consciences of  
‘ Men, I think we might, and ought to take some  
‘ Example from our Neighbours.---Sending Pro-  
‘ testant Youth of both Sexes, to be educated in  
‘ the Colleges of *Jesuits*; or in the Convents of  
‘ *Nuns*, is such a monstrous, such an absurd Pro-  
‘ trice ; that, as no Name can be given, so no Pun-  
‘ishment can be equal to the Crime.’

‘ THE



THIS, Sir, *reply'd Conyers*, has often surpris'd me, but there is another Matter, equally astonishing.---I know what was formerly understood by *Nonjuror*. I know that a scrupulous Conscience might refuse the Oaths to King WILLIAM, when he had before taken them to King JAMES, but I cannot conceive what a *Nonjuror* is in these Days.'---'And you will, said *Villeneuve*, be more amazed when I tell you, he is one of those *rank Yeeds* that the *best Land* is most subject to. A *Nonjuror* is a Person that avails himself of *that Liberty* and Constitution of *England*, which his principles, and the Study of his whole Life, *labours to destroy*.---He denies the *Validity* of the foundation of our *Laws*.---He calls himself a *Protestant*, and yet acts on *Popish* Tenets.--How is possible such a Being can be suffer'd in our State, is past my Comprehension.---If he refuses the *Oath* of Allegiance, which I wish was more frequently tender'd, what *Security* has the Government for his Conduct? And ought he not to be *expell'd* a Society, to which he *avows* himself an Enemy?---If he must be Resident, why is he serv'd like the *Jews* in *Germany*, and oblig'd to wear a *Badge* of Distinction.'

ON this Subject Mr. *Villeneuve* gave many Hints, but *Conyers* prevented his enlarging too much; and, as he saw his Countenance much chang'd, he perswad'd him to lie down.---All the Morning he complain'd of a violent Head-Ach, and Pain in the Stomach.---All Precautions were taken, and the best Physicians employ'd, but all prov'd ineffectual, for good, this *valuable* young Gentleman died the fourteenth Day.

POOR *Conyers* was in the utmost Affliction, for the loss of his *Brother*, his *Friend*, his *Master*, and his whole Support.---For some Time he was not able



able to attend his own Interest ; but the good Nature of Mr. *Pensè* shar'd his Sorrows, and directed his Conduct.---By the Will of Mr. *Villeneuve*, he found himself possess'd of Sixty Pounds, with the Books and wearing Apparel he had in *France*. *Pensè* advis'd the selling the Books and all his Cloaths, except the Shirts; which done, he had about *One Hundred and Fifty* Pounds to begin a new Life.---*Pensè* knew perfectly his Situation, and many Projects were thought on to put this Sum to a proper Use ; but as neither of them could contrive how he might *live* on it, they pass'd the Sum over without fixing, but *Pensè* promis'd to think for him.

WHILST their Imaginations were busily employ'd in forming Plans for his future Conduct, an Accident happen'd which I am almost ashamed to mention. I once intended to have suppress'd this Accident, but my strict Adherence to Truth, obliges me, though with Reluctance, to make it a Part of this History. Besides, as all the Memoirs and Papers that serv'd in compiling this *great Work* are now deposited in the *Cotton Library*, for the Perusal of the Curious, and to vouch the Authenticity and Impartiality of this Performance, what Face could I *omit* or *gloss over* a material Circumstance, and make my Veracity doubtful to the Publick. If *some* have taken a contrary Method, I am determin'd to *keep my Integrity*.

CONYERS did not always dine at the *same Hotel*, for different Companies afforded him different Remarks. At one of these Ordinaries, he had made a Sort of Acquaintance with a gentleman young Man of about his own Age, without enquiring into his Character. The Conversation happen'd to turn on the Folly and Absurdity of *Gaming*, and this Gentleman laid open the Subject of the Schemes of *Sharppers*, in so clear and convincing

a Manner, that charm'd *Conyers*.---After Dinner they took a Walk together and renew'd the Subject.---' Few Men, *said the Stranger*, understand *Play* better than I. Formerly I was a *Bub* to it, but when I became a Master, and might have won back the Money I had lost, though I don't much want it, my Friends and Relations got round me, and oblig'd me to renounce *Gaming* for myself. I now assist some Friends, and at last Night I won *Two Hundred Pieces* for the Gentleman in blue with Gold *Brandenburghs*, that din'd with us. This I frequently do, and of Use to some *honest Fellows*.---' I should imagine, *said Conyers*, that a Man who constantly plays, must sometimes be liable to *Quarrels*, *Disputes*, and many other Difficulties.'---' I grant you, *reply'd the Gentleman*, such Affairs happen in poor low Company, but the Assemblies I frequent, are compos'd but of People of *Rank* and *Fortune*. Most of them *Incog*, so no one takes Notice, or seems to know another, but all are on the same Footing.'

OUR Hero listen'd with great Attention, and his many Questions seem'd desirous to venture on a small Matter, which perchance might double his Wind. The *Two Hundred Pieces* won last Night, strangely in his Head, and his Imagination put him already in Possession of such a Sum. Like a *Bait*, he went round and round, and often nibbled the Bait, till at length his eager Desires surmounted his Fears, and he swallow'd the *Hook*.

WHEN *Conyers* propos'd visiting the *Temple of Fortune*, the other made some few Difficulties, but at last prevail'd on to lend him his Skill. In pursuance to the Plan of Operation, *Conyers* gave him *Forty Lewis*, and put *Twenty* more into his Pocket. It was too soon to begin the Project, and

and to divert the Time and raise their Spirits, a Gentleman propos'd a Bottle of *Champaign*. They finish'd two, and *Conyers* found himself extream elate, and prognosticated vast good Fortune. He was like *Alnaschar* the famous *Glass Man*, for he had rais'd his Thoughts, and built the Edifice of *Grandeur*, but others had the Honour of kicking all down.

THEY arriv'd at the Temple, where the Priests were assembled, and very earnest at their Devotion.—*Conyers* was fix'd at a Table with good Company, where he won and lost, but much wonder'd his Friend did not appear and assist him. He grew a little uneasy, but when he enquir'd, the Gentleman was not to be found, neither did any one know his Name. *Conyers* was unwilling to suspect him, and pursu'd his Fortune singly.—As no Man knows his own Courage till he is try'd, so *Conyers* knew not his *Passion for play*, until he was at a Gaming Table.—His Twenty Pieces being near expir'd, he ventur'd to ask, *If any Gentleman would give him Credit till next Morning in case he lost*. With great Politeness they all agreed, there was no Difficulty in confiding in a Gentleman of his Appearance.

THE Play continued, and the *Dice* flew about with the usual Vehemence.—The *fickle Goddess* held the changing *Ballance*, and joy'd to see such true and such fervent Zeal in all her Votaries.—The *Rites and Ceremonies* being finish'd, *Conyers* began to examine the *Mythology*. He now discover'd that the *Dogmatique* was extreamly erroneous, for he had not only lost all his ready Money, but was indebted about Fifty *Louis d'Ors*.—The small remains of the Night was not employ'd in the most agreeable Reflections, neither was the Morning usher'd in with happy Thoughts, for the Crime of last Night star'd him

in the Face, in the Shape of *three Gentlemen* in Demands of Money. Whilst employ'd in charging these *Debts* of Honour, Mr. *Pensé* ended, which put him in the utmost Confusion. *Pensé* began to imagine that his Friend had taken up Business of *lending Money* on *Pledges*, but a little of their Conversation soon convinc'd him of his error.

WHEN the three Gentlemen had retir'd, our friends stood silent and gaz'd on each other for some time.—'Well Sir, said *Pensé*, I find the *Prudent*, the *Wise*, the *Sagacious* Mr. *Conyers* is beholden to *Sharppers* for making his Fortune and giving him Experience.'—*Conyers* blush'd, and, in some Hesitation, told his melancholy Tale; concluded with heartily *curfing* the Falshood of *French*.—'Very fine, cry'd *Pensé*, very fine indeed.' You have been bubbled by *Pickpockets*, you damn a whole Nation; but the Truth is, I ought to quarrel with your own *Folly* and *Imudence*, and I hope you will so effectually do it, for ever to banish them your Company.—'Gaming, continued *Pensé*, is the most ruinous of all vices.' It is——

As an *Historian*, I must be extreamly angry with HENRY FIELDING, who has wrote the Memoirs of a *profligate Fellow*, whom he calls TOM CRUISE.—This Man has done me great Injury, and is apt to believe has seen the *Materials* of this story, for in one of his Volumes, he has not only copy'd the very long Discourse Mr. *Pensé* made of *Gaming*; but has rak'd together all that the *Wisest* could say, or could say on that Subject, so that he has very *unfairly* depriv'd me of the Benefit of a ten or Twenty Pages, which I must strike out, or be thought a *Plagiary*.—This is not the only place where the said FIELDING has curtail'd my Reputation



Reputation and cramp't my Genius.—Without saying more on this *barbarous* and *ungentlemanly* Usage, I must insist, that the good natur'd Publick will believe, I should have had *more Reflections*, and been as fertile in *Wit* and *Humour* as the said *Fielding* had he not *cruelly* and *enviously* forestall'd my invention.

CONYERS was all Attention to Mr. *Pensé's* Harangue, and most faithfully promis'd to shun Temptation and avaricious Thoughts.—‘The Matter chief is done, *said Pensé*, so I shall upbraid no more. I had a Scheme for your Service, but I doubt your consenting to it. I shall not flatter you, for, *Why should the Poor be flatter'd?* But what I have to say is my sincere Opinion.—‘You are, *continued he*, a very handsome gentleman, young Fellow, you have good Learning and Understanding. You have cultivated your Talents by the Addition of polite Accomplishments; and the Excellency of your Voice, and your good Nature, make you belov'd by all. My desire, *Conyers*, it is no Crime to be conscious of our Perfections, the Folly lies in being vain of, and over-rating them.—With your Endowment and a prudent Management, you may make your Fortune and be happy.—A Man must strive before we can justly say, he rises. In a Word, I wish you would act the Part of a Servant. You will be maintain'd and cloth'd. By your Address, I know you will acquire an Esteem, and, as there are Secrets in all Families, I doubt but some may pass through your Hands. Out of these, and sundry Accidents that unavoidably happen, you may scheme some civil Employment, and establish yourself in the World, as many worthy Men have done, not bless'd with half your Capacity.’—*Jack* listen'd, but made no Reply.



—‘ There is, said *Pensé*, another Argument in Favour of my Project, and a strong one, for I do not see what else you can do.’ — This Reason got the better of Pride, and *Conyers* consented.

Now, said his Friend, to convince you I have put you in my Thoughts, I can promise you a service with an *English Lord* now returning to London; he is rich, extreamly good humour’d, and not the *brightest* Genius in the World. — He keeps an *English Wench*. — I need not desire you to endeavour to have her Favour.’

At Dinner they met again, when *Pensé* inform’d that my *Lord Weakhead* with Pleasure consented as he wanted one to take Care of his *Wardrobe*, to write his *Letters*. — ‘ I would not, continued he, have you always fix’d to a particular *Service* or *Family*; for except your Judgment shews you the Probability of succeeding in your chief Design, wait about, and try another Soil; but be sure take Care of the little Money you have left, lest you should be too long unemploy’d.’

NEXT Morning they waited on *Lord Weakhead*, who would not agree until his *Dulcinea* had approved. In some Time the Lady made her Appearance, who was so good to say, ‘ she believ’d the Fellow would do well enough.’ His Lordship told *Conyers* his Duty he expected from him, and the Lady added for herself. — He was to have Thirty Pounds a Year, and some *Perquisites*, to enable him to be content.

In three Days they set out for *England*. — Friends parted with great Regret, and took a tender Adieu. *Pensé* gave a Hint, that in all likelihood a *War* would soon break out, and begg’d *Conyers* never to write to him.

## C H A P. XXI.

———*Fie, fie upon her!*

*There's Language in her Eye, her Cheek,  
Lip:*

*Nay, her Foot speaks; her wanton Spirits  
out*

*At every Joint, and Motive of her Body:  
Oh, these Encounterers! so glib of Tongue,  
They give a coasting Welcome ere it comes;  
And wide unclasp the Tables of their Thoughts  
To every ticklish Reader: Set them down  
For sluttish Spoils of Opportunity,  
And Daughters of the Game.*

SHAKESPEAR'S *Troilus & Cressida*

**J**ACK was soon settled in a Family way in London, but found a mighty Difference between his former and present Master. My Lord had a fine House, and a Number of Servants were maintain'd at a great Expence; yet the Whole was conducted in so conveniently a Manner, that nothing was in Disorder, and something was always wanting to compleat the intended Elegance.—*Madam Haughty* ruled all, and govern'd with a Power as uncontroll'd as it was extensive. She frequently school'd his Lordship on such Terms, that made Conyers conceive an Aversion for her. Some Times she had violent Fits of Jealousy, and on those Occasions my Lord was never permitted to approach, neither could he use Rhetorick, except that of a *Purse*, persuade her to any tolerable Temper.—Her Male Acquaintance were *Singers, Fiddlers, young Fops*, and a Company of wornout *Sharppers*. Her Female Friends were *Milliners, Mantua-makers* of small Repute, and

phs of her own Order. For these a plentiful  
le was kept, and the Incense of Praise was  
stantly perfuming on the Altars of the *Goddes*  
*ty*. Tho' the House was perpetually crowd-  
yet properly speaking, *Lord Weakhead* saw no  
pany.

ADAM HAUGHTY had a strong *Levisé* almost  
Morning, and because she had been in *France*,  
heard something of the Conduct of their Ladies  
quality, she frequently received their Visits in

*Conyers* always made the Tea, and, with a  
man, attended the Duty of the Table. One  
ning, when the Company were pretty nume-

*Jack* was busily employ'd in this Office, but  
ening to go into the Lady's Dressing-Room,  
found a Bottle with a Label, on which was

*Mouth Water*; and as his Gums were swell'd  
a Cold, he innocently used this Water as a  
le. Whilst he was filling out the Tea, his

shrunken up, and his Mouth almost clos'd. The  
pany could not forbear smiling at the Oddity of  
ace, which was quite distorted. Madam, at

perceived the Queerness of his Phiz, and, with  
ugh, ask'd him, What was the Matter? When  
tempted to answer, his whole Face was in

rulsions; but as he could not articulate a Word,  
n to the Dressing-Room, and produced the  
e. *Haughty* burst into a violent laugh, and

er'd a Lady near her, who communicated  
secret to a Third, and in a Moment all present  
in the utmost Mirth, and a thousand Witti-

were thrown out, till *Conyers* was oblig'd to  
his Station, and seek Refuge in his Chamber,  
e, with Patience and warm Water, he brought

atures to their accusom'd Regularity; but it  
not till some Years after, he found out what had  
occasion'd

occasion'd his Disorder, and the immoderate  
 ter he suffer'd.

MRS. HAUGHTY carry'd her Ridicule so  
 that it rais'd his Resentment, and determin'd  
 to watch her Motions more narrowly. In  
 mean Time he could not avoid some serious Re-  
 flections on the Conduct and Situation of *Lord W*  
*head*. He thought that the Life of a *Man of*  
*lity* was to be employ'd in shewing good Exam-  
 ples to the World; and with some Sighs, compar'd  
 Behaviour of his present Master to that of  
*Truegood*.—He was surpriz'd how a *Peer* could  
 from the Dignity his *Ancestors* had purchas'd,  
 act below the Character of the meanest Mechanic.  
 He was astonish'd, that a *Nobleman*, who might  
 almost command the best Society, and a Lady  
 the first Family, where good Sense and Honour  
 would grace his Table, should renounce these ra-  
 tional Comforts, and amuse himself with the Dregs  
 of Mankind, and a *Woman* of a most abandon'd Life.  
 He was at last convinced that his *poor Lord* had  
 the Plagues the worst Wife could give, without  
 any one of those Pleasures she might sometimes  
 bestow.

THIS *Lady* had discover'd, that Delicacy  
 and Tenderness were not the Charms most admir'd  
 by *Lord* in a Mistress, but that his Constitution  
 was to be govern'd only by absolute Power. The  
 more she seem'd to hate and despise him, the  
 more he grew. Her insolent Security was  
 that she scarcely made a Secret of her Infidelity  
 so that *Conyers* caught her one Morning be-  
 fore Time to the Musick of a dirty Fidler. She  
 blush'd a little at being so fairly discover'd,  
 with a matchless Assurance, propos'd his taking  
 Part in the Concert. *Conyers*, with a Smile of



JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 167

... answer'd, He had too good a *Taste* to be  
... m'd with a *common vulgar Ballad*. Her Rage  
... ot to be express'd; she swore like an old Dra-  
... n; and in this Temper he quitted her in  
... tempt,

AMONGST the many who paid Court to my  
... and *Madam Haughty*, Mr. *Sangfroid*, a young  
... eon of *French Extraction*, was pretty constant.  
... had a particular Regard for *Conyers*, and was  
... only Person who found out his Value and Merit.  
... *froid* was a Man of Sense, and whose Con-  
... tion was seriously diverting, and his speaking  
... ch extremely well, made *Conyers* fond of being  
... with him. To this Gentleman he told his  
... y, and begg'd his Advice.—' I see, said *Sang-*  
... *id*, you are not perfectly acquainted with this  
... rt of the World. I have sometimes interfer'd  
... een a *Gentleman* and his *Wife*, and have made  
... mighty Quarrels occasion'd by *Lap-Dogs*, *Par-*  
... s, and the like; but I never meddle between a  
... gentleman and his *Mistress*. It is of two sacred  
... d delicate a Nature, neither can my Probe  
... rch to the Bottom of the Wound; and, as I  
... ceive that a Mortification must of Necessity  
... ue, why should I give my Patient unnecessary  
... in? However, continued he, don't repine at  
... ng dismissed this Service, but live with me un-  
... I can provide you another.'—*Conyers* re-  
... d him many Thanks, and that Evening accept-  
... his kind Invitation, for my *Lord* very gravely  
... him three Months Wages, and gave him a  
... barge.

MR. SANGFROID received him with great  
... nefs, and apologiz'd for not having it in his  
... er to be more constantly with him, but he  
... fail'd at Dinner, and seldom in the Evenings.  
In

In these Conversations *Conyers* took Care to ingratiate himself with his new Friend, and display his Learning and Accomplishments in so agreeable a Manner, as not a little surprized the Surgeon who confess'd he merited an happier Fate : ' *Be*  
' *continued he*, it shall not be my Fault, if some  
' thing don't turn out to your Advantage.'

*CONYERS* pass'd his Time in a very satisfactory Manner, for *Sangfroid* entertain'd him with Histories of sundry Families, but with such Humour, created Abundance of Mirth, and most useful Observations ; which last, *Jack* constantly added to his Collection.



CHA

C H A P. XXII.

Hail Thou! who ne'er as yet was sung  
By any Bard or Old or Young,  
Inchanting Riot! God of Drink!  
(Whatever ancient Poets think.)  
Thou to the World, chief Foe or Friend,  
Making some mount, and some descend,  
Inspire my Verse. ———

ANONIMOUS:

ONE Evening our Friends had agreed to go to a favourite Play, where Mr. Sangid met several of his Acquaintances. 'I see, said he to Conyers, a Knot of Choice Spirits in the third Row; should they ask me to a Tavern must desire your Company, for, though it will be Time thrown away, it will not be lost.—I cannot, reply'd Conyers, rightly understand your Distinction, but command me.'—'That young Gentleman, continued the Surgeon, in a white Austrian Frock and chequer'd Flannel Waistcoat, with the Hat of a Stage Coachman, is Sir Nicholas Royster of Yorkshire, who inherits good four Thousand Pounds a Year. He's not yet of Age, but borrows Money enough by insuring his Life. That elderly Youth just by him, with a red Face, is Squire Morise, formerly of High-hall Gloucestershire. That fine Seat, and Fifteen hundred a Year round it, has been long since purchased by Mr. Punctual, a Banker in the Strand, on which the Squire has Two hundred a Year Life-Rent. That genteel young Man on the other Side is one Mr. Fitz Simmons of Ireland, where, I imagine, he has a good Fortune, for he is extremely generous. He has Chambers in the Middle Temple, and for these three Years

H

' has

' has study'd very closely. A little beyond  
 ' you see a portly *fierce* Gentleman in Scarlet, with  
 ' a Point d'*Espagne* Hat so cock'd, that it frightens  
 ' the Orange Wenches. He is called *Major Noddy*  
 ' and I have been told was formerly a *Lieutenant*  
 ' in the Army, but was oblig'd to sell out and re-  
 ' tire on Ensigns Half-Pay; but the *Knight* is his  
 ' Friend.'——' I think, said *Conyers*, you apply  
 ' the Word *fierce* to the Major; now, as I apprehend,  
 ' it is derived from the *French* Word *fier*,  
 ' which means *proud* and *saucy*, I beg you will give  
 ' him some other Epithet, for I observe he is ex-  
 ' tremely familiar with the Orange Ladies, who  
 ' seem to attack him with equal Freedom.'——  
 ' Your Observation, said *Sangfroid*, I believe is  
 ' right, but really the Major is far from being *proud*  
 ' but how *fier* may answer to *saucy*, I hope to con-  
 ' vince you: However, they are all my Friends and  
 ' Customers; and the Plague of my Profession is  
 ' I must not only keep them Company, but agree  
 ' to every Thing they say when in Company.'

THE Play was scarcely finish'd when the Major  
 gave a loud Hem, and having fix'd *Strangfroid's*  
 Eyes, call'd out,——*The King's Arms*, and received  
 a Nod of Consent,——*Sir Nicholas* and his Com-  
 pany got first to the Tavern, having pick'd up two  
 special City Sparks. When *Mr. Sangfroid* and  
*Conyers* arrived, they found the Major and the rest  
 very loud at the Larder. With great Difficulty  
 Supper was order'd, and the Master, *Mr. Ryall*,  
 conducted them into the *Rose*.——As an Historian  
 I am compell'd to attend, but, *Courteous Reader*,  
 if thou'rt not charm'd with Discord of harsh Sounds  
 ——If a Tavern Scene delighteth not thy Hearing,  
 or, if thou findest thyself not disposed for a Con-  
 versation with such Company, go not thou in with  
 me, but pass on to some other Part of this delectable  
 History.



THE Instant the Major enter'd the Rose, he  
 out, ' Z——ns ! what a Room has the Ras-  
 put us into ? —— Here —— You Son of a  
 —re, shew us into the *Rummer*, this Smokes  
 the Hell ! —— *Ryan* was all Obedience, and, as  
 conducted them back, the *Knight* could not a-  
 id saying, Ay, Ay, let the *Old Soldier* alone ;  
 —— me he'll keep 'em all in Order.' —— The  
 al Salutations began, and Mr. *Sangfroid* intro-  
 d *Conyers* to each, by their Titles, —— ' Sir,  
 id the Major, give me your Hand. D——n  
 these Compliments ; you seem Sir to be a  
 gentleman, and a Man of Honour, and D——me  
 we're all oblig'd to *Young Bolus* for your Com-  
 ny.' —— *Conyers* just began to return the  
 pliment, but the Major interrupted him saying  
 ' Sir, You are a very pretty sensible Gentle-  
 an, and (ringing the Bell as loud as he could)  
 I'll take a hearty Bottle together, and know me  
 your Friend. —— Here —— You Ostler ——  
 —— me where's the Wine' —— ' Please your  
 honour, said the Waiter, the Wine your Honour  
 ways chuses is on the Table.' —— 'D'ye prate  
 ppy ? said he, to kennel, down this Instant, ——  
 aunt ! —— The Waiter retir'd with a Smile,  
 then he began, ' Come Boys —— Come Lads sit  
 own and be D——d, and take your Wine in  
 ace and Quietness.

THE Company were moving to their Places,  
 Mr. *Morise* open'd with an hoarse Voice. ——  
 —— n that *Old Firelock*, what a Clatter he  
 kes ; Curse him, he'll never be a *Conjurer*,  
 he wan't born Dumb.' —— This witty Stroke  
 ion'd a prodigious Laugh, which lasted with  
 Additions, till all had taken their Seats.  
 HOPE it will not be expected I should set  
 minutely and in Order every single Word and  
 tee during the first half Hour's Conversation.

The Task would be too arduous even for the known'd Author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, whose Patience nothing could equal, except that of his Readers. *Old Bunyan* would have been at a Loss, and the celebrated *Mr. Cleveland* would have found it impossible; how therefore can I, a weak, ignorant Modern, pretend to attempt what such vast Genius must have omitted. All I am able to do, is to leave the Learned Reader to supply my Defects, by imagining, or, if he can, writing about thirty Pages of the most fashionable Oaths, and refin'd Broke Jokes his Wit can put together. Should his Thoughts not be sufficiently elevated for so sublime a Subject, let him take the Memoirs of a *Lady of Pleasure*, whose Author, as he undoubtedly merits, certainly ought to be preferr'd to the highest Post on *Heaven's* slow, or some other convenient Heath.

WHILST the Supper was laying, Mr. Sangre whisper'd his Friend, 'that *Sir Nicholas* had paid his Honour they would have no Whores in Company that Night, for I hope, added the Surgeon, 'to shew you better Amusement.' Supper over, they had just sat down to fresh Bottles when *Mr. Ryan* enter'd. 'Please your Honours, said he, here is the *Gazett*, and great News in it, will your Honour, giving it to the Major, be pleas'd to read it, for 'tis bespoke in the next Room.' — 'read it? cry'd the Major, 'No, not I by God, 'read it yourself and be D—d.' — *Ryan* began, and read of a powerful Squadron fitted out at Brest, and that Forty Thousand French had Order to march to Germany, and the like Number to the Frontiers of Flanders. That the Queen of Hungary was levying a large Army in Bohemia, which would be ready to take the Field early in Spring. — He was proceeding, when the Major jump'd up, drew his Sword, and flapping it on the Table, 'Now, cry'd he, we shall have a

—n my Blood but we shall. Now the  
scoundrels will court me to shew them the Way  
to Flanders, and the *Prig Officers* who will hard-  
ly give me a Bow, shall come Cap in Hand, for  
they can't make me less than a *Lieutenant Colo-  
nel*. Z—ds! How I long to be at it, and  
when *Sir Nicholas*, D—me *Sir Nicholas* but  
you shall go with me and be my Ensign, and fight  
by my Side, D—me if you stan't.'——  
Not so fast, *said the Knight*, for D—me if  
I do. No no, I know a Trick worth two of  
that, for as the Gentleman said to Night in the  
Play, *I've Four Thousand a Year of as good Fight-  
ing Land as any in Europe*, so I suppose if we  
have a War I shall pay my Club, and you and  
your Hopour and Glory may go Fight and be  
D—d for *Sir Nicholas*.' — 'Then, *cry'd the  
Hero*, stay at Home and be D—d, and mind  
your Hounds and your Horses.—Z—ds<sup>me</sup>, when I  
was your Age,'——Why, *said Sangfrid*, when  
you were *Sir Nicholas's* Age, what mighty Mat-  
ters did your Honour do? Come, tell us my dear  
Man of War.

I WAS, *said the Major*, the eighth Son of  
fourteen, for we were always a fine Bucking Fa-  
mily. My Father *Justice Noisy*, 'tis well known,  
had Two Thousand a Year in *Cornwall*, and gave  
his Children as much Learning as they would  
take. Your *Latin* and *Greek* was not my Turn,  
and the Fool my Master flog'd me damnably be-  
fore he found it out, which happen'd by an odd  
accident, for when I was about Fifteen, the Son  
of a B—h was at his old Tricks with his  
*Dirch*, but D—me if I didn't take him such  
a Knock over the Noddle with the Poker, that  
he dropt Old *As in presente*, and the best of  
the Joke was, that the Scoundrel was a *Parson*.  
I shall now tell you the story of the

' The old Justice laugh'd heartily, and prais'd  
 ' Spirit, so I thought *I had him on*. I wanted d—  
 ' to get to *London*, but my Chap was as close  
 ' as the Devil, and not a Stiver would he part  
 ' to buy me a Commission, which was all  
 ' Pride. The old Fool at last married a you  
 ' B——h for Love, and us'd me like a D—  
 ' D——me thought I but I'll be reveng'd,  
 ' you'll split your Sides with laughing when I  
 ' you how I contriv'd it. ——— D——n my Blo  
 ' if I didn't make Love to my Mother, and fil  
 ' Cuckol'd *Old Square-toes*. — ' Bravo, Br  
 ' cry'd *Sir Nicholas*, and Bravo cry'd all the  
 ' ——— Well, said *Sangfroid*, so when you  
 ' Cuckol'd your Father you ——— ' Z——ns,  
 ' *Purge*, cry'd the Major, sure I can tell my  
 ' Story. ——— Why, when I had done him  
 ' Jobn D——me thought I but I'll do you  
 ' other's to one Morning I made free with a P  
 ' of *Fifty Guineas*, and as the Devil would  
 ' it, the same Day he found *Madam* and I fil  
 ' planting his Horns. — Z——ns! how he star  
 ' and swore and rag'd like any *Free Man in Bedl*  
 ' I walk'd off, my Dears, and left him that B  
 ' to pick the best Way he could. ——— Well,  
 ' I was saying, I walk'd off, and took the Road  
 ' *London*. As I had Money in my Purse, I thou  
 ' I had all the World in a String. In a Week  
 ' got acquainted with some *fine Ladies*, and w  
 ' fond of me they were, for D——me but  
 ' was as fine a Lad as ever trod the Ground,  
 ' five Foot seven in my Stocking Feet. The d  
 ' But he soon made me known to some Gen  
 ' men of Quality, so that in about a Month I kn  
 ' *Drury Lane* and *London* as well as if I'd b  
 ' bred and born in't, but D——me if I know  
 ' this Day how it was, but in six Weeks I'd ha  
 ' single Guinea left. ——— Now some Lads wo



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ave *snivel'd* and *cry'd*, and begg'd *Pardon*, and  
forth; not me by G——. I kept up my  
heart like a Man, and as I could not purchase a  
*red Rag*, I bravely resolv'd to earn one with my  
word, so I went to the Parade and *took on* in  
the First Regiment of Guards.'——The Com-  
y greatly applauded his Courage and Resolution,  
he proceeded——' A Trifle, a Trifle, Gen-  
emen. Boys of Spirit will always *sooner or*  
*later* strike out their own Fortunes——Well,  
his was in the Year 1711, which all the World  
knows was about the Middle of that *red-hot War*.

——To cut short my Story, we landed near  
*Wormsley*, which my Glorious Master the *Duke of*  
*Marlborough* was Besieging, and the same Day I  
begg'd to mount the *Trenches*.——Hot work,  
or work\* my Boys, for there *was* we expos'd  
in the *Top of a Ditch* to the Fire of the Enemy  
for four Hours *Endways*.——' Come Gen-  
emen, drink about, Sorrow is dry, and d—me  
at I'm choaking with Thirst.'——They drank,  
whilst the *Knight* and Mr. *Morise* were asking  
the Particulars of the Siege, *Conyers* found Time  
to say to his Friend.——' This Fellow was ne-  
ver an Officer, and I verily believe was never in  
my Army except as a *Sutler's Servant*.'——  
then the *Major's* Voice was distinct.——  
ord, Lord, *said he*, why there it is. People  
that stay at Home and see nothing, must have  
strange Notions. To be sure 'tis terrible enough  
first, D——me if it isn't, but when a Man  
us'd to it for four or five Campaigns as I was,  
is a mere *Flea-bite*.——Well, as I was say-  
ing, having cut a Passage through the *Cover'd*  
*Way*, and with fix'd Bayonets master'd the *Half*  
*Moon* of the *first* and *second Parapets*, and a  
each being made in the *Glacis* by our Engi-  
neers,

neers, I boldly mounted, and the whole Army following, the poor Devils of *French* Surrender'd the Town. — The *Gazett* did me Justice, and the Noble General made me an *Ensign*. At *Blenheim* the next Campaign, I did my Duty, got a few Wounds and a Company, and the same Year a Majority. — You know the rest. My old Dad kick'd up, and call'd me an unnatural Son of a Whore as he was, he gave me a Shilling. A d—d Peace being made, and a Boy put over my Head, I quitted the Service and have been on Half-Pay ever since, but now — D—n my Blood they shall beg and pray before they catch me in *Flanders*. — So drink about my Boys, I'm alive, D——me.

THE Bottle and Wit went briskly round, and *Sangfroid*, clapping *Sir Nicholas* on the Shoulder, 'There, said he, there's a Fellow of Mettle: I think I see him routing a whole *French* Army. I wish he'd write his *Memoirs*, they'd sell down well. What would you give *Sir Knight* to be able to say as much as the Major? — 'Gave in reply'd *Sir Nicholas*, D——me, I'd not give Six-pence. To be sure the Fellow may have seen more, for he's old enough to be my Grandfather, but d—n my Blood, I've done as much for my Time, as any He in Christendom. — Impossible, impossible, said *Sangfroid*. — Judgment, Judgment, cry'd the Knight, and in a Quarter of an Hour, Silence was proclaimed, and he began.

'WHY, lookee Gentlemen, I was but Nine years old, as I may say, *last Grass*. My good Father, *Sir Joseph*, and my Lady Mother were very tender of my Youth, and gave me all the Education a Gentleman of my Fortune requir'd. At ten Years old I could read, — nobody better

—and the same Year I rode one of my Father's Horses, poor *Merry Pintle*, and won the Sweep Stakes at *Wakefield Races*. D—me if I didn't.—Z—ns! I thought the old Gentleman would have leapt out of's Skin for Joy.--- Next Day, my Bucks, I ran old *Sly-boots* against *Squire Mason's* Bay Mare *Miss Slammekin*, a Bye Match for Fifty Guineas, Weight for Inches. Honest *Sly-boots* had *well nigh* distanc'd the Mare, when he lost *all Four*, and canted me twenty Yards over his Head. There I lay, and was taken up for dead, tho' I only broke my Left Arm and two of my Ribs,—no more by G—. When I recover'd of my Wounds, all my Friends said that *Young Nick* was fairly enter'd.-- Come, Bucks, drink about.— Well, next Year, D—me if I didn't out-ride our Huntsman in a Fox-Chace, and made him hel- lishly Jealous; but in leaping a double Ditch, I got a Tumble, and my Head fell foul of a d—d Stump of a Tree, and lay'd it open. See Gen- tlemen, see, (*pulling off a little Black Wig*) here it's you may put your Fingers in't, but, D—me I soon hors'd for all that, and call'd out *Jowler*,— *Ringwood*,—*Ho.*—Then he display'd all the eloquence of *Field Language*, and the Company joining in the Cry, the Guardian of the Night for- got the Hour, and imagined himself in *Epping For- est*— At Length *Sir Nicholas* found Time to proceed.— ' All the Tenants *was cock* sure I'd be a clever Fellow; but when I began to kill their *Dogs*, and brake their *Nets*, the Scoun- drels complain'd to *Sir Joseph*, and my good Lady Mother gave me a swinging Lecture about good Nature and Humanity, and such Stuff; but when I was *Sixteen*, I shew'd them other Game, for D—me if I didn't get their Daughters with

' Child by Dozens, and at last I *tipt* the same  
 ' vour to her *Ladyship's Maid*. Sir *Joseph* cur  
 ' and swore, and my *Lady* cry'd and pray'd  
 ' *Hell and the Devil*; but what did I care?  
 ' I knew they cou'dn't *swear* or *pray* me out of  
 ' *Estate*, do their worst; so because they wou'd  
 ' let me take my *Swing* at Home, I *touch'd*  
 ' Steward for a *Brace* of Hundreds, and with  
 ' 'em all a good Night. My dear *Father* at  
 ' relented his hard *Usage* of me, and about  
 ' Months ago. he took a *Leap* in the Dark to *King*  
 ' *dom* come; and so I'm in *Mourning* for him  
 ' as you see.'—A loud *Laugh* ensu'd, and the  
 Bottle took its Course, and then he continued—  
 ' My Guardians, for I've enough of 'em, wou  
 ' allow me to live like a Gentleman, but D—  
 ' they are bit; I won't starve in a Cook's Shop  
 ' not I, for my Bucks, here I am *Safe*, and by the  
 ' Help of my Friend yonder, pretty *Sound*. No  
 ' Gentlemen I think I've been in more *Danger*  
 ' than if I had fought twenty *Battles* in *Flanders*  
 ' and D——me I'll lay Fifty *Guineas* I  
 ' more Wounds than his Honour the Major.'  
 EVERY Body agreed, and poor *Noisy* stood  
 whole Volly of Wit.—' *Truce* Boys, *Truce*  
 ' cry'd the Major, Why what the Devil, all up  
 ' *Roger*! ——— *Fitzsimons*, do dear *Rogue*, tell  
 ' us some of your foolish *Exploits*, and keep  
 ' *Nicholas* in Countenance.'—' I'd do as much  
 ' for you, said *Fitzsimons*, with all my Heart, but  
 ' it seems you have no Occasion, for the Devil  
 ' himself can't put you out of Countenance.'—  
 This encreas'd the *Laugh*, till *Sangfroid* cry'd out  
 ' Well Gentlemen, I must own the Major has fall  
 ' a good Thing once in his Life, and I second the  
 ' Motion; to Order Gentlemen, to Order, Mr  
 ' *Fitzsimons* is up, ——— hear him, hear him.'—



the Cry now was *hear him*, so *Fitzsimons* was oblig'd to comply, and he began.

My History, Gentlemen, is very short.—— My Family is pretty considerable in *Ireland*, where my Father kept a good House, and liv'd in the true old hospitable Manner, but still gave his five Sons such Accomplishments as the Country afforded. We knew *Latin* and *Greek*, but *Dancing* and *Fencing* much better. At last the good Man died, and I as his eldest Son, took Possession of the Estate, charg'd with my Mother's jointure, and Portions for younger Children. To do the best I could for a large Family, I enter'd the *Temple*, and stinted myself to One Hundred Pounds a Year. I have many Relations in *London*, and some of Fashion, who introduced me to the politest Company of both Sexes, where soon found I had a Genius for *Play*, and improv'd my Talent.—— But Gentlemen, the Ladies, the Ladies are kind, for I court them in such a Manner that few can withstand my Rhetoric.—— ‘Z——ns! cry'd the Knight, I'd give a Thousand Pounds for that Secret.’—— You may have it much cheaper, reply'd *Fitzsimons*, for when I am with a Lady I like, or whose Eyes speak a certain Language, I watch the first Opportunity, and

*Usher the New Acquaintance, &c.*

——me, cry'd the Major, if I know what you mean. I know well enough a Man may be usher'd to the *King's Bench*, or the *Poultry*, or the *Round House*, and the like, where a Man may make new Acquaintances enough, but D——me, never I heard of ushering a new Acquaintance to a Lady, but by a *Pimp*.—— ‘Why you B——h, cry'd Sir Nicholas, don't you know

‘ know that new Acquaintances are *New Guinea*  
 ‘ and that little *Fitz* sily tipt the Lady half  
 ‘ Score? — D——me after all, ’tis the only  
 ‘ Argument in the World.’ — ‘ Right, right  
 ‘ *Sir Nicholas* said *the Surgeon*, ’fore Gad you  
 ‘ have hit it.’

‘ *THE Knight* is so sharp, said *Fitzsimons*, that  
 ‘ is no hiding Things from him. — If the Lady  
 ‘ accepts my little *Rouleau* I am sure of her imme-  
 ‘ diately. If she refuses, and afterwards permits  
 ‘ my Visits, I try her again, and seldom have Oc-  
 ‘ casion to repeat the Dose. From this I have the  
 ‘ Advantage of being of her Family, as often as  
 ‘ please; and if it increases not my Revenue, it at  
 ‘ least prevents a Decrease by another Channel.  
 ‘ This Gentleman, is my Amusement, but my  
 ‘ grand Resources are the *Chocolate-Houses*. —  
 ‘ When *Salkeild*, and *Cook*, and *Ventris*, and *Li-*  
 ‘ *tleton*, begin to grow dry and stupid, I turn  
 ‘ about and converse with my good Friend *Mon-*  
 ‘ *de Moivre*, on the *Doctrine of Chances*. —  
 ‘ Perhaps, said *Mr. Morise*, that same *Mr. De-*  
 ‘ *what d’ye call him*, may be a pretty Fellow  
 ‘ I don’t know him; but for *Salkeild* and the re-  
 ‘ I’ve seen ’em drunk and sober enough, and  
 ‘ the L——d they’re stupid Mortals.’ — That  
 ‘ he said *the Major*, for D——me if I know  
 ‘ of ’em; but dear *Morise*, not to interrupt  
 ‘ you, I’ve often heard some of your *Tip-*  
 ‘ People say that your *Littleton* is a d——d clever  
 ‘ Fellow; but I beg Pardon, and my dear  
 ‘ don’t let us talk of *Religion*; D——n your *Doc-*  
 ‘ and finish your Story.’

‘ WITH all my Heart said *Fitzsimons*, for  
 ‘ Words will do it. — In short Gentlemen, I am  
 ‘ Master at *Piquet*, and could teach *Whist* to  
 ‘ *Hoyle*. I care not how the World goes, for  
 ‘ Lord pays for my Chariot, another keeps my

vants and *Horses*, and many of different Titles contribute to my Family-Expences.--- Thus, Gentlemen, I live, and live well, tho' the good old Gentlewoman keeps her Jointure.

'Z--ns, cry'd *Sir Nicholas*, you're a happy Fellow, but I am the most unlucky Dog in the World.--There's my *Mother* now,--D--me, she has no more *Nature* in her than a Stone; for if she lov'd her only *Child*, or my poor defunct *Father*, to be sure she'd have contriv'd some Way or other to have paid him a Visit by this Time.-- But no Matter, for whether her Jointure falls in or not, by G-- I'm determin'd next Bout to be *Knight of the Shire*, if it costs me Twenty Thousand Pounds.

THE highest Encomiums were ready to fall on *Nicholas*, when Mr. *Morise* rose in an Extacy, crying out, 'D--me I must kiss the dear Boy.--- Do, dear *Sir Nick*, stand for the County, and here I am that will support you with all my Interest, and be your Manager; for by the L--d, no Man in *Europe* understands that Matter better.'-- 'I thought, said Mr. *Songfroid*, your Estate lay in another County.'-- 'you thought, reply'd *Morise*, Psha, D-- it, why Man, all the World knows I've stood for Twenty Burroughs and Counties, and was a Member too in the *Queen's Time*; but that D--d new Ministry threw me out, and I've been fighting them ever since; but next P--t, I think I have a Burrough pretty sure.'-- 'Ay, Ay, Master *Morise*, said the Major, let it alone till then, and then you may think on't, for that will be your Share.'-- 'Why, you dirty Scoundrel, cry'd *Morise*, do you upbraid me in my Misfortunes, that has kept you from starving?'-- 'Patience good Mr. *Morise*, said the Major, Starving! Ay, ay, D--me if you kept me like yourself,

' yourself, I should starve indeed.' -- *Morise* lost Temper, and whilst he discharged a thousand Names, and not a few Glasses on the Major, the *Warrior* practis'd his own Lesson of Patience, and received them with great Meekness, still crying -- ' *Mr. Morise, Mr. Morise,* ' -- don't rouse the ' *angry Lyon* ' -- *Morise* drew his Sword, but some held him, and some the Major, whose Sword, at this Time, was unsheath'd. -- The Storm was violent. The *Major's* Voice was *Thunder*, and *Morise's* the Echo to it. -- *Mr. Ryan* and the *Waiter* enter'd, which added not a little to the Harmony. -- Now might be heard, *Oaths, Imprecations, Prayers* and *Intreaties* rushing instantly out; but no Mortal could distinguish or assign a Reason.

At last the Noise of *War* seem'd to subside, and gentle *Peace* began to spread her Pinions. The mangled Limbs of *slaughter'd Bottles* and *Glasses* were decently interr'd, and the purple Stream, that cover'd Half the Plain, was now swallow'd up by the neighbouring Sands. -- All Preliminaries being adjusted, Tranquillity was proclaimed, and three *Bottles* call'd for to sacrifice to Love and Friendship. ---- Bumpers went briskly round, and the Zeal was so fervent to establish a *right Understanding*, that some of the Company began to lose their own.

' Z--NS, cry'd the Knight, what Fools were we to quarrel amongst ourselves, when the common Enemy is at Hand? -- D--me, my Bucks, let's fall forth and beat the Watch! -- ' Glorious Thought! said the Major, and let's beat up the Bawdy Houses. -- I'm with you cry'd *Morise*, by the L---d 'tis the most finest Fun in the Universe. -- To pay --- a Bill this Instant, and let's to Business. ' --- All seem'd to join, and

whilst



As the Bill was preparing, *Sir Nicholas* settled Operations.

THE Reckoning was *Three Pounds Eighteen*

*Shillings*, and each Man put his Hand to his Pock-

—The *Major* laugh'd, and, swearing he had

lost his Breeches that Morning, and forgot to

bring his Money, added, 'Tis no great Matter,

for my Servant is an honest Fellow ; however,

for *Nick*, tip me a Guinea till I see you next.' —

The Knight readily comply'd and Mr. *Conyers* say-

'It is just our *Half Guineas a-piece*,' threw

on the Table. — *Morise* whisper'd some-

thing to *Sir Nicholas*, who immediately cry'd out

'—tis, that's true, D— my B—d if the Gentleman

brings a Farthing in my Company.' — *Conyers*

was to be excused; but the other insisting on pay-

ing the Whole, threw four Guineas to the Waiter.

*Morise* took the Half Guinea, intreating Mr.

*Conyers* to put it up ; which he peremptorily refus-

ed. 'Well said *Morise*, 'tis only so much the

more for the Waiter ;' however, in a Mistake,

dropt it into his own Pocket.

IT WAS past Three o'Clock, and the Quiet of

the Neighbourhood was to be invaded, the Com-

panies in the Street each encouraging the other in the

addition. — But my Duty calls me another Way,

Mr. *Conyers* took the first Chair, and got safe

to his Lodgings without sharing in the Honours or

perils of this glorious Action, and his Friend

soon followed his Example.

## C H A P. XXII.

*O that I had my Innocence again !  
My untouch'd Honour ! but I wish in vain :  
The Fleece that has been by the Dyer stain'd,  
Never again its native Whiteness gain'd.*

WALLER,

**S**ANGFROID was rous'd about Six that Morning by a Thundering Rap at the Door. At Ten he return'd, and gave *Conyers* the Sequel to the Evening's Entertainment.—— ' There has been ' fine Work, *said he*, and our Heroes have furnish'd me Employment. It seems they began their Attack on the Watchmen a little too precipitately, so were instantly out-number'd. The Battle lasted but a short Time, and in the Hurry the Major and Mr. *Morise* got off to a Bagniard but most miserably cut in the Head and Face.—— The Valour of the young Knight not permitting him the proper Use of his Legs, he was taken Prisoner and conducted to the Citadel of the Prison, vulgarly term'd the Round-House. He was tolerably bruised, and has another honourable Mark planted just over his Eye. Some of the Watch are slightly injur'd, but as they will make the most of it, this Affair perhaps may be made up at the trivial Expence of an Hundred Guinea. ' But, *said Conyers*, what became of the other Gentlemen? For methinks Mr. *Fitzsimons* is a Man of more Understanding than to embark in such an Exploit.——' He *(answer'd the Surgeon)* slipp'd off with me, and whisper'd, " He had no Idea of Fighting, where nothing but the Reputation of Honour or Credit could possibly be obtain'd. " As for the City Blades, all I hear of them is, that

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they play'd their Parts very well for some Time, but had so much Prudence as not to be taken.'

'I AM heartily, glad said *Conyers*, that some have been properly punish'd; for their Conduct is so absurd, that nothing can extenuate it, but imagining them Lunatick.'---'In truth, said *Sangfroid*, the Watchmen treated them as such, and blooded them severely.---But what think you of their Humour?-----Humour! reply'd *Conyers*, Faith I found none, but for Ribaldry, Folly, and Non-sense; I thank my Stars, I never heard nor saw more in my whole Life. I was quite silent, and bore all their Extravagancies with some Patience, except their horrid Swearing, which really made me shudder.'---'And yet, said his Friend, such is the general Run of Tavern-Conversation.'

---I am sorry for it, answer'd *Conyers*; but wonder what Joy, what Pleasure Men can take, especially old ones, in Riot and Excess! Company, and too much Wine, may sometimes lead Men into a thousand odd Frolicks; but a cool, deliberate System of Ignorance, Debauchery and Impiety, is what I can by no Means account for. Dean *Swift*, indeed, was not so much astonish'd at seeing Men wicked, as at their not being ashamed of it.'---That, said *Sangfroid*, is really the most surprizing Circumstance; but of our Companions, I can only say, as *Killegrew* did of Lord *Wharton*, "They would not swear at that abominable Rate, if they thought they were doing God Honour." Many Observations pass'd, the Surgeon told him, they would dine To-morrow with a Lady on the *Surry* Side, where possibly he might be more happily and more agreeably entertain'd.

Next Day they took Boat. 'The Lady, said *Sangfroid*, we are going to visit, was formerly call'd POLLY GUN, but lately POLLY CANNON

‘ CANNON, and has been what the World  
 ‘ *One of Us*. She has had her Share of Varie  
 ‘ but managed so cleverly, as to have an Incom  
 ‘ of about Two Hundred Pounds a Year. She  
 ‘ now about Forty-five Years of Age, prefer  
 ‘ a Portion of Beauty, and has for these Four  
 ‘ Years retir’d from the Town, and lives a m  
 ‘ regular and modest Life. She has been often  
 ‘ Keeping, but had always a Settlement by W  
 ‘ of Life-Annuity. I transact all her Affairs, a  
 ‘ am on such a Footing, that I hope to perswa  
 ‘ her to give you her History. You’ll be pleas  
 ‘ with her Conversation, for she is extreamly we  
 ‘ bred, and of a lively and chearful Turn.’

THEY row’d up the River about Six Miles  
 Conyers still enquiring into more Particulars, wh  
 furnish’d *Sangfroid* with an Opportunity of describ  
 ing her Person, her OEconomy, her Happiness  
 and other Articles, till they landed. A Quarter  
 an Hour brought them to her House: It was fine  
 but most neatly furnish’d, with a Garden in nice O  
 der. The first Salutations over, Mrs. Cannon fi  
 into the easy and familiar Stile. She very agreea  
 bly rally’d the Magnificence of her Palace, the El  
 gance of the Apartments, and the Spaciousness  
 the Saloon. As she went through the few Room  
 she made very merry Remarks.—‘ Now, Ge  
 ‘ tlemen, *said she*, this is my Bed-Chamber, a  
 ‘ contains somewhat scarcely to be found in a  
 ‘ other.’——‘ I must own, Madam, *said Co*  
 ‘ yers, I never saw so truly a clean, neat, a  
 ‘ charming an Apartment in my Life, but  
 ‘ Bed strikes my Imagination the most.—W  
 ‘ Joy, what Content must Repose and Slumber  
 ‘ in it!——Oh, very fine, *said she*; but  
 ‘ your Guess is very true, permit me to set y  
 ‘ Right in the Main.—This Bed, *contin*  
 ‘ *she*, I made myself, and have for these Four Ye

‘ constant



constantly slept in it as happily as I wish or desire ;  
 at few Beds can boast, like this, of being never  
 employ'd but merely to sleep in.'—*Sangfroid*  
 sh'd, and *Conyers* smil'd—' You may laugh,  
 Gentlemen, *said she*, yet faith it is Fact.—  
 but now let us go to the Library.' She then  
 ducted them into a pretty contriv'd Closet, and  
 w'd about Three hundred Volumes of History,  
 try and Books of Divinity.—' I doubt not,  
*said she*, but some great Personages may have a  
 rger Collection, but perhaps they cannot say  
 ith me, that they have read all their's more  
 an once over.—Yonder are the Classicks in  
 ood *English*.---You may examine them if you  
 ease; for I assure you they are not in Wood  
 d design'd for Ornament only.'---*Conyers* and  
 Surgeon found something to say on every  
 ume, nor did she fail in very pertinent Replies.  
 e then led them to her Garden :----' Here,  
*said she*, is the fair Flower in its Lustre ! What  
 ty to crop its growing Sweetness, then cast it  
 e a loathsome Weed away.'---' Pity, indeed,  
 adam, *said Conyers* ; but to transplant, to che-  
 h it in your fair Garden, where the Sun always  
 ines, has been your careful Employment, but  
 iver, to let it wither and perish on the Stem,  
 ithout smelling its Fragrancy, is perhaps a  
 ime almost as bad. For my Part, I should  
 joy its Perfume, and endeavour to keep it in  
 nstant Blow.'---' Yes, yes, *said she*, I never  
 ew a young Fellow that did not imagine he'd  
 ke an excellent Gardiner.---But here comes  
 Maid, and I prophecy Dinner is ready.'—  
 hey walk'd to the House, the Surgeon gave  
 Whispr.  
 HE Repast was plain, but so neat, and enli-  
 d by such Good Humour and Ghearfulness,  
 Conyers declar'd he never had so high an Enter-  
 tainment.

tainment.----*Sangfroid* put her in Mind of the Promise she made him.—Since, said she, your Friend *Mr. Conyers* is so curious, I shall give him a History, of which I make no great Secret.

The STORY of

*POLLY GUN,*

OTHERWISE

*POLLY CANNON*

‘ **W**HO, or what were my Parents, is of  
 ‘ Consequence, only I must say they were  
 ‘ People of Substance and Reputation, and  
 ‘ tenderly bred and educated me. I grew up like  
 ‘ other Wenchess; and at Fourteen, *the flatter*  
 ‘ *World had talk’d me into Beauty.* Perhaps  
 ‘ really was so, but am sure I thought it. About  
 ‘ this Time, one *Mr. Tarrier*, and his Lady, took  
 ‘ a furnish’d House in our Neighbourhood. There  
 ‘ good Gentlewoman was mighty religious, and  
 ‘ never fail’d at the Parish Church. She took  
 ‘ great Liking to my Father’s Pew, and, by means of  
 ‘ little Civilities, was much regarded by our Family.  
 ‘ She invited us to Supper, and was invited in our  
 ‘ turn. In a Word, her Conversation was so pleasant  
 ‘ and godly, and she inveigh’d so much against the  
 ‘ Wickedness and Vices of the present Age, that  
 ‘ my poor Parents became so fond of, and intimate  
 ‘ with her, that they intreated she would be so  
 ‘ good to instruct their dear *Polly*. I own I was  
 ‘ not much pleas’d with my Tutores, for she constantly  
 ‘ trail’d me to Church twice a-Day. My  
 ‘ good Mother thank’d God she had found so good  
 ‘ a Friend; but I soon discover’d that *Madam*

er was not so outrageously rigid as I expected; for she sometimes perswaded them to permit me to a Play. The pious Lady always chose a Comedy, and in some Parts where I was ignorant of the Joke, she very kindly explain'd perhaps, more than the Author meant.

IN this Manner we liv'd for about Half a Year, and the good Woman had got such an Ascendancy over my Mother, that I believe she would have trusted me with her even to *America*. She frequently took me to visit her Uncle near *Grosvenor-Square*. He was a very polite, rich old Gentleman, and so kind to me, that I was always sure of some pretty Present, or a Guinea or two to buy Ribbands. At one, and the last of these Visits, *Madam Tarrier* took the Opportunity of leaving me with her Uncle, that she might attend her Devotions at a neighbouring Church. I thought she staid a little too long, and began to be impatient. The old Gentleman endeavour'd to pass away the Time with a Chat fitting my years, but at last I could not refrain crying most bitterly.—What need I amuse you with unnecessary Particulars?—The *She Devil* had left me with an *He-one*, and I was undone.

THE first Month of my Confinement, for I was constantly watch'd, was dreadful to my Imagination. I most affectionately lov'd my Father and Mother, and felt their Sufferings at the Loss of an only Child. I wept almost Day and Night, but must say the old Gentleman was extremely tender and fond, and did all in his Power to make my Life easy. He bought me Books, to be read by Turns, and he gave me that Sort of Taste and Relish to Books, which I now find of infinite Use. I play'd on the Harpsichord, and sang well; but he had a Master to perfect me  
' and

' and amuse my leisure Hours. I insensibly began  
 ' to be better pleas'd with my Station, and  
 ' Twelve Months was quite reconcil'd to it.  
 ' **WHAT** an Animal is Man!—As I grew ha-  
 ' py and fond of the Wretch, his Affections cool'd  
 ' and he entirely chang'd his Conduct. At last  
 ' upbraided me with Infidelity (which was impos-  
 ' sible) and prov'd his Assertions by my injuring his  
 ' Health. He storm'd, and flew into a violent  
 ' Passion; and calling his Man *Jenkins*, "Here  
 ' said he, take this fair Lady, get her a Lodging  
 ' and a Surgeon, which I shall pay; but since she  
 ' has found out a *Trade*, all she can expect of me  
 ' is to set her up."—Without giving me Time  
 ' to reply, he step'd into his Chariot and vanish'd.  
 ' -----I was struck dumb; and tho' my Heart was  
 ' ready to burst, no friendly Tear assisted me.  
 ' Poor *Jenkins* was in great Perplexity; but one  
 ' the Maids having pack'd up all my Linnen and  
 ' Cloaths, of which I had Abundance, and very  
 ' fine, he was oblig'd to execute the Orders of his  
 ' Master, and conducted me to the Door, where  
 ' an Hackney Coach stood ready to receive me.  
 ' As I was passing the Hall, I don't know what  
 ' perswaded me to open the Parlour Door; but  
 ' what was my Astonishment, when I saw Mr  
 ' *Tarrier*, and a charming young Creature, in  
 ' close Conversation!—I stood Motionless, but in  
 ' Agony, and with uplifted Eyes, I just utter'd  
 ' *Infamous Woman!* and fell in a Swoon.----The  
 ' Servants too charitably brought me to myself  
 ' and *Jenkins* rather carried, than led me to the  
 ' Coach.  
 ' **WHEN** we got to the Lodging he had pro-  
 ' vided for me, I flew to the Bed and abandon'd  
 ' myself to Tears, Sighs, and the most melancholy  
 ' Reflections.---Good God! said I, is there no  
 ' Law, no Justice for the Injuries done me?

' I said



suffer in Silence, and must triumphant Villany  
 unpunished?---Is the Nature of *Woman* so har-  
 en'd, and the Conscience of Man so steel'd, as  
 not to feel the utmost Remorse for this *worse*  
*an Rape*?---Bitter, very bitter were my Words,  
 and *Jenkins* try'd all Means to assuage the Vio-  
 lence of my Passion. At length I became more  
 calm, and he promis'd to wait on me in the  
 morning. The Woman of the House oblig'd  
 "Her to eat a little, and was very civil and ten-  
 Lodging."

Next Day *Jenkins* came and brought a Surgeon.  
 Then alone, he began to question and examine  
 in the delicate Manner, and then declar'd I  
 was injur'd in a high Degree.---'T would be tedi-  
 ous to mention all this Affair; let it suffice, that  
 I was perfectly recover'd in Two Months.---  
 I could not accuse myself of a real Crime, I  
 resolv'd, if possible, to return to my Parents, not  
 doubting but they would receive me, and revenge  
 my Wrongs. With proper Caution I perswaded  
 my Landlady to make some Enquiry after them;  
 "Good Heavens! What were my Sufferings  
 willst she gave me the following Account?---" I  
 have done, Madam, *said she*, what you have de-  
 mand, and find, that the Family I enquir'd after, had  
 a beautiful Daughter who was stolen from them  
 about a Year ago by a Bawd, who, as a Neigh-  
 bour, got into their Favour, but decamp'd the  
 moment she finish'd her horrid Work. The  
 poor Mother was so griev'd at the Loss of her  
 child, that she fell into a Decay, and died in  
 half a Year. The Father, with Difficulty, got  
 the better of his Afflictions, but sold all his Ef-  
 fects, and went Abroad, but where I could not  
 learn. I assure you, Madam, that Family are  
 greatly pity'd by all the Neighbours."---" My  
 Relation is not to be describ'd.---Now, *said I*,  
 ' the

‘ the worst has happen’d.---My dear Mother  
 ‘ dead,---My Father gone,---and I must be ab  
 ‘ don’d to the Fate of a Prostitute.---But what  
 ‘ nifies what becomes of me ?

‘ JENKINS just then enter’d, and, after so  
 ‘ Chat, told me my Lodgings and the Surge  
 ‘ were paid;’ “ And now, *Polly*, said he, y  
 ‘ old Friend sends you these Fifty Guineas,  
 ‘ advises you to take Care of yourself.”——  
 ‘ took the Money, but vented on the old Vill  
 ‘ every Name, and every Imprecation my R  
 ‘ could suggest.”——“ Come, come, *said* J  
 ‘ kins, of what Use is all this ? You must  
 ‘ think of providing a Maintenance ; and if yo  
 ‘ be advis’d by me, perhaps Things may go  
 ‘ ter than you imagine. You are certainly a  
 ‘ Girl, and some Gentlemen would think th  
 ‘ selves happy in your Acquaintance. If yo  
 ‘ give me Leave, I’ll engage you shall not w  
 ‘ two or three very liberal Friends.——You  
 ‘ derstand me.”——“ I was really in such  
 ‘ Temper of Mind, and thought my Situation  
 ‘ desperate, that I did not reflect on the Mife  
 ‘ was going to plunge myself into, but conse  
 ‘ to be guided by him, and fell into his Project  
 ‘ a Sort of Stupidity that I never could acc  
 ‘ for.

‘ JENKINS got me noble Lodgings prop  
 ‘ situated, and gave me his Instructions ; but,  
 ‘ other Dealers, I gave him a Sample of the C  
 ‘ He had the Benefit of a Subscriber for Six Co  
 ‘ by having the Seventh *Gratis*. He was a  
 ‘ ble Broker, and sent many good Customers to  
 ‘ *Ware-house*.—In Six Months POLLY GUIN  
 ‘ gan to be famous, and my Lodgings were s  
 ‘ times the Scene of Quarrels and Noise, espec  
 ‘ at Night. In short, *Disgraces had knock*  
 frequent

requently at my Door, and the Neighbourhood oblig'd me to shift my Quarters.

IN three Years I believe I had thirty different Apartments, good and bad, just as the Ballance of Trade was *For* or *Against* me. 'Tis an odd sort of Fund, for when *Stock* was *low*, I mount-  
ed to a Second or Third Story; when *high*, I de-  
scended to the First Floor. I had not seen *Jen-*  
*kins* for some Time, so presume he was instructing  
other Wenches whom his Master had made as  
wretched as myself.—By this Time some of my  
Cloaths were worn out, and many had visited  
the Pawn-Brokers.—I was frequented but by  
lovers of the *trifling Order*.—I had not saved  
a Shilling, and wanted many Necessaries in my  
profession, besides being indebted a Month's Lodg-  
ing. In this Distress, my Maid perswaded me to  
be acquainted with the Porters of two or three  
noted Taverns.—To these Places I was fre-  
quently sent for, and now took the Name of  
POLLY CANNON. The Novelty of my Face,  
my Conversation, which was always decent, my  
voice, and my Youth and Complexion, furnish'd  
out a good, or rather, a bad Livelihood. The  
porters were fond to promote my Interest, as I  
greatly promoted theirs.

THESE Gentlemen always charg'd a Shilling  
for my Chair-hire to the Tavern, and another if  
I return'd alone to my Lodging, tho' I was ob-  
lig'd to walk. If I got a Guinea, their Fee was a  
crown, besides some other *Dues*, which I shall  
not mention. In short, these Fellows make a  
vast Income out of the Industry of poor young  
ladies.

EVEN this Sort of Life at last fail'd me; for  
my Face grew too familiar, which is an unpar-  
donable Crime amongst Gentlemen; and my  
I biting

'biting the Porters out of their just Poundage  
 'and refusing some certain Compliances which the  
 'regard as their Prerogative, they left me to pick  
 'my Teeth in my Chamber, and never invited poor  
 'Polly Cannon to a good Supper.

'I COULD not starve.—With some Interest  
 'I was enlisted under the Banners of a famous Lady  
 'near *Covent-Garden*. Not to be too minute  
 'my Relation, I shall only say, I did tolerably well  
 'there for some Time; but a Quarrel between one  
 'of the Nymphs and I, obliged me to shift the  
 'Scene, and make a Piece of the Furniture of  
 'a *Coffee-house*.—As abandon'd as I was, I could  
 'never swear or drink. The Want of this last  
 'Qualification, made me soon discharg'd the Mani-  
 'fessions of Drunkenness, and threw me, for Subsistence,  
 'into the Arms of the *Publick*.

'WHY should I pretend to describe what no  
 Mortal can exactly do? What Joy can you receive  
 'in my speaking *Variety of Wretchedness*?  
 'Or in a Tale, whose lightest Word would harrow  
 'up thy Soul!—Cold, Famine and Pestilence  
 'were my constant Companions.—I breathe  
 'but devoutly wish'd every Moment might be my  
 'last. ROWE justly paints my Misery.

'To know no Thought of Rest; to have the Min-  
 'Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Circle,  
 'Where one Dishonour treads upon another:  
 'What know the Fiends beyond it!

'HEAVEN help the unhappy Creatures groaning  
 'under this fatal Necessity, and forgive those who  
 'drove them to it!

'ONE Night as I took my Rounds, I touch'd  
 'a young Gentleman, and in the usual Phrase, ask'd  
 'for a Pint of Wine. He turn'd, and by the Assistance  
 'of a



JACK CONNER, now CONYERS. 195

nce of a Lamp, examined me a little, and con-  
 tented.——“ Perhaps Child, *said he*, you are  
 more Hungry than Dry.”—— On my telling him  
 guess’d right, he order’d a Supper.——Our  
 conversation became very diverting, and he was  
 good to say, I was much above the Common.  
 He desired my Story, and I gave it him very na-  
 rally, but concluded, that, as all poor Girls  
 are fertile in Invention, I much doubted if he  
 edited my Tale.——He look’d serious, but  
 in pitying, he became amorous, and press’d  
 going to a Bagnio.——Wretched as I am,  
*said I*, I cannot do a wilful Injury. You  
 are happy and in Health, but I am miserable  
 every Way.——When he was convinc’d of the  
 truth of what I said, he took me in his Arms,  
 and vow’d he would never forget my Generosity.  
 —Take, *said he*, these Five Guineas, and  
 meet me To-morrow Morning in Somerset-  
 gardens.”

You may be sure I was punctual, and indeed  
 was exact. In fine, he carried me to the House  
 of a Surgeon, where I remain’d until his Duty  
 was over. My Friend, whose Name was *Loveit*,  
 conducted me to a private Family, where, in a  
 short Time, with good Living and tolerable Con-  
 fort of Mind, I recover’d my former Spirits, my  
 complexion, and every Sign of Youth, for I was  
 yet quite One-and-Twenty.——If ever I  
 met a Man it was this dear Friend, and he me-  
 moured all my Regard.’

WITH this Gentleman I liv’d near three Years,  
 as happily as my Situation could admit of. I  
 recover’d my Musick and my Taste in Books,  
 and greatly improv’d in both.——One Morning at  
 breakfast he walk’d about the Room, and seem’d  
 pensive. On my enquiring the Cause, he

"fat down by me and began thus.—“ I hope  
 "dear *Polly* believes I love her as I ought, but  
 "Things must have an End—Don't be  
 "much alarm'd, *said he*, on seeing my Tears,  
 "I shall act with Honour, and to your Satisfaction  
 "—In two Words, *Polly*, my Friends and  
 "real Interest compel me to marry."—  
 "happy, Sir, *said I*, in the Choice of a Wife,  
 "may every Blessing attend you."—"What  
 "mains for me but Despair, Anxiety and Madness  
 "—"Not so, my dear *Polly*, *cry'd he*,  
 "hope a better Fate attends you. Here are  
 "Hundred Guineas, and this Paper intitles you  
 "an Annuity of Forty Pounds a Year. Be content  
 "of these and be happy."

"His Generosity charm'd me, and by degrees  
 "he calm'd my troubled Spirits, and brought me  
 "talk of parting with more Coolness of Temper  
 "than I possibly could have imagined.—“  
 "we must separate, *said he*, take a little of my  
 "Advice. My Cousin, Captain *Mizen*, of the  
 "Superb Man of War, has seen and likes  
 "As he knows all my Affairs, he begs to be  
 "mitted to your good Graces. The Captain  
 "Old Bluff Tar, and tho' not very polite and  
 "der, yet he's an hearty honest Fellow. If I  
 "consent, I will engage a Settlement of Ten  
 "Pounds, besides your living as you have hitherto  
 "done."—Some Conversation ensu'd, and  
 "I accepted the Proposal.

"THE Evening was usher'd in by a Visit  
 "Captain *Mizen*, who was introduc'd by Mr  
 "visit. I receiv'd them with great Respect  
 "made many Compliments for the Praises bestow'd  
 "on me by my Friend.—“S'blood, *said*  
 "Captain, what's all this *Jawing* for? I've  
 "as Coz desir'd, and o'has the Papers in's Power

How d'ye see, an it be too little, there's twenty  
pieces more to turn the Scale.—Now Mistress,  
how say you? shall we make the Bargain and  
deal Lips.”——‘*Loveit* smil'd, but I was mute.

“Well, well, said he, Silence gives Con-  
sent, so Mistress, by your Leave.”——‘He

smil'd most furiously, and then turning to *Loveit*,

——“S'blood Coz, she's a well built Sloop,  
and will carry a huge deal of Canvas; I'm afraid  
she shall never be able to run her fairly down.”

We had much of this Sort of Conversation,

and Mr. *Loveit* came to the Point, and his giving

me another Annuity of *Thirty Pounds*, I own it

judged me greatly in Favour of Captain *Mizen*.

Some more Words finish'd this Affair, and I be-  
came the Property of this *Man of War*, and

parted with my Friend with Love and Regret.

CAPTAIN *Mizen* visited constantly, but sel-  
dom before One or Two in the Morning, and

frequently *Half Seas over*, as he call'd it. 'Twas

difficult to manage him in this *Trim*, but when

he was drunk, was very tame and obedient, so I

took Care to ply him with Port or Punch, and

he turn'd in with Ease. In the Morning he

always begg'd Pardon, not in Words, but in a

humiliatory Manner, that carried irresistible Per-  
sion. I certainly hated him, and the *Resistance*

always made to his Caresses serv'd but to plague

the more with his Fondness. The Creature

was, and no *Caliban* could shew it more. I was

on his *Pinnace*, his *Frigate*, and a Thousand tender

measures, but on struggling, he has cry'd out—

“That's right!—*Yard-arm* and *Yard-arm*.——

“Blood *Pall*, an you blow me up, by the World

will clap the broad R on you.”

At last my true Love went to Sea, and gave

me a Reprive for six Months. The Experience

I had,

' I had, made me find out the real Use of Money  
 ' and resolve to save as much as I could. The  
 ' Captain returned with a fresh Cargo of that Com-  
 ' modity which his Love made less valuable.  
 ' was so generous that I suffer'd his Embraces with  
 ' great Freedom, but discover'd the lucky Secret  
 ' that this was the only Chance I had of losing my  
 ' valiant Heart. It seems he lov'd a smart Engage-  
 ' ment, and a Ship that would take a good deal  
 ' of *Drubbing* before she struck. An easy Conquest  
 ' was to him of no Value. With this Knowledge  
 ' I pretended extream Fondness; I hung on his  
 ' Neck; I kiss'd his Carbuncled Cheeks, and  
 ' most cry'd when he left me. He seem'd pleas'd  
 ' enough with my behaviour, but his Visits were  
 ' less frequent, and in six Months he forfeited his  
 ' Articles, gave me the Good-bye, and left me  
 ' a *Turtle* all alone, to weep and mourn the Absence  
 ' of her *Mate*.

' My Landlady, Mrs. *Wheedle*, was a Woman  
 ' who understood the World. In her young  
 ' Days she had been of *personal Use* to a Nobleman  
 ' who married her to his Footman, and procured  
 ' him a very pretty Employ in the *Revenue*. Last-  
 ' ly, I believe, she serv'd his Lordship in another  
 ' Capacity. With these People I liv'd, and, by  
 ' Things consider'd, was perfectly happy in the  
 ' Friendship of Mrs. *Wheedle*. We went to Church  
 ' to the Play Houses, and were inseparable. In  
 ' our Walks I took it in my Head to enquire  
 ' for my *Old Friend* near *Grosvenor Square*,  
 ' whom I had not heard for above six Years. Mrs.  
 ' *Wheedle* went to the House, but found it in-  
 ' habited by another Family. With some Difficul-  
 ' ty I was inform'd that the *Old Gentleman's* wife  
 ' Fortune was swallow'd up in the *South-Sea*. That  
 ' his Distress was so great that it turn'd his Head  
 ' and had been supported by Charity in a *Mad-*



near *Chelsea*, where he died about a Year ago.—  
I had no great Reason to love his Memory, yet  
I should I not help a few Tears, but guarded against  
calling his *Fate* a just Judgment.

LORD, said Mrs. *Wheedle*, what signifies it.  
If the Gentleman was a *Friend in a Corner*, thank  
God there be others in the World as good as he.  
Charity begins at Home my Dear, but nothing  
to be got by *Idleness*. I love to see a young  
Woman *Industrious* and *Careful*. 'Tis the most  
commendablest Thing in Life." — "I am no  
Enemy, said I, to Industry, but sure you would  
not have me hawk about my Goods, or stand at  
the Door and cry—*Walk in Gentlemen! and  
 behold the wonderful Works of Nature! Alive—  
 Alive—ho!* — "Certainly *Polly*, said she, you're  
distracted! — Did ever any Body hear such  
Nonsense! — If you will be *Industrious* I know  
a Friend will give you Employment." — Ay,  
said I, now you say something; but will  
he come down handsomely? for you know I hate  
a Game that can't afford paying the Cards. —  
Lord, Lord, *Polly*, said she, you're strangely  
covetous! but I don't blame you neither. —  
There's 'Squire CARELESS now, the most  
Charmingest and most Agreeablest Man in Life,  
mayhap he may answer your Purpose. — What  
say you to that *Polly*?" — "With all my  
Heart, said I, the 'Squire shall be welcome, but  
you know the Conditions."

In a few Days Mr. *Careless* paid me a Visit,  
and with great Ease and Familiarity fell into a Chat  
of a Settlement. — "I'm so unluckily my Dear,  
said he, to have my Estate so fix'd by Law, that  
I cannot touch it. My Income I spend like a  
Gentleman. Pleasure is my Profession, and the  
Ladies are the Idols I adore. The Incense I burn  
is Money, and my Sacrifice is Love. Accept one

“and the other, and the *Priestess* below St  
 “shall have Reason to be content.”——“I laugh  
 “at the Oddity of his Expressions, but as his  
 “cense had a *sweet smelling Flavour*, I was p  
 “sueded of the Sincerity of his Devotions, and I  
 “came his *Titular Saint*.”

“His Visits were very irregular, but, tho’  
 “ways chearful, always good-humour’d and ge  
 “rous, they seem’d rather paid to dispose of and  
 “Time, than to see the Object of his Love.—M  
 “*Wheedle* took Notice of this, and insinuated, th  
 “*vacant Hours might be employ’d to Advantage*.  
 “There is Perquisites, *said she*, belonging to  
 “Employments in Life, and since you keep  
 “Office, I see no Reason why you shou’dn’t-ha  
 “’em as well as another.”——“If I keep an Off  
 “*said I*, it is an Office of Assurance, or rather, th  
 “of an *Under-writer*; but where are the Perq  
 “sites you talk of? for I always admir’d yo  
 “*Douceurs*, or, as some call them, your *Douce*  
 “——“You’re a Mad-cap, *said she*, but let  
 “alone to work for you.”

“THE good Woman was very skilful, and  
 “different Times brought me acquainted with t  
 “or three elderly Gentlemen, who made ample  
 “mends for the Roughness of their *Beards*, a  
 “their *Stinking Breath*. This *Revenue* was par  
 “appropriated to my Friend’s private Recreation  
 “and mine, and the Remainder to the Sink  
 “Fund.”

“CARELESS sometimes met one of these Gent  
 “men in my Chamber, but seem’d quite indiffer  
 “about it. The Indolence of his Temper w  
 “such, that no jealous Thoughts had Power to g  
 “him Uneasiness. I once made an Apology  
 “having a Stranger in my Apartment, and told h  
 “a well-contriv’d Lye.”——“Bless me Child, f  
 “he, why so many Words about a Trifle?——  
 “know

know you are a *Woman*, and cannot help acting as such.—I know you have been playing the *Truant*, but why should I be angry at the constant Practice of your Sex? No no, my Dear, I am so happy that no Woman can disappoint me.—You have all the same Turn, and a little *Cheating*, even at Cards, affords you infinite Delight.—The Pleasure of *Deceiving* has something exquisite in it, but I am so ill-natur'd as to disappoint you, and freely indulge a Passion so natural to the Ladies.”

“I own he stung me more by his Indifference than had he storm'd and swore. I said what was necessary on the Occasion, but he took the Standish and wrote.”—“Here, my dear *Polly*, said he, are my Sentiments. Let's say no more on the Head, but *love* one another as well as we can.”—He then began a very merry Conversation, and embracing me very tenderly, took his Leave.—I long'd to read his Paper, and found these Words;

The Easy Lover.

*Why should I pretend to have  
Dear POLLY's Heart entire?  
What, in her Pow'r, to me she gave,  
And fann'd the am'rous Fire.*

*Then tell me not, ill-natur'd Soul!  
To others she's as kind;  
Why should I her Bliss controul  
Since others hit my Mind?*

*No; let us ramble, not repine,  
Let both contented be;  
Her Soul's her own, her Charms are mine,  
And that's enough for me.*

‘ AT first I thought I had lost him for ever  
 ‘ but a Day or two convinc’d me to the contrar  
 ‘ We kept up a tender Correspondence for about  
 ‘ Twelve-month more ; and my Perquisites reg  
 ‘ larly came in. At last his Extravagancies, an  
 ‘ the Want of *common Attention* to his Affairs, dro  
 ‘ him into such Difficulties, that he was compell  
 ‘ to give up many Amusements, and *Me* among  
 ‘ the rest.—Mrs. *Wheedle’s* good Managemen  
 ‘ prevented my too much regretting the Loss  
 ‘ *Careless*. She soon furnish’d me with *another*  
 ‘ *and another, and the last Fool still welcome as the*  
 ‘ *first*.’

‘ I MUST reserve for another Opportunity, m  
 ‘ Travels to *Ireland* with a Lord of that Countr  
 ‘ and to *France* with a *Scotch* Nobleman.—M  
 ‘ living with a *Jew*, a *Quaker*, and sundry others  
 ‘ the many Tricks I play’d in a Progress of *Fifteen*  
 ‘ *Years* would make a large Folio, and perhaps b  
 ‘ as *useful* as *MOLL FLANDERS*.

‘ IN a Word, I found myself possess’d of abou  
 ‘ *Two Hundred Pounds* a Year well paid, beside  
 ‘ some *ready Money* and *Jewels*.—*Time* began  
 ‘ gather my *Roses*, and ruffle my *smooth Brows*  
 ‘ The few Charms that remain’d, I resolv’d, t  
 ‘ use myself. I had seen the *World*, and found it  
 ‘ *vain empty Nothing*.—I began to call to m  
 ‘ Memory the Days of *Innocency* and *Happiness*.—  
 ‘ I reflected on the Charms of *Religion* and *Virtue*  
 ‘ for their *Beauties* had not quite forsaken me.—  
 ‘ try’d their Power, and they have conducted m  
 ‘ to this Mansion of *Peace* and *Tranquillity*.

‘ WHY are miserable Creatures call’d *Women*  
 ‘ *Pleasure* ?—Poor Wretches ! they know of none  
 ‘ — In their happiest Days, and in the high  
 ‘ *Keeping*, whom do they converse with ? —  
 ‘ the Midst of *Gaiety*, they are in *Darkness* and  
 ‘ *Obscurity*.—They walk with self-condemn’d an

‘ *suspicion*



suspicious Looks, and just live like a Rat in the Wainscot.—When stript of their *Finery*, when discarded the *fertile Paddock*, and sent to graze on the *Common*. What Horrors!—What Vile-  
nesses!

I do not pretend to be a Judge of the Charms of Matrimony, neither can I have a just Idea of the Pleasure Parents take in their Children, as I never was in either Situation; but this I can positively affirm from my own Experience, that in the Midst of every Joy I was capable of receiving, as certainly was of some, I had Reflections which could not account for, but which gave me infinite Anxiety.—To be necessitated to be *fond* where I was *quite indifferent*.—To *carress* him whom I *despised*.—To seem to *love* and be all *Tenderness*, where I *hated* and even *leath'd*.—In short, to *live*, if I may so call it, a MARTYR to my *Reason* and *Understanding*, is a Situation the most deplorable *human Nature* can be reduc'd to. —As *Light* follows *Shade*, so *Trouble* and *Remorse* pursues the *Vicious*.—Who can fathom the Deep, or measure infinite Space! But Oh! who can describe the *Joy*, when the *Father of infinite Mercy* speaks *Peace* and *Comfort* to the *Contrite Heart*!

She ceas'd.—*Sangfroid* prais'd the Steadiness of Resolution, but *Conyers* was lost in Thought. If, Madam, said he at last, your whole Life was shewn to the World, with the proper Observations of a skilful Hand, how useful, how instructive would it be!—You wou'd serve as a *Star* to direct the Unwary in the Voyage through Life; or, should Storms or Tempests drive them into Error, to guide and pilot them into an Harbour of Safety.—*Vice* has its Charms, but place *Virtue* in Contrast, *How is it possible* our *Sense* should stray?—Your Remark, Sir,  
said

‘ said she, is just ; but, *FRAILTY ! thy Name*  
 ‘ *Woman*, or rather, it is the *common Name* of  
 ‘ *Mankind*.——The whole World struggle  
 ‘ strive and fight for, what they call ; *Happiness*  
 ‘ but they neglect and despise the sure, the only  
 ‘ Way of attaining it, which *Religion* and *Vir-*  
 ‘ can alone point out.’——The Remainder of the  
 Conversation was very serious ; but Night coming  
 on, they were oblig’d, unwillingly, to separate.

As they return’d, *Conyers* could speak of nothing  
 but Mrs. *Cannon*. He admir’d her good Sense, her  
 easy Turn of Mind, and her *Moral* and *Religious*  
 Sentiments free from idle *Affectation*, or ridiculous  
*Superstition* ; but thought she still led but a melancholy  
 Life.——‘ Quite otherwise, said *Sangre*  
 ‘ she has a sensible Servant for her constant Com-  
 ‘ pany : She has her Books, her Musick, and her  
 ‘ Garden ; which give her a rational Delight and  
 ‘ Amusement : Besides, tho’ her former Life was  
 ‘ well known in the Village, her *Sincerity* and *Ver-*  
 ‘ tue are so well vouch’d by her Conduct, that for  
 ‘ of the best Families have lately visited her, and  
 ‘ she them. She told me the other Day, that to  
 ‘ keep Company, and be rank’d with *modest Women*  
 ‘ men, was such a Pleasure as almost made her con-  
 ‘ tracted.

*The End of the First Volume.*



